VOL. XVI AUGUST 1929

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H. L. MENCKEN

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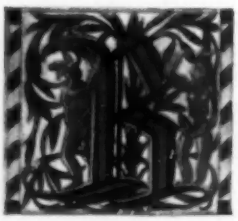
ALFRED A. KNOPF PUBLISHER

Historically, Raleigh probably never set eyes on Pocahontas, the Indian princess.. but it seems fitting to show the New World offering the Old World its most gratifying of botanical achievements. For after this pretty exchange, certainly the rest is history.....



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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XVII August 1929 NUMBER 68

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Black Ulysses Goes to War	Howard W. Odum	385
Heap Big Chief	A Washington Correspondent	401
A Moral Crisis in Banking	John Carter	412
Editorial		417
We Elect a Bishop	Nelson Antrim Crawford	420
Duke	Ben Dixon MacNeill	430
Americana		439
Testimonials—Mainly Medical	Arthur J. Cramp	444
The Arts and Sciences:		
Flogging the Ether	Genevieve Cain	452
Skin-Grafting	Harold E. Hullsiek	456
The Conflict of Divorce Laws	Anthony M. Turano	459
Time Off	John B. Hawes, 2nd	463
Keeping the Negro in His Place	George S. Schuyler	469
Salvation at the Brink	Dean Clute	477
The Big Brother of the West	Alfred E. Prowitt	483
Walt Whitman in England	Harold Blodgett	490
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan	497
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	500
The Library	H. L. Mencken	506
The American Mercury Authors		511
Index to Volume XVII		512
Check List of New Books		vi
The Investment Trust Again	Rudolph L. Weissman	xxxiv
Editorial Notes		xl

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FOR SEPTEMBER

(Out August 23rd)

will contain:

ONE AMERICAN'S STORY — *By M. L. Batey*

The autobiography of a free, white, 100% American in the New South. He describes his life and labors in detail, and shows what share he has got in the prevailing prosperity.

STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE — *By Louis Le Fevre*

Mr. Le Fevre examines at length the data of the new "scientific" sociology, and demonstrates its complete hollowness.

BLACK ULYSSES IN CAMP — *By Howard W. Odum*

This gorgeous chronicle naturally follows "Black Ulysses Goes to War", in the present issue. It completes the story of Dr. Odum's black warrior.

LAY POPES — *By Herbert Parrish*

Nine American churches out of ten are run, not by their pastors, but by bossy laymen. In this article Dr. Parrish sets forth their ways and wiles.

DELIVERANCE — *By Arthur Hanko*

A short story by a new author—brilliantly vivid and full of genuine feeling.

A NEGRO LOOKS AT POLITICS — *By James Weldon Johnson*

Here the well-known Negro publicist examines the present position of his people, and tries to chart a course for them hereafter.

JEFFERSON: NEW STYLE — *By John Donald Wade*

A brilliant portrait of the celebrated Georgia failure, Tom Watson, twice candidate for the Presidency, and all his life the storm-center of political hurricanes.

CITIZENSHIP — *By James M. Cain*

Another of Mr. Cain's superb grotesques.

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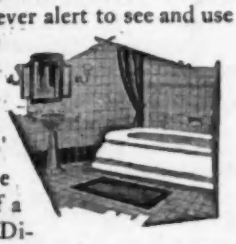

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TASTE.
By E. E. Kellett. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.25 7¾ x 5¼; 160 pp. *New York*

This is Number 8 of the excellent series of Hogarth Lectures. Mr. Kellett's main thesis is that "literary taste, like every other human faculty, is the creature of the age, circumscribed by its limitations, stirred by its passions, warped by its defects." He attempts to establish it by means of a rapid survey of the critical currents in Europe from the Periclean Age through the Victorian. What he has to say is intelligent and ably expressed, and should prove of value. A brief bibliography would have made the book more useful.

THE CYCLE OF MODERN POETRY.
By G. R. Elliott. *The Princeton University Press*
$2.50 9¼ x 6; 194 pp. *Princeton, N. J.*

Dr. Elliott, who professes English at Amherst, is one of the most aggressive of the academic guardians of the national letters. He is a sworn enemy of "the modern spirit" in poetry. The present book is made up of a series of essays on such subjects as "The Solitude of Shelley," "Byron and the Comic Spirit," "The Arnoldian Lyric Melancholy," "The Real Tragedy of Keats," "Gentle Shades of Longfellow," and "Milton and the Present State of Poetry." In all of these pedantic and heavy-handed studies Dr. Elliott is mainly concerned with the reasons why such men as Shelley and Keats wrote better poetry than Sandburg and the "cynical" Masters. It is rather difficult to make out precisely what he wants to say. He seems to think that what American poetry needs most now is "neighborliness," whatever that may mean. "Poetry," he says, "cannot go far ahead until the social imagination turns again toward social reality." Our guide here should be Milton. "Our poetry cannot have a second real renaissance, a forward movement taking with it the social consciousness of the English race, . . . until Milton shall have for us all as full a significance, relatively, as Homer had for the Greeks. . . . He is the guardian spirit appointed to bring our poetry at once onward and toward home."

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

A HANDBOOK OF HANGING.
By Charles Duff. *Hale, Cushman & Flint*
$1.50 6¾ x 4; 129 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Duff is an opponent of capital punishment, and here tackles it with facetiousness. He finds much that amuses him in the effort of Berry, the English hangman, to determine the best drop for clients of different weight. In his effort to prove that putting criminals to death subjects them to torture he resorts to some very dubious evidence. For example, he quotes one Professor L. G. V. Rota to the effect that death by electrocution may be long drawn-out and is "excruciatingly painful." There is absolutely no evidence that this is true; on the contrary, the testimony of persons who have suffered heavy electric shocks and survived runs quite the other way. He also alleges, on the authority of a certain Dr. Frederick Gaertner, that consciousness may persist "for several minutes" after decapitation. This is nonsense. Altogether, Mr. Duff makes out a poor case.

LABOR AND SILK.
By Grace Hutchins. *The International Publishers*
$2 7⅝ x 5¼; 192 pp. *New York*

LABOR AND AUTOMOBILES.
By Robert W. Dunn. *The International Publishers*
$2 7⅝ x 5¼; 224 pp. *New York*

These are the first two volumes in a series of books on Labor and Industry, prepared by the Labor Research Association. They are written "from an avowedly labor point of view." Miss Hutchins' book is a comprehensive study of the silk and rayon industries, of the manner in which they have conspired with the law to rook the public and oppress the workers, of the terrible working conditions and dreadfully low wages of the latter, and of the unemployment which faces many of them because of the new "speed-up" system. The employés, she points out, are at present quite helpless, because less than 3% of them are organized. Mr. Dunn's book is planned on the same general scheme, and has the same unhappy story to tell. If anything, he says, labor conditions are probably even worse in the automobile industry than in the silk industry. "Completely unorganized, the automobile workers are now compelled to put up with whatever hours are set for them by the employers." Both books are heavily documented and well written, and both have good bibliographies and indices.

PHILOSOPHY

CREATIVE UNDERSTANDING.
By Hermann Keyserling *Harper & Brothers*
$5 8⅝ x 5⅝; 500 pp. *New York*

THE RECOVERY OF TRUTH.
By Hermann Keyserling. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 8⅝ x 5⅝; 647 pp. *New York*

In these somewhat formidable volumes Count Keyserling reprints, with considerable revision, some

Continued on page viii

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Until this volume appeared there existed no complete collection of the poems of Mr. W. H. Davies, a poet whose place in the front rank of English poetry is assured. $3.00

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

of the lectures that he delivered at his School of Wisdom at Darmstadt between 1920 and 1928. In them his fundamental ideas are set forth at length, but not always with complete clarity. What he aspires to do, he says, is not to teach, but simply to awaken. His ideal world is one filled with a multitude of active and independent intelligences, each seeking wisdom in its own way and in terms of its own individuality. The collapse of the Christian scheme of things during the past century has restored intelligence to the kingship that it had among the Greeks, but its functioning remains disorderly and men have not yet visualized a plausible goal. Count Keyserling believes that that goal is to be found by taking counsel together, not as teacher and pupil, but in the character of free equals. To that end he has set up his School of Wisdom. Its success, he says, has gone far beyond his expectations. It has not founded a "school" in the ordinary sense, but it has at least helped to concentrate attention upon the great problems of being and becoming, and has thus cleared the way for their rational working out hereafter. The author, like all metaphysicians, tends to be wordy and obscure. His position needs a clearer statement than he seems capable of giving it. But here he at least does his best.

SPINOZA.
By Leon Roth. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5½; 250 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Roth, who is Ahad Ha-am professor of philosophy at the University of Jerusalem, has written one of the best introductory studies of the Great Jew of Amsterdam in print. The biographical section is only fifty pages long, but it is practically complete; very little is known about Spinoza's life anyway. The remainder of the book is given over to an exposition of the philosopher's metaphysics, epistemology and politics, and is ably executed. There is a short but judicious bibliography, and also an index.

THE SCIENCES

PROGRESSIVE RELAXATION.
By Edmund Jacobson. *The University of Chicago Press*
$5 9 x 5⅞; 429 pp. *Chicago*

Simple rest in bed, as everyone knows, is the most effective of all therapeutic agents. It is useful in the treatment of every sort of illness, and in some diseases it is the only thing of any value whatever. Dr. Jacobson believes that few patients and not many physicians know precisely how complete rest is best attained. Only too often, he says, the ill person is under severe and exhausting tension, even when asleep. In this book he tries to set forth the true technique of relaxation. It seems to be complicated, but the author believes that it may be learned nevertheless, and he presents a number of cases to prove it. The diseases in which his scheme is of most value appear to be nervous hypertension, acute insomnia and cyclothymic depression, but he also offers it as a treatment for various cardiac conditions and even as an auxiliary in infections.

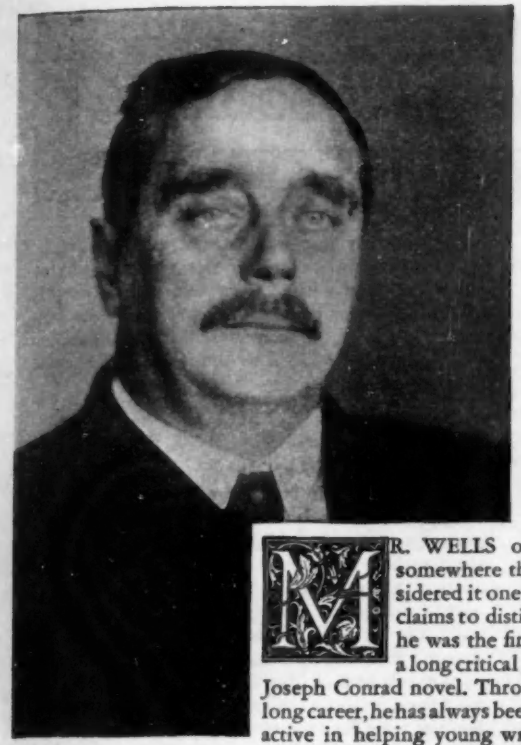
THE HISTORY OF BIOLOGY.
By Erik Nordenskiöld. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6 9⅜ x 6; 845 pp. *New York*

This is a translation from the Swedish and is the first really comprehensive history of biology to appear in English. It is especially rich in its discussion of the modern period, to which the author gives more than half of his space. The extraordinarily complicated development of theory is set forth with great clarity, and there is an excellent account of the rapid and immense accumulation of facts. Like Dr. Fielding H. Garrison in his "History of Medicine," Dr. Nordenskiöld gives attention to the personalities of the men whose work he is discussing, and many of his sketches, though necessarily short, are vivid and illuminating. His point of view is always enlightened, and his accumulation of materials is almost exhaustive. The book will have value for every student of the biological sciences; it also makes interesting reading for the layman. At the end there is a brief but useful bibliography. The index, unfortunately, lists little beyond the names of biologists and the titles of salient works. It would be of greater utility if it also listed subjects.

FIELD BOOK OF MARINE FISHES OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.
By Charles M. Breder, Jr. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 6¾ x 3⅞; 322 pp. *New York*

Considering its small bulk, this book is unusually comprehensive. After brief chapters on the general habits and habitats of the fishes of the Western Atlantic and excellent directions for identifying species and varieties, there are detailed accounts of all kinds that the angler is ever likely to see. Both salt-water and fresh-water species are included. Nearly every description is accompanied by a figure, and in addition there are eight colored plates. A glossary, a short bibliography and a good index are at the end. The volume is of such size that it may be conveniently carried in the pocket, and the binding is stout enough for use in the field. It belongs to the publisher's series of Nature Field Books.

Continued on page x



H. G. WELLS

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The function these individuals will perform is to keep our editorial board advised about the significant books that appear, *each in his own country.* They will, however, have nothing to do with the actual choice of books for our subscribers. That function remains in the hands of the five American judges, Dorothy Canfield, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, William Allen White, and Henry Seidel Canby, chairman.

Our own judges are, of course, thoroughly in touch with the books published in this country. American publishers, authors, and literary agents, keep them completely advised. Heretofore, however, this has not been so true of foreign countries. In the past, it has often happened that books of great merit have not been introduced to American readers until years after they were written. It was with this in mind that we asked these distinguished authors to cooperate in an International Advisory Committee. All at once agreed to do so.

It is unnecessary to point out to American readers that they can rely upon the literary judgment of the individuals in this foreign advisory group. Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett and M. Maurois are, of course, as well known here as any American authors. So, too, perhaps is Dr. Schnitzler. Sigrid Undset, the latest winner of the Nobel Prize, is just beginning to be widely appreciated in this country; and Thomas Mann—whose work is as yet too little known here—is generally accepted, we believe as the foremost living novelist in Germany.

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SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY: *The Psychology of Political Domination.*
By Carl Murchison. *The Clark University Press*
$3.50 9 x 6; 210 pp. *Worcester, Mass.*

Dr. Murchison, in his discussion of the governmental process, is inclined to be pessimistic. After rehearsing all the political theories loosed upon the world since Plato wrote "The Republic," he shows that only two of them, those of Bodin and Montesquieu, have any foundation in the demonstrable facts. Neither has any repute in the world today: all the civilized peoples subscribe to other and less plausible doctrines. Dr. Murchison's discussion of such things as the labor problem, international relations, public morals and personal liberty is acute and devastating. He shows how muddled most thinking about them is, but refrains prudently from any attempt to replace the current defective theories with new and worse ones. He is Stanley Hall's successor at Clark as professor of psychology and director of the psychological laboratory. His book is not documented, and sorely wants an index.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE MICROBES.
By William H. Park & Anna W. Williams.
The Century Company
$3 7⅞ x 5; 302 pp. *New York*

This book originated as a series of radio talks. It covers the field of bacteriological pathology simply but comprehensively, and is well within the understanding of the most untutored layman. There are many illustrations, most of them showing laboratory procedures. At the end there is a good index. The authors are connected with the Bureau of Laboratories of the New York City Department of Health.

OLD AGE.
By Aldred Scott Warthin. *Paul B. Hoeber*
$3 8⅛ x 5¼; 199 pp. *New York*

Dr. Warthin, who is professor of pathology at the University of Michigan, is skeptical of all efforts to prolong the span of human life. The death-rate in the earlier years, he says, may be cut down, but in the end all of us must die, and the evidence seems to indicate that the time is fixed by nature, and may not be greatly postponed by science. He sees death as a completely natural and inevitable process. Most people, to be sure, die of some definite disease, but in the absence of disease they would die anyhow. "Personally," he says, "I would regard myocardial atrophy and inadequacy as the most probable natural terminal lesion." The old heart simply wears out. One day, subjected to some trivial but ruinous strain, it stops beating, and its possessor joins the angels. Dr. Warthin describes the symptoms of senility in great detail, and with illustrations. He believes that all of the current schemes of rejuvenation are buncombe. His book began as a lecture before the New York Academy of Medicine and has been expanded and documented.

OUR FACE FROM FISH TO MAN.
By William K. Gregory. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$4.50 9 x 6; 295 pp. *New York*

The plan of this book is odd and original. Dr. Gregory's purpose is to make the story of organic evolution dramatic and persuasive: he does it by showing how the various structures of the head have evolved. He takes them up one by one, beginning with the head as a whole, and proceeding to the teeth, the jaws, the palate and tongue, the nose, the eyes and the ears. His immense paleontological knowledge stands him in good stead: he is never at a loss for a fossil to illustrate his exposition. The result is a book of great learning and considerable value. Better than any other popular work that comes to mind it demonstrates how overwhelming is the evidence for the descent of man from lower forms of life. The argument is carefully ordered, and the numerous illustrations, most of them done by Helen Ziska, really illustrate. The author is professor of vertebrate paleontology at Columbia, and curator of the department of comparative anatomy at the Museum of Natural History in New York. There is a brief foreword by William Beebe.

BIOGRAPHY

THE HOHENZOLLERNS.
By Herbert Eulenberg. *The Century Company*
$4 9 x 6⅜; 364 pp. *New York*

Dr. Eulenberg here reviews the careers of all the Hohenzollerns, from Frederick I, the first of the line, to "William III," who would some day have been Emperor had it not been for his father, William II. The author has very little respect for any of them, with the exception, of course, of Frederick the Great. "The chief reproach we as Germans have to bring against them is that most of them took very little interest in their people, either in great matters or small. Few Hohenzollerns cared a straw for the intellectual and æsthetic history of the German race. . . . Many were actually hostile to Teutonism. . . . They did not even attempt to cultivate 'society' in Germany. . . . The majority of [them] cared far less for the love of the Fatherland, the love of a free people, . . . than for their own unlimited absolutism, and their own sense of

Continued on page xii

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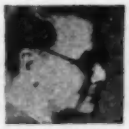

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divine right." As for William II, Dr. Eulenberg thinks that he was in many ways the worst of the entire dynasty. He calls him "a cowardly braggart," a man of "overweening pride and incapacity," and "one of the most brilliant frauds ever wrapped in the royal ermine." He frequently refers to him as "the comedian" and as "William the Faithless." There are many illustrations. The translator is M. M. Bozman.

LEADERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
By J. M. Thompson. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5½; 272 pp. *New York*

CHARLOTTE CORDAY AND CERTAIN MEN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TORMENT.
By Marie Cher. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5½; 237 pp. *New York*

The Thompson book is made up of brief studies of Sieyès, Mirabeau, Lafayette, Brissot, Louvet, Danton, Fabre D'Églantine, Marat, Saint Just, Robespierre and Dumouriez. Miss Cher deals with Mme. Corday, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. There is nothing new of fact or of opinion in either book, but both of them are well written, and should prove useful to the beginner. Mr. Thompson's volume is the better documented.

STRESEMAN. *The Man and the Statesman.*
By Rochus von Rheinbaben. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5¼; 322 pp. *New York*

Streseman was born on May 10, 1878, the son of middle-class parents. In his youth he showed an aptitude for literature, and besides the German writers read the works of Tennyson, Longfellow, Guizot, Taine, Sallust, Shakespeare, Voltaire and Macaulay. Gradually his interest turned to political economy. He attended the Universities of Leipzig and of Berlin, and for his doctorate wrote a thesis on "The Development of the Bottled Beer Trade in Berlin: an Economic Investigation." In 1901 he became manager of the Association of German Chocolate Manufacturers, and in 1906 was first elected to the Reichstag. In 1912, after attending the Congress of the International Chambers of Commerce at Boston, he traveled extensively in the United States and in Canada. It was about the time of the World War that he became an important figure in the politics of his country, and it was after the Revolution of 1918 that he really came into his own. From 1923 on, indeed, the history of the German Republic has been in the main Streseman-made. As Chancellor, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as leader of the German People's Party he has probably done more for the rehabilitation of his country than any other single man. In political economy he has been the champion of the middle-class man and of the small independent trader, and in diplomacy he has been the highly tactful defender of the interests and of the good faith of his land. The present study is very favorable to him, but well considered. The translation is by Cyrus Brooks and Hans Herzl. There are ten illustrations.

STONEWALL JACKSON. *The Good Soldier.*
By Allen Tate. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$3.50 8 x 5¾; 322 pp. *New York*

In this biography Mr. Tate has done a first-rate piece of work. Of Jackson's boyhood and youth he draws a vivid picture, but he is at his best in the chapters dealing with the war. Except for the fact that he blames Jefferson Davis for Jackson's failure in the Fall of '61—the primary sources scarcely bear this out—he writes soundly and dramatically of the Valley campaign, and deals courageously and honestly with the dubious problem of Jackson at the Seven Days Battle, where he arrived a day late. A good book, but a bad piece of book-making, with uneven and ragged margins. There is a bibliography, but an index is missing.

MY LIFE EAST AND WEST.
By William S. Hart. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 346 pp. *Boston*

All actors' biographies are pretty much alike: they are made up largely of boasts and encomiums. This one follows the standard model, but it is nevertheless far more interesting than most, for the author really has a good story to tell. Brought up in the West, he returned to the East (he had been born in New York State) to become an actor, and for many years he toured the country in the companies of such old-time stars as Daniel Bandmann, Margaret Mather, Rhea, Lotta, Julia Arthur and Mme. Modjeska and as a star on his own account. He got into the pictures in their infancy, and has been one of their brightest adornments ever since. His Western thrillers have conquered the world, and he is probably quite as well known in its remotest fastnesses as Charlie Chaplin. Here he tells his story in detail, and parts of it are very amusing and instructive, especially his accounts of his struggles with the movie magnates to get a fair share of the millions he earned for them. For a long while they held him down to wages which, to a movie actor, were no more than a pittance, but in the end he wrested a princely salary from them, and now he is rich and a gentleman of leisure. The narrative is simply written, apparently by the author himself, and many picturesque figures move through it. There are some good illustrations.

Continued on page xiv

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LÉOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS.
By Louis de Lichtervelde. *The Century Company*
$4 8⅜ x 6; 366 pp. *New York*

Léopold II, second King of the Belgians, was born on April 9, 1835, ascended the throne on December 17, 1865, and died on the same date in 1909. For the greater part of his reign he was immensely popular in his land. He probably did more toward making Belgium what it is today than anybody else. He encouraged the arts and sciences, he stimulated the industries of the country, he developed the army, and he founded the Congo State. He was surely no saint in diplomatic matters: "delicate treatment of the susceptibilities and distrusts" of the people whom he wished to exploit was not beneath him. But this merely added to his stature in the eyes of the Great Powers. Personally, he was very domineering, and very jealous of his rights as ruler and as father. He opposed the introduction of democracy into the government of his land, and he was never able to forgive any show of independence in his children. The people thus grew to dislike him, and toward the end of his reign he complained, "I have passed my life in wishing to do them good; they have treated me as a robber and as an assassin." Count de Lichtervelde's study of him is ably put together and well documented, but leans backward in the attempt to clear the King's name. His judgment that the monarch's management of the Congo State was in the main "humanitarian" is probably wrong, and so is his belief that he was a faithful husband and a good father. There is a great deal of evidence pointing the other way. The translation is by Thomas H. Reed and H. Russell Reed.

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE.
Edited by René Fülöp-Miller & Fr. Eckstein.
The Macmillan Company
$7 9⅜ x 6; 421 pp. *New York*

In April, 1867, two months after his second marriage, Dostoyevsky left St. Petersburg for Western Europe in the company of his twenty-year-old bride, there hoping to escape his creditors and to enhance his fortunes at roulette. This diary of Anna Grigoryevna Snitkin is an account of their wanderings through the August of that year. She describes with the most intimate reality their lodgings, food and expenditures, their preferences in art, their quarrels and depressions, and Dostoyevsky's insatiable play at the gaming tables. At Baden-Baden, where their fortunes teetered dramatically, he pawned their two wedding rings, Anne Grigoryevna's earrings, and his own overcoat. Returning, after an exhausting session at the rooms, "He began to fling himself about so violently that it became impossible for me to hold him. I put two pillows down on the floor, and gradually let him down on them. . . . Then I undid his waistcoat and trousers, that he might breathe more freely. For the first time I now noticed that his lips were quite blue, and his face much redder than usual, which made me very unhappy. For a long time he lay unconscious. . . . Then he called me Anya, and then begged my pardon, and couldn't in the least understand what I said. Finally, he begged for some money to go and play with. And a fine piece of work that would have been . . . and yet, none the less, I had a feeling he would have won." The book is full of such detail, for it was Anna Grigoryevna's feeling that if she noted down her husband's every thought and expression she would find it more easy to understand him. In addition to the light she throws upon his character, her own impressions make a moving human document. The book is in excellent translation, the work of Madge Pemberton.

THE LETTERS OF DOROTHY OSBORNE TO WILLIAM TEMPLE.
Edited by G. C. Moore Smith.
The Oxford University Press
$7 9 x 5¾; 331 pp. *New York*

The love affair between William Temple and his future wife, Dorothy Osborne, was full of vicissitudes. She was of a passionate nature, and he was more practical and spent most of his early days in travel. He had long periods of coolness, and this only served to make his beloved more wretched. The present collection of letters dates from December, 1652, to the Autumn of 1654, and is of interest outside of its biographical importance with regard to Temple. There is in it all the high gentility and cautious warmth one would expect from a young girl of Dorothy Osborne's aristocratic lineage, and there are in it also many picturesque passages about contemporary life in England. Mr. Smith has supplied the present edition with a long introduction and copious notes. There are five illustrations.

TRAVEL

THE FLIGHT OF THE *SOUTHERN CROSS*.
By C. E. Kingsford-Smith & C. T. P. Ulm.
Robert M. McBride & Company
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 295 pp. *New York*

A description of the flight of the *Southern Cross* over the eight thousand miles from Oakland, California, to Brisbane, Australia. The book as a whole is very badly written, but it contains an instructive account

Continued on page xvi

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Continued from page xiv

of the intricate preparations incident to such an undertaking. There are many illustrations.

DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.
By Thomas Gann. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9 x 5⅝; 261 pp. *New York*

Dr. Gann, who served for many years as a medical officer at Belize, the capital of British Honduras, has been a life-long student of Central American archæology, and his contributions to existing knowledge of the Maya civilization have been numerous and valuable. In this informal and entertaining volume he describes his discovery of an important group of ruins at Chumucha, at the head-waters of the Mojo river, and his subsequent exploration of them. He found no less than twenty stelæ, none of them intact, but all of them showing chronological inscriptions that could be interpreted. He describes these stelæ in great detail, and likewise the altars and other structures found. At another site he found a broken but superb example of Mayan chromatic pottery. It was buried with the body of a child, and, according to Dr. Gann's guess, had been used as a plaything. His book is elaborately illustrated.

THE LAST HOME OF MYSTERY.
By E. Alexander Powell. *The Century Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 332 pp. *New York*

The "last home of mystery" of the title is Nepal, an independent native state lying between India and Tibet. Col. Powell and his cousin, Col. Gallowhur, visited it in 1928, entering by way of India. They found only a handful of Europeans at Khatmandu, the capital, but the Nepalese greeted them politely, and they encountered no dangers save those inseparable from travel over rugged mountains. Khatmandu, which lies in the small and fertile valley, is completely surrounded by gigantic peaks, and Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is one of them. The present narrative, like those that Col. Powell has published in the past, is pleasantly written. It includes a brief account of the swinish religious practises of the Hindus. The travelers, after returning to India, proceeded to Baghdad, and from there moved on to Constantinople by motor-coach and train. The book is well illustrated.

HISTORY

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA.
By George Vernadsky. *The Yale University Press*
$4 9⅝ x 6⅛; 397 pp. *New Haven*

This history has several good qualities. It is comprehensive, it deals ably with the cultural life of the former Empire, it is well documented, and it is interestingly written. Nevertheless, it leaves something to be desired. Its faults are both of omission and of commission. First, it is all very well to point out that in the Nineteenth Century the Russian church produced many admirable prelates, but one must also show, as the facts plainly indicate, that the church was always with the bureaucracy and against the people. Dr. Vernadsky does not do this. Second, Rasputin surely deserves more than six brief references. His influence on Russian history was stupendous. Third, to say of Nicholas II that "he loved knowledge and books" and that "in private life he could have succeeded easily in applying his knowledge and his gifts"—to say this is to run counter to all the known facts. The Czar, as his recently published diary proves conclusively, was a moron. There are a twenty-five page bibliography and three good maps.

THE NEW MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA.
By Herbert Adams Gibbons. *The Century Company*
$3 8 x 5; 400 pp. *New York*

The only chapter in this inept book worthy of notice is the one discussing the Pan-American movement in which Dr. Gibbons concludes, after a survey of the six Pan-American Congresses, that little or nothing has been accomplished by it. His advice for our future dealings with the Latins of America is as follows: "We must not insult them. We must not even hurt their feelings unwittingly. We must treat them decently. We must mind our own business and let them mind theirs. We must associate them with us in all measures for common good. We must share with them the common natural resources of the two Americas." There are seven maps and an index, but a bibliography is missing.

TRANSLATIONS

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.
By Alexander Pushkin. *The Viking Press*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 212 pp. *New York*

It is hard to account for the charm of this naïve and romantic story, and impossible to escape it. Pushkin wrote the original in 1836, a year before his death, and at a time when he was strongly under the influence of Sir Walter Scott. But despite the heroic gallantries and villainies that he put into it, he managed to make it far more realistic than anything Scott ever wrote. Indeed, its constant play of waggish observation gives it a distinctly modern air, and even the gaudy melodrama seems plausible. The scene is the Orenburg province, in the far Southeast of Russia, at the time of

Continued on page xviii

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Continued from page xvi

the Pugatchev insurrection of 1773, and the hero is a young Russian officer. The action has to do with his love for a girl orphaned by the butcheries of the time, and with the sanguinary horrors which keep him from her. There is, in the fashion of the day, a very happy ending. All sorts of ancient devices, including the coincidence, are used in the story, but it is so magnificently managed that it somehow rings true. The present translation is the first complete one in English. It was made by Natalie Duddington.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. *Vol. IX: Historic & Legendary Dramas.*
The Viking Press
$2.50 7½ x 5; 386 pp. *New York*

The plays in the present volume are "Florian Geyer" (1895) and "Veland" (1925), the former translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan and the latter by Edwin Muir. This, the authorized English edition of Hauptmann, was begun by B. W. Huebsch in 1912, under the editorship of Ludwig Lewisohn. The volumes have come along slowly; Vol. VIII appeared so long ago as 1924. How many volumes are to follow is uncertain, for Hauptmann, though he is nearing seventy, is still hard at work. The present translations are quite as good as those that have preceded them. Mr. Muir, in particular, has been very successful with the difficult blank verse of "Veland."

SOCIOLOGY

PUBLIC POOR RELIEF IN NORTH CAROLINA.
By Roy M. Brown. The University of North Carolina Press
$2 7⅞ x 5; 184 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

WELFARE WORK IN MILL VILLAGES.
By Harriet L. Herring.
The University of North Carolina Press
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 406 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Both of these books belong to the University of North Carolina Social Study Series. Mr. Brown's volume is a rapid historical survey of public poor relief in the State. This relief, he points out, still takes the form, in the main, of county homes, which, he hastens to add, have yet far to go before they may be called truly humanitarian institutions. Most of them are pretty shabby affairs, "with inadequate provision for the segregation of the sexes," poorly furnished, badly lighted, and inefficiently managed. Their keepers are usually political hacks who don't know their business. Miss Herring's book is the result of personal investigation of 322 mills out of the approximate 500 in the same State. Her study of the large part the mill executives take in the religious, educational, economic and social life of their communities is more documentary than critical. Toward the end, however, she makes a few comments. On the whole, she thinks, the mill executives have had welfare work thrust upon them by their employés, who look to them for guidance in nearly all their affairs, even of the most personal nature. And she adds that in the main they are very sensitive to adverse public opinion, and thus have probably done a lot of good. Both authors are research associates in the Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina.

CHRISTIAN & JEW: *A Symposium for Better Understanding.*
Edited by Isaac Landman. *Horace Liveright*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅝; 374 pp. *New York*

There is not much here: most of the contributors simply wallow in platitudes. An exception is Dr. Abram Simon, apparently a rabbi. He says that the prejudice against Jews is due to three things. The first is their responsibility for the Crucifixion, the second is "The Merchant of Venice," and the third is the deliberate propaganda of German professors. The other contributors include James Harvey Robinson, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Norman Angell, John Erskine, William Hard, S. Parkes Cadman, Stephen S. Wise, George W. Ochs-Oakes, Channing Pollock, Hendrik Willem van Loon and Charlie Schwab. At the end of the book there is an account of the gallant efforts made by the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding Between Christians and Jews in America to put down a report that certain Jews at Massena, N. Y. butchered a Christian child for ritual purposes. There are portraits of all the contributors, but no index.

RELIGION

ANCIENT PAGAN SYMBOLS.
By Elisabeth Goldsmith. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$3 6½ x 4¼; 220 pp. *New York*

This is a companion volume to the same author's "Sacred Symbols in Art," which deals wholly with Christian symbols. The present volume is devoted to the symbolism of the religions of antiquity, and while it is anything but scientific and omits a great deal that is of importance, it still has its uses, especially to travelers in the Mediterranean region. There are many illustrations, and the facts presented are set forth clearly.

SAINT PAUL.
By Émile Baumann. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 316 pp. *New York*

M. Baumann writes from the Orthodox Christian standpoint, and the American publishers of his book

Continued on page xx

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

offer it as a companion piece to Papini's "Life of Christ." Paul, it appears, "for the purposes of his mission received from God marvellous faculties which were purified and made sublime by grace." The proof of his testimony to the Resurrection is that "his faith has changed the world." The Higher Criticism, says M. Baumann, has "unintentionally been of assistance to orthodox exegesis," for it has "enriched our knowledge of environment, made our understanding of influences subtler, and elucidated similarities in doctrine." But it has not disposed of the miracles. The present translation is by Kenneth Burke.

REPRINTS

THE DIARY OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
Edited by Allan Nevins. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 585 pp. *New York*

This is a one-volume condensation of "The Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, Comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848," published in 1874–1877 in twelve volumes, and long out of print. There is a brief but excellent introduction by the editor.

AMERICA AND EUROPE *and Other Essays.*
By Alfred Zimmern. *The Oxford University Press*
$3 9 x 5¾; 213 pp. *New York*

SOLON & CROESUS *and Other Greek Essays.*
By Alfred Zimmern. *The Oxford University Press*
$3 9 x 5¾; 199 pp. *New York*

The first book is made up of ten sociological and political essays, and the second is a collection of six studies in Greek history. All of them were previously published as articles in English and American reviews. Dr. Zimmern is now deputy-director of the International Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, and thus his highly sensible papers on such subjects as "Education and International Goodwill," "Nationalism and Internationalism," and "International Organization: Its Prospects and Limitations" take on added point. As for his competence as a classical scholar, his well-known book, "The Greek Commonwealth," is sufficient testimony.

In the Check List for June the price of the Argonaut Manuscript Limited Edition of Frank Norris's Works was given as $75. It should have been $150.

FICTION

THE BUFFER.
By Alice Hegan Rice. *The Century Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 332 pp. *New York*

Cynthia Freer's college career is interrupted when her father commits suicide. She promises her mother never to leave her and becomes the buffer for the family. She valiantly copes with Aunt Lizzie, an imaginary invalid, who is the overseer of the Freer estate, with a fretful, sentimental mother, with her brother Barney, a charming, irresponsible fellow, and with a younger sister and brother. Uncles, aunts and cousins contribute to the hectic family entanglements, and she finally crawls into the protecting arms of Peter Kelsey. An indifferent performance.

OUTSIDERS.
By Josephine Bentham. *The Rae D. Henkle Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5½; 296 pp. *New York*

Paul Royden, an insipid, platitudinous fellow of good family and much wealth, ceases his studies for the ministry because he believes himself unworthy. He falls in love with and marries Leslie Barrett, who comes of a cheap theatrical family, but has spent four years at Vassar. Paul cannot reconcile himself to Leslie's friends, so there is a friendly parting.

WINGS OF WAX.
By Janet Hoyt. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 5¼; 358 pp. *New York*

The story begins with the arrival of Victor Marsten, a brilliant biologist not yet forty, as the new president of Woban, a middle-Western co-educational university. His coming is heralded with joy by the faculty and students because of his liberalism and his charming personality. But he soon loses the support of his board of trustees and is asked to resign, and while contemplating suicide, he is killed in an automobile accident.

HOMER IN THE SAGE-BRUSH.
By James Stevens. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 313 pp. *New York*

These gaudy tales of the Northwest are fiction only in form. The sharp reality of things actually seen is in all of them. Miners, bullpunchers, river pilots, teamsters, hoboes, bartenders—all the grotesque, Rabelaisian characters of the frontier take their turns on the stage. Readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY are well acquainted with Mr. Stevens' capacity for getting a gigantic gusto into such tales. (One of his present chapters, "Jerkline," was first printed in the issue for March, 1928.) His humor is as wide and as deep as that of the Paul Bunyan he has immortalized. And he knows how to contrive a story. There is no vain beating about the bush. The action begins in the first sentence, and moves on rapidly to a glorious close.

Continued on page xxii

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Continued from page xx

VICTORY.
By Ricarda Huch. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8¼ x 5¼; 313 pp. *New York*

This is the second volume of Ricarda Huch's story of Garibaldi's career, beginning with the victory of Solferino and ending with the battle of Aspramonte, where Garibaldi was wounded and captured. The book ends, however, on a note of triumph, with the realization of the Garibaldian ideal near at hand. A sustained and excellent performance. There are many fine characterizations of subsidiary characters, including a brilliant portrait of Cavour.

HUMDRUM HOUSE.
By Jeannette Phillips Gibbs. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 7 x 5; 322 pp. *Boston*

The story of a monotonous small-town American marriage. Margaret Underhill has been snowed under by a complacent husband, two "delightful" children, and suburban social life. She goes to New York, lives in a settlement, and returns to her home town to enter social work. Her indifferent husband is stirred by her new efficiency and another American home is saved.

THE WOMAN WHO RODE AWAY.
By D. H. Lawrence. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 307 pp. *New York*

Of these eleven stories, two—"Smile" and "Two Blue Birds"—exhibit some of Lawrence's old skill and imagination. In "Two Blue Birds" a wife who no longer lives with her husband returns home and causes a scene between him and his overworked little secretary, who is content to worship him from a distance. Nothing comes of it, but the climax is admirably drawn. "Smile" deals with a man who cannot resist the impulse to smile when he views the body of his unloved wife. A trivial piece, but very well done. The remaining nine stories are disappointing.

OLD ADAM'S LIKENESS.
By Lucy Poate Stubbins. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 302 pp. *Boston*

Jaffrey Boone, a good husband and provider, settles in Beechwood, Kentucky, and establishes a family of four children to carry on his name and peculiar genius. Young Jaffrey who goes away to Rio de Janeiro to make a fortune; Diana who goes to New York, where she has a love-affair with Roger Wentworth; Primrose, the youngest, a big, handsome creature with a voice of thrilling sweetness, who falls in love with Tom Peebles, the hired man; and Stephen, who stays at home, makes an early marriage with Letty Ollitrault, wanders off to love Melissa Vaughan, and when she dies and leaves him a child, returns to Letty and heroically begs forgiveness. An indifferent piece of work.

HILLTOP IN THE RAIN.
By James Saxon Childers. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 305 pp. *New York*

Morgan Henley, upon the acceptance of his first novel at twenty-two, marries his high-school sweetheart, Kathleen, on the strength of his prospective royalties. But these turn out to be meagre and Henley takes a job as English instructor at Iron City College. He grows embittered in his pedagogical harness, but must carry on because of his wife and the babies. At thirty-seven, though dean of the college, he bolts, and the game Kathleen manages to get along on $2000 income from Henry's grandfather. A depressing picture of the life of learning in America. In the old eccentric German bookdealer, Unsterheim, who eggs Henley on to give up teaching, Mr. Childers has created a vivid character.

A GOOD MARRIAGE.
By Mary Brearley. *The Century Company*
$2 7½ x 5¼; 292 pp. *New York*

Faith Bamfield and Tom Grandage start out well supplied with the necessities—love, health and wealth—that supposedly go to make a good marriage. But after ten years of a not too exciting existence, Tom is engrossed in a vulgar affair, and Faith responds to the love of a girlhood friend, Jack Spofford, who, because of insanity in his family, departs for India. An exchange of letters between the lovers brings happiness to Faith for a year, but then comes news of Jack's death. After that she goes on being married to the repentant Tom.

SCHOOLGIRL.
By Carman Barnes. *Horace Liveright*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 240 pp. *New York*

The author here is herself a schoolgirl, now rising sixteen. She is the daughter of a professor at Vanderbilt University. Her naïve and amusing narrative details the adventures and emotions of a youngster sent to a Southern boarding-school. Those adventures, in the main, are banal, though they include (somewhat incredibly) a lamentable experiment in sex. But they are set forth with such innocent earnestness that the

Continued on page xxiv

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Continued from page xxii

story makes excellent reading. The author, indeed, writes very well, despite her naïveté, and some of the scenes would do credit to an old hand.

BLACK MAGIC.
By Paul Morand. *The Viking Press*
$3 8¼ x 5⅜; 218 pp. *New York*

M. Morand is greatly interested in Negroes and has traveled far to study them. He has not only covered all their haunts in the United States; he has also gone to the West Indies and to Africa. In this book he sets forth his impressions of them in a series of stories. Nearly always what engages him is their profound mysteriousness—the air of occult savagery that hangs about them, even in the midst of civilization. His black people are all in contact with dark and awful powers, and live mainly in a world that is half magical and half real. He shows them sliding in and out of that world, and he shows too its fascination for certain kinds of white men—and women. His book is an oddity and well worth reading. It is competently translated by Hamish Miles and has some capital illustrations by the Negro artist, Aaron Douglas.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE "POW-WOW" BOOK.
By A. Monroe Aurand, Jr. *The Aurand Press*
$2.50 9⅛ x 5⅞; 201 pp. *Harrisburg, Pa.*

Mr. Aurand seems to be a Pennsylvania German, and most of his book is given over to a vigorous defense of his people against the charge, heard again at the time of the recent pow-wow murder trials at York, that they are superstitious ignoramuses. That defense is often far from impressive, for it tends to make him apologize for the pow-wow nonsense, and even to hint that there may be some scientific basis of fact in it. But he has at least got together a mass of interesting material for the student of folk-lore, otherwise inaccessible. The main part of his book is devoted to an elaborate examination of the literature of the subject, and a description of pow-wowism as it is practised and believed in today, especially in York and Lancaster counties. He then prints an account of the recent murder trials, with comments by himself and others thereon. At the end he reprints John George Hohman's "Pow-Wows, or, Long Lost Friend," which is to the pow-wow doctors what "Science and Health" is to the sorcerers of Christian Science. The book is home-made, and looks it. The press-work is good, but composition and binding have a country air. The edition is limited to 1,000 copies, of which one hundred are signed by the author.

HAMBURG UND DAS HAMBURGER FREMDENBLATT. *Zum Hundert jahrigen Bestehen des Blattes, 1828–1928.*
By Alfred Herrmann *Broschek & Company*
11¾ x 8¼; 619 pp. *Hamburg*

This sumptuous volume, it is to be hoped, will serve as a model for American imitation. When a newspaper in this country reaches its centennial, or any other grand anniversary, it commonly celebrates by getting out a special edition in all the colors of the rainbow, with scores of pages of congratulatory articles by eminent platitudinarians, and hundreds of pages of highly profitable advertisements. The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, one of the great papers of the Continent, takes a different tack. Coming to the end of its first hundred years, it prints a history of itself by its editor, with portraits of all the more important members of its staff. The story that is told is extremely interesting. The *Fremdenblatt* has been through wars and other calamities; it has seen changes in government and in its own management. But through everything it has maintained its independence and its enterprise. It is today one of the best papers in Europe—dignified, courageous, fair and accurate. Dr. Herrmann, now its chief editor, has put the immense mass of materials at his hand into very readable form. The book, printed by the paper itself, is a superb specimen of printing and binding.

AMBROSE BIERCE: *A Bibliography.*
By Vincent Starrett. *The Centaur Book Shop*
$3.50 7⅝ x 4⅝; 117 pp. *Philadelphia*

After long neglect, Bierce's first editions have begun to be collected, and so Mr. Starrett's pioneer researches should be appreciated. He has gone into a difficult field, and despite great diligence is forced to leave parts of it dark. Did Bierce really write "The Dance of Life," published in San Francisco in 1877? Mr. Starrett makes the most of the slender evidence that he did, but most collectors, it is probable, will prefer to suspend judgment. In the matter of "Cobwebs From an Empty Skull" an old misunderstanding is corrected. The Routledge edition of 1874 is not the genuine first; it was preceded, probably in 1873, by a paper-covered volume bearing the simple title of "Cobwebs," with the imprint of *Fun*, the London comic paper to which Bierce contributed. Mr. Starrett has investigated all such questions at length, and to good purpose. His inquiry into Bierce's contributions to newspapers and magazines, and into the literature about him, is far less thorough. There are serious omissions in his lists, and in a number of cases he

Continued on page xxvi

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Continued from page xxiv

offers incomplete information when a few letters of inquiry would have made it complete. The volume, like all of the other Centaur Bibliographies, is admirably printed. There is also a large paper edition limited to thirty-five copies for sale.

CREATIVE WRITING. *A Guide to Those Who Aspire to Authorship.*
By William Webster Ellsworth. *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
$2 8⅝ x 5¾; 207 pp. *New York*

This is a book of general advice to young men who aspire to be poets, novelists, playwrights, or mere magazine writers. Chapter I is entitled, "The Joy of Writing." In it appears this sentence: "Nothing corrects slovenly construction better than writing newspaper advertisements." Chapter II deals with the well-known problem, "Does College Teach to Write?" Mr. Ellsworth's conclusion is that it does and it doesn't, but that in any case "college education adds greatly to one's enjoyment of life." Chapter III is a lengthy discussion of the philosophy of short-story writing. Among the authorities quoted are Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Alice Brown, Dana Burnet, Richard Washburn Child, Irvin S. Cobb, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Fannie Hurst. The last-named artist, it appears, has "a marvelous power to construct characters that live and breathe and speak right out of the printed page." There follows an analysis of the metaphysics of playwrighting, ending with the observation that "if one has the playwrighting instinct it is a most fascinating and may be a very great way of producing literature." At the end there is a list of America's best known authors, classified by States. Mr. Ellsworth warns the reader not to jump to the conclusion that this list includes all the first-rate writers in this country. The fact is that "many well-known Yale professors are producing important books every year—and as much can be said of professors at Harvard and Cornell and the University of Chicago and many other educational institutions."

ADAM, THE BABY, & THE MAN FROM MARS.
By Irwin Edman. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 304 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Edman, who teaches philosophy at Columbia, here discusses such themes as "American Character and College Education," "Religion and the Philosophical Imagination," "Our Men of Letters and Our Men of Thought," "Philosophy for the Lawless," "How to be Sweet Though Sophisticated" and "A Philosophy of Criticism." His style is well-mannered and he seems to have read and digested all the correct books, but it does not appear that he has anything to say.

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Other books by Nancy Hoyt:
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Germany

THE REBELS

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BLACK ULYSSES GOES TO WAR[1]

BY HOWARD W. ODUM

War an' me is buddies: fightin's my middle name. What you see in the books an' papers I can tell you 'bout an' mo', 'cause I was there. Yes, Lawdy, Lawd, I was there! Comin' an' goin', startin' an' fallin', diggin' an' fightin', unloadin' an' haulin', an' Lawd, Lawd, stayin' there too! I'm magic black boy, rainbow round my shoulder, wings on my feet. War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me.

Me an' war same thing. Want me to fight? I been doin' it all my days. Actual fact. I'm soldier of the Cross. I'm high brown, black, mean an' lean. I ain't no tenderfoot, soft-skinned, fat-bellied an' green. I'm long an' tall, hard-boiled, chocolate to the bone, a too-loo shaker, an' Zulu fighter from bloody fightin' tribes of Africa. I done had me a little war all my own. I been fightin' east, west, north an' south, shootin' an' cuttin', breakin' up them jamborees.

Born in North Car'lina,
Raised in Tennessee,
Work like hell in Georgia,
Died in German-o-o-e!

Want me to march in rain all day an' mud all night? Well, all my days captain been workin' me in rain an' hail. Gonna need my angel rubber overcoat an' patent leather shoes. Sholy is so, me an' war same thing. Make me sleep standin' an' marchin', settin' down an' rollin' over an' every other kind o' way? Well, rock been my pillow and freezin' ground my foldin' bed for many po' weary day. Bible say deep sleep fell on Adam: well, Adam didn't have nothin' on me. March me all day an' night, don't give me nothin' to eat, nothin' to drink, no place to sleep. Well, I been travellin' down that long, lonesome road, po' boy long way from home ever since I lef' my mama's house, singin' high stepper Lawd, you shall be free, yes, by God, when good Lawd set you free!

Six long months have passed
Since I have slept in bed,
Ain't eat square meal in three long weeks,
Money thinks I'm dead.

Want to take me 'cross deep blue sea. Well, I been workin' on river boats, an' I been in Navy, too. Been shanghaied once, went cross sea one time didn't mean to go. Lawd, ridin' that French ship, sailor man for big Frog captain.

But I ain't gonna ride that ocean no mo'!
Gonna walk right home to my cabin do'!

Diggin' trenches and buildin' railroads and bridges like ole times to me. Unloadin' ships an' ammunition easy thing to do ever since I worked on county roads an' rail-

[1] See Editorial Notes.

road gangs. Lawd, the hotter the sun the better I feel. Me an' war's buddies: diggin's my middle name.

Black man fights with shovel an' pick,
Never gits no rest cause he never gits sick.

If I be camp cook in dugout kitchen, jes' like slingin' slop an' fohty-fohs for shack-rouster in construction camp. Drivin' ammunition team make me think of Mike an' Jerry, red mule buddies, hike from Rome to Decatur in one day. Gotta be iron-jawed: well, shack-rouster my other name.

I ain't no red shadow drinkin' that French cognac like I is when I'm half split wid sho' 'nuf co'n likker. But Lawdy, Lawd, I needs it jes' the same: got to have it to keep me hard as blue steel, right wid the world, rockin' in slime, peepin' through muddy water to see dry land. An' little French mamyselles ain't nothin' to me: I got me three high yallers, an' two teasin' browns.

It takes a long lean lanky brown,
To make a rabbit fight a houn';
It takes a long tall yaller brown,
To make a preacher lay his Bible down.

Army ain't got nothin' on me gamblin': I can roll them dice an' I ain't gonna lose: I'm a gamblin' man, can century that money, shootin' for my honey, throw seven an' 'leven in the Promised Land. If need me to run an' fly, I got wings on my feet an' ain't no disgrace to run when you git skeered. I been trained a heap in my day, an' I can run from Jerry jes' same as I can run from the Law or I can meet Jerries like I can meet Desperado Bill.

'Way over yonder in No Man's Land,
Ain't no place for cornfield hand;
Backed right back to do my best,
Run right in machine-gun nest,
Runnin', soldier, you shall be free.
Some folks say soldier can't run,
Well, let me tell you what this soldier done;
Lef' battle front 'bout settin' o' the sun,
Run into Paris 'bout half pas' one.

Well, if it's singin' soldiers you lookin' for, I can sing an' I can pray an' never tire. I can tell tall tales an' joree jaw. I can weep an' I can moan. I been worryin' all my day. I'm worried now, won't be worried long. I'm gonna back myself back in mountain, to play bad, Lawd, to play bad.

An' I'm gonna live anyhow till I die. An' if I got to die for my Lawd, Cap'n Jesus waitin' in the Promised Land. Howsomever, I don't want to ride no golden chariot, I don't want to wear no golden crown, I want to stay here.

Well, if I live an' don't get killed,
Gonna make my home in Jacksonville,
An' I know a place in Tennessee,
Where Spring fried chicken waitin' for me.

II

But some things I seen in big war I ain't never seen befo'. Some places I went to I ain't never been befo'. Some folks from all over God's Heaven I seen I ain't never met befo'. Some things I done I ain't never done befo' an' some feelin's I had I ain't never felt befo'. Sometimes I been skeered like I ain't never been skeered befo'. Well, I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. Howsomever, nothin' to do about it, goddam! I ain't no hero an' I ain't no coward. Maybe I don't want to go, maybe I do, but what 'bout it? Don't make dam bit o' difference. Tote my rabbit-foot to charm fightin' Hun so he can't do no harm.

Some o' these mornin's gonna wash my face,
Eat my breakfast in Jerry's place.

Maybe I git treated better in Army than in construction camp, maybe I don't: don't make no difference, goddam, got to go. I been travellin' man, got to travel mo'. Maybe I be seein' new country, rarin' to go: maybe I'm skeered like rabbit. All same to me. War seem like awful thing to other buddies, but me an' war jes' naturally *had* to be buddies: nothin' else to do. Talk about it, Lawd, Lawd, talk about it!

I never will forgit that old boat we went over on, 'scusin' sometimes done forgot whole dam war. I been on boats a heap but this ship ain't like no ship I ever seen. Look like 'bout ten thousand black boys on board, packed in an' jammed up like Tennessee mules in stock-car. Sho' did double boys up. Was heap o' companies, all colored soldiers, 'scusin' white captains, an' we had one colored captain I'm tellin' 'bout later. Big crowd soldiers make funny lookin' sight, black an' tan, all sorts an' kinds, floatin' up above deep blue sea. Maybe some fightin' units, maybe some engineerin' company, maybe labor battalions, struttin' their stuff. Sho' wus good-lookin' crowd, too, high steppin' an' proud, salutin' flag an' singin', an' fine manners on parade.

On boat, howsomever, look mighty ragged. Some boys lookin' for submaroons 'fo' we leave New York, 'spectin' ship be blowed up, 'cause had instructions how to do if torpedo hit boat. Some act like monkeys an' clowns, some seem like ain't got a friend in this wide world. Some gamblin' an' fightin', some singin' an' prayin', some white-eyed like po' mournin' dove, so sick don't keer what happens to 'em. Some boys cryin', sayin' wish they wus home, never would a come to this man's Army.

"Oh Lawd, will I ever git home again wid my toes turned down?" "Will I ever see my Mamie Lou an' Sister Nell?" "Wish I could see my sweet old mommer now, standin' in door wid head hung down, tears fallin' to the floor." "Sweet Jesus, let Yo' light shine on me: Germans ain't done nuthin' to me, I ain't done nothin' to them."

Lawd, I wonder, huh,
Lawd, I wonder, huh,
Will I ever git back home?

So there we all wus, old boat a reelin' an' rockin'. Preachin' captain, weepin' boy, gamblin' Sam, crap-shootin' Charley, battlin' Kid, gloomy Johnson, Shorty Geech, funny Sambo, an' I'm struttin' round like I'm biggest one on ship. One fellow I be tellin' you 'bout started gamblin' befo' we leave sight of Liberty. 'Nother fellow always fightin': soldiers mos' generally fightin' 'mong selves, but this bird fightin' ever' chance he git.

Howsomever, one big boy in beginnin' o' this trip nearly knock him off'n ship an' stopped him from suckin' eggs little while anyway. Skeered him nearly to death, holdin' on to rail an' hollerin' won't somebody save him, oh Lawdy, won't somebody come an' save him? Boys let him hang on while an' kick an' beg somebody to help him. Sho was funny sight, great big black soldier, biggest mouthed fighter on ship, hollerin' an' cryin' jes like baby: "Won't somebody save me? O Lawdy, Lawdy, won't somebody save me?"

Well, boys pulled him up, but sho' did rag life out o' him. Laugh at him jes' like he ain't nothin' but big piece o' cheese or sumpin' on stick. Big boy git so mad he 'side hisself, flyin' round sayin' he wish to God all dam niggers over in sea where sharks an' fishes make a fuss over 'em. Said he wusn't gonna pay 'em no mind. So I says to him, how 'bout big boy Jonah swallerin' whale? Wus he gonna do it or wus he not? So he says he's gonna smack my face off. So I tells him the thing to do, damit, is to do it then: "Here I is, ain't no river between us." He's a big black-skinned bully an' goes off mutterin' sumpin' to hisself. Maybe he's heap better fighter than I is, too, but I had him bluffed an' he never did bother wid me no mo'.

Two buddies always keep us laughin' wid their pranks and jokes an' songs. Jes' couldn't help bein' funny. Never could learn nothin', neither how to keep step, squad right, squad lef', squad face about, nor nothin'. Always gittin leggins an' clothes all on wrong. But eveybody seem to like 'em an' eveybody laugh at 'em. Could git away with anything. One day crap shootin' Charley wus down on his knees rollin' bones when captain come 'long. So he says to officer passin' by he

ruther shoot craps than pawn his rain coat. He don't do nothin' but keep on shoutin',

"Come on bones an' treat me nice;
Roll 'em soldier, roll them dice."

Then mutters, "Boss, I gits tired jumpin' up salutin' officers every three minutes. I'm gonna stay here till I gits even with this boy." Captain jes' laugh an' says, "Oh Lawd, what a sonofagun!" Other boy was funny, too, always banterin', could out-joree Devil hisself.

Believe biggest fool I ever see,
Big black soldier from Tennessee;
No, biggest fool I ever saw,
Come from State of Arkansas,
Put his shirt all over his coat,
Button his britches up round his throat.

Heap funny things happen on board that ship. Talk about it. Take me till tomorrow night to tell 'bout 'em. Maybe I disremembers most things happen both funny an' sorrowful, too. One thing I recollects wus jes' as ship wus movin' out to sea heard mighty shoutin' an' hollerin'. Come to find out two boys done jumped overboard. Jes' 'bout gone crazy, thought war wus more than ocean, death wus in front. Seamens got 'em out, howsomever, an' made good soldiers.

So boys gits to feelin' better, sayin' glad to be goin' over. I starts yodelin' my cornfield holler, walkin' 'bout an' actin' like monkey again. Boys watchin' big tall buildin's back in city, lookin' at Statue of Liberty and boats comin' an' goin', some little boats, some big boats, all sorts an' kinds.

"Hey, boy, look at that little boat snoopin' 'long, look like old razor back' hawg slippin' through blackberry bushes down in South Georgia. Lawd, look at him run!"

"Yeh, look at that big old ship a moverin', Lawd, moverin' 'long. Look jes' 'zactly like big blue ribbon bull captain had at fair in Jackson one time."

"Dam lie, look prezactly like race hoss stretchin' his legs in sweet old Louisville. Lawdy, look at little ship tied on to big fellow, look jes' like led mule, rollin' them wheelers, Lawd, let them wheelers roll.

"Told my captain my hands wus cold.
Goddam you' hands, let wheelers roll.

"Look at them two 'stroyers trottin' 'long-side this big old boat. Look like pair iron-grey mare mules in Tennessee. Gonna hitch 'em up an' break 'em to work double. Rarin' to go, skittish as hell, hard tail streaks o' lightening."

"Dam lie, look precisely like two big greyhounds runnin' on race track in Miami."

Went down to Miami to see my friend
In come greyhound burnin' the wind.

III

Wus white boy on ship mannin' big gun boys called Slim. Could shoot like Ole Man Bad hisself. Could hit anything. Would keep lookout for submaroons an' snoot 'em 'fo' they could git us. Wus quick as yellow lightenin'. One day boys gittin' little sick an' wus one boy had bunk right under gun-carriage. Boy was hollerin', Oh Lawdy, won't somebody come an' help him befo' he dies. Got awful pains in his belly, can't live. So boys tryin' to help him anyway could. Thought I would git cool drink water for him befo' he died, Lawd, befo' he died. So I wus climbin' down from up over boy from 'nother bunk with glass water in my hand.

'Bout that time Slim lets go big gun, *Bam, boom, boom,* shakin' ship like goddam, throwin' me down on sick boy, spillin' water all in his face. Boys think gun goin' off is submaroon done torpedoed ship. Viveration of gun feel like ship been hit. Sick boy runnin' like rabbit, never had no mo' pain. Other boys pourin' out of hatches like black smoke. Streamin' up on deck, sumpin' gotta be done 'bout it. So begin shuttin' hatches on boys' heads, knockin' 'em down like flies. Boys

hollerin' an' shoutin', gittin' axes an' hammers an' tryin' to bust open hatches an' hollerin', "Oh, Lawdy, won't somebody let me out befo' I die!"

Never seen like since I been born. Wus this way. Slim seen old boat been sunk an big hull risin' an' fallin' on waves look precisely like submaroon gettin' ready to go under an' gonna shoot torpedo at us. Old Slim never took no chances. Fust time boys had been on board when big gun shoot an' so thought ship done blowed up, Lawdy, Lawd! 'Nother time Slim hauled 'way an' shot floatin' barrel into million pieces, thought it mus' be submaroon. One time shot at pampas fish. That old Slim won't takin' no chances.

So boys wus gittin 'customed to big gun shootin' an' submaroons missin' us. So boys got to thinkin' big ship an' big guns could save 'em from anything. 'Cause they wus up above water, on big ships, an' with big guns, wan't skeered no mo'. So one day seen sho' 'nuf submaroon an' guns begin firin'. Boys rush up on deck an' holler an' shout jes' like baseball game or football game or maybe two boys in ring fightin'.

"Hit 'im that time!" "Lawd, Lawd, that shot got 'im." "Look at him sink, go git him Slim!" "Touchdown Army, touchdown Army!" "Lawdy, watch 'em go!"

Boys jes' natchelly didn't have no sense, ain't skeered of nothin' now, whilst little while ago skeered of everything. Some boys gittin' rifles an' boastin' 'bout how they gonna shoot hell out of any submaroon come pokin' head up where they can see it. Nothin' to do but officers have to run boys back down in ship, too many of 'em, shoutin' an' hollerin' an' makin' ship topheavy and gittin' in way.

Heap o' funny things happen. Take me till tomorrow night to tell about 'em. Told 'bout some already. Some happen to me myself. Thought I would tell folks 'bout it when I got back. Thought 'bout my marchin' an' cuttin' up when I was little boy. Thought 'bout fightin' tribes of Africa. Thought it wus funny me bein' on shipboard shootin' at submaroon an' fightin' in Army of Uncle Sam. I'm struttin' my stuff, feelin' my hell arisin'. I can do what I have to do. I can luck it anywhere I go.

So I was struttin' 'round, high steppin' and pokin' plate or cup or whatever I had to git supper in, an' so poked plate full o' supper in when I'm supposed to poke in coffee cup. Pours coffee in plate an' tells me why'n hell don't I pass on. I starts to go back an' git mo' an' man pokes me in pants with bayonet. So I has to eat slop for supper. So I says that's all right, I'm like corn says to tomato, I'll see you in soup, signifyin' I'll be there for nex' meal.

Great big soldier settin' in bed,
Wished, by God, had shortenin' bread.

Howsomever, when next meal comes I'm all set and climbin' up steep ladder, boys pilin' up after me. So I has plate all full an' coffee an' everything for good meal when, *Bam, bam,* some fool climbs too close and hits my heel, makin' me spill all food I had. So I has to git somebody to divide with me. Can't go back, Lawd, can't go back. So I misses two meals.

But what I'm tellin' you 'bout now is time sho' nuf submaroon jes' 'bout got us when Germans caught ship nappin' somewhere out in wide ocean. Boys all out havin' good time, didn't have no warnin'. Seen little white streak comin' cross water an' lookin' way over yonder seen devil periscope goin' down in sea. Boys begin hollerin' an' prayin' an' runnin' an' shoutin', an' sayin', Lawd, will we ever git home again, maybe evey las' one be drowned in deep blue sea. Howsomever, captain at hellum seen torpedo first an' speed up ship an' zigzag an' turn old boat side so quick torpedo missed us clean, but boat shook boys up. They don't know whether we been hit or not an' they don't know when 'nother little white streak be comin' cross water.

So colored chaplain captain I been tellin' 'bout starts prayin'. Prayin' Johnson wus his name, prayin' till he die. That colored captain sholy could pray better'n preacher

in pulpit an' soldiers prayin' wid him like shoutin' Christians in church meetin' in Georgia. Boys jined wid him never did pray befo'. Bad as I wus, dog bite my cats, if I wusn't hollerin' to King Jesus to save my soul! 'Fo' God, never heard such a prayin' since I been born. Captain Johnson could pray fas', but not fas' 'nuf for soldiers. All boys tryin' to pray same things captain wus sayin', only mo' so an' faster. Oh Lawd, what a prayin' an' shoutin', you oughta been there, goddam!

Captain Johnson prayin', "Oh Lawd, help yo' helpless believin' children. . . ."

Soldiers prayin', "Yes, yes, my Lawd, oh Lawd, help yo' helpless children. . . . Oh my God, will we ever git home again? . . . Oh, Lawd Jesus!"

Captain keep a prayin', "Oh Lawd, the spirit is willin' but the flesh is weak, help yo' helpless children!"

All soldiers prayin' on, "Yes, my God, mighty weak an' helpless 'gainst that dynamite. Oh Lawd, help yo' helpless children, yes, my God! . . ."

Captain keep prayin', "Oh Lawd, yo' children on board ship of life tryin' to be soldiers of the cross. Save us, oh Lawd! . . . Save us if you please!"

Soldiers cryin' out, "Talkin', brother! . . . Yes my Lawd! . . . Oh my God, will I ever see my mother again? . . . Save po' boy long way from home! . . . Jes' save me this time an' I won't be sinner no mo'! . . . Oh Lawd, I'm long way from my mama's house!"

So captain keeps on prayin', soldiers keep on joinin' in. Some have big voices, some small, some loud an' prayin', some low an' singin', some chantin', some hummin', some shoutin', all like deep rumblin' voice of ship an' Jehovah on mountain. Big blue heaven above an' deep blue sea below us, ship sailin' on, sound like rumblin' up in sky, seem like King Jesus flyin' by. Then prayin' slow down, boys lookin' an' listenin' seein' if ship wus sinkin'.

Ole ship moverin' 'long jes' like she boss of the sea. Captain tell us she's all right an' what he gonna do for that submaroon be plenty. Sholy wus good to see all captains an' Law fightin' to help boys out o' trouble. Hee, hee—I been used to seein' captains an' Law tryin' to git me *in* trouble all day long.

Well, transports an' 'stroyer boats look like big buddies steamin' an' smokin' and shootin' at submaroon like man with big fohty-fohs. One ship roll big death bomb down to see could it blow up submaroon. Deep sea an' waves shaped up like big dish, ships goin' up out of hole. Mighty pretty sight. Blue sea so wide look like ships in heaven floatin' around. Lawdy, Lawd, boys feelin' better. Chaplain captain start song, slow an' easy, leadin' way, then risin' high an' strong an' eveybody singin' now jes' lack eveybody prayin' minute ago. Black devils singin' like black angels from Promised Land, song sweepin' up an' rollin' out on waves, swayin' like big ship itself. Never heard such singin', swellin' like Kingdom Come, an' me singin' jes' big as anybody, goddam.

Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Soldier of the Cross?
I am climbin' Jacob's ladder,
I am climbin' Jacob's ladder,
I am climbin' Jacob's ladder,
Soldier of the Cross.

So boys, feelin' better now, sayin', "Well, ole strumpet, *this* ship didn't go down." Prayin' captain still lookin' up at the heavens, trying to sing sumpin' 'bout ole Satan mad and he was glad, 'cause he missed some souls he thought he had. But boys don't pay him no mind. So other boys git to joreein' an' cussin' an' laughin' an' singin' funny songs. So I hollers: "Parson, you an' captain at hellum and smokin' Uncle Sam ships done saved us from Devil, glory, glory!" One big fellow start 'nother song an' boys git to singin' an' hollerin' an' laughin'.

Oh, whut wus you singing,
When ship went down,

When ship went down
Settin' on a mule's back,
Singin' Alabama boun',
Oh, that ocean, that deep wide ocean!

So boys done forgot all 'bout bein' a skeered an' promisin' Lawd how good they gonna be. Gits to playin' an' gamblin' an' fightin' an' havin' good time. Wus a Y. M. C. A. song-leader on ship an' he thought he'd start 'em to singin' again. So he tried to git boys to sing. Boys don't do nothin' but look at him, maybe some of 'em smile an' some glare at him. Maybe one or two good boys start singin' an' others sorter snicker an' they stops. So this fellow, turrible singer, too, high stepper an' fine voice, steps out an' hollers at us.

"Well, boys, are you gonna sing or not? If you ain't just let me know and I'll stop this foolishness."

So, boys tell him he better stop it then. And myself, I was feelin' my hell a risin' an' so I tells this fellow he ain't no songster, neither musicianer nor music physicianer. An' so he says to me, "Well, my good man, you soldiers have not yet come to appreciate high quality of singing which I give you."

"Hell, who's good man?" I says. "Not me, I'm bad man, bad as Hell, I know. An' don't be callin' me yo' good man: I done sold my soul to the Devil an' my heart done turned back to stone."

By this I was signifyin' I wants him to leave me alone.

IV

But boys did git to singing 'nother time that day. Long jus' 'fo' sun went down, boys git mighty homesick and sorrowful. Thinkin' 'bout homefolks an' wishin' they wus back in United States an' wonderin' what gonna happen to 'em in war. This evenin' sunset awful red an' look like copper fire. Sometimes look to me like light from meltin' steel in good ole Birmingham. Sometime look like blood an' one time look like big copper cent settin' in yellow an' red sea all glowin' like fire. Mighty fearsome sight, an' captain tell us sho' sign storm comin' up. Boys mighty quiet an' oneasy, too. Sea so smooth an' everything more quiet than we seen it on ocean since we got on board. So boys feel like sea too big for 'em an' I 'members little sayin' we played as children 'bout sea bein' so deep an' wide, sea ain't got no bottom or side. Well, that's way we feel about it now.

Seem like mighty long way from home, mighty long way from where we come from, mighty long way from France, long way from dry land. Jes' us an' sea an' feelin's, make us wonder, Lawd, would we ever git back again. Dark comin' on, winds begin to blow, waves git higher, rollin' high as two story buildin', moanin' sound off cross waters. Transport ships rollin' off at distance, no lights on 'em. Sometimes look like chips floatin' in muddy creek, an' sometime jes' naturally look like big black devil witches, sometimes look like we could see them little dynamite streaks comin' cross waters. So night was comin' on, gittin' darker an' darker. Captain Johnson come along singin' an' passin' 'mong boys while they gittin' ready to go down in stalls an' put selves 'way for night. So some of boys sing with Captain Johnson:

Shine on me, shine on me,
Lawd I wonder will lighthouse
Shine on me, shine on me;
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me an' rest.
Lie down, ye wearied ones,
Thy head upon my breast.
Shine on me, shine on me,
Lawd, I wonder will the lighthouse,
Shine on me, shine on me.

So Captain Johnson an' some o' the boys sung little more, one song bein' 'bout King Jesus, listenin' all night long. But storm done comin' an' ship reelin' an' rockin'. Next day and nex' boys so sick don't know nothin', don't keer for nothin', storm make 'em so seasick an' so homesick, too. Some funny things happen, some sad ones too, boys bein' all sorts an' kinds, some never been on ocean an' some po' boys green

ruckies from everywhere, all over States, 'specially from South. One po' buddy so sick th'owed his music box overboard, said he ain't gonna play no mo'.

One day I seed sailors savin' few soldiers been floatin' on raft after ship been torpedoed or sunk by storm or sumpin'. Never seen such a sight since I been born, sailors ridin' them waves in little boats, holdin' on to life ropes, pullin' boys in, high sea rollin' and boys climbin' up ship sides jes' lak spider up spider web. I'm travellin' man and done heap o' things in my day but never could do like white sailors on rollin' sea, Lawd, big green waves with white foam, like dragon or mad dog or sumpin', deep an' cold an' wet, captain standin' up on deck orderin' boys round jes' as easy as Cap'n Tero used to holler at us to wheel that dirt on railroad fill. Ain't no doubt 'bout it, Lawd, Lawd, Uncle Sam maybe starve us to death or pack boys together like shippin' hogs in box cars, but shôly can take keer of us on sea.

Nex' day sea got smoother, boys all gittin' better an eveybody knows we soon comin' in where we's headed. Nobody knows where we goin'. But ship slow down and big vessels an' little come out to meet us and boys glad we gonna see dry land again. Boys in awful mess and tempers cussin' an' fightin'. Ain't got no money, can't roll them bones, ain't got no booze, clothes all dirty, ship all crowded, boys joreein' one 'nother and sassin' back 'bout girls back home, an' tellin' 'bout good time they had, won't be no mo'. Some of boys seem like animals and act jes' like I been tellin' 'bout back in labor camp. Jes' ain't civilized. Howsomever, captains keep 'em going and when we come in sight of boats an' land boys git interested and begin to talk big and say what they gonna do to Jerries when they gets in Germany. Gonna git Kaiser if he's over there. So we gits through boats an' harbor and lands somewhere in France: didn't know then where it was. Don't make no difference, we wus seein' dry land.

So boys git cleaned up little and captains march 'em through streets on somewhere we don't know where we's going. But boys feelin' better, music tickle 'em up an' proud of marchin' manners. So they start struttin' like King of Africa or sumpin', marchin' through streets, heads up keepin' step an' listenin' to French folks hollerin' an' shoutin' 'bout big strong American comin' over. Boys thinkin' 'bout folks back home watchin' 'em, planning to tell 'em 'bout it when they gits back. This mo' like marchin' parade, but las' one we gonna ever be in together. Them marchin's days an' nights in rain an' mud an' shells ain't gonna have no music, neither will it be like parade. Boys don't know nothin' yet, pity po' boys never gonna git back again! Howsomever, we wus feelin' good an' captains seem proud of black boys marchin' off to some billedou somewhere, maybe singin' old company song:

Hail, hail to the Twenty-fteenth Infantry,
Hail, hail to the Twenty-fteenth Infantry,
Watch us as we pass by, watch us as we pass by;
We are always ready, our motto let it be,
Our country callin', Twenty-fteenth Infantry,
Watch us as we pass by, as we pass by.

And so like prayin' captain told us, evey man got safe across waters. But Lawdy, Lawd, is they gonna git back? Well, I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. War never got me, never will; got my buddies, never got me.

V

Thought I had come to Judgment Day, first night I got caught up front near battle line. 'Way off on one side big storm comin' up, black clouds risin', deep thunder rollin', bright lightenin' flashin'. On other side deep rumble an' flash of big guns like thunder an' lightenin', only mo' so. Crack of guns on one side sound like claps of thunder, whilst peals of thunder on other side sound also like big growlin' guns. Then you see that forked lightenin', then you hear that rollin' thunder. Shells go screamin' like movin' thunder and guns flash fire like

scorchin' lightenin'. Shrapnel fire rush 'cross black sky like ball lightenin' I seen one time in big storm, then bustin' like sheet o' lightenin' spreadin' all over God's heaven. Oh my God, wished I wus in Heaven settin' down.

I looked toward that Northern pole,
An 'seed black clouds of fire roll;
Oh, lightenin' flashin' an' thunder rollin',
Oh, lightenin' flashin' an' thunder rollin',
Lawd, I know my time ain't long!

Well, guess I wus trimblin' like leaf, yet I ain't bother yet, I ain't bother yet. Nothin' to do 'bout it, goddam. I don't see no guns, I don't feel no bullets, jes' Judgment Day. Oh Lawd, wish I was in Heaven settin' down. Rain begin to po', big guns gittin' nearer, shells bustin' 'round us. Oh my Lawd, wish I wus in Heaven settin' down. But I ain't seen nothing like I'm gonna see. Whut wus I doin' there, how did I get out? I'll tell you 'bout it maybe, tell 'bout it maybe some day. War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me.

'Bout that time wus big shell comin' over. I'm so skeered don't know whether my Lawd is passin' by or mo' like big freight train rollin' through black clouds. So I says to boys lyin' in deep muddy place, "I been ridin' heap o' trains in my day, but don't b'lieve I'm gonna flag this fast freight: I'm gonna ride them cushions to the Promised Land."

One o' these days 'bout twelve o'clock,
This ole worl' gonna reel an' rock,
I'm gonna leave, I'm gonna ride,
Six white hosses side by side.

Oh my Lawd, wished I wus in Georgia singin' chain-gang blues. But that don't do me no good, nothin' to do 'bout it, goddam! I'm wonderin', will I ever git home again. Sholy will tell 'em 'bout it, talk 'bout it. Eveything I ever done come befo' me under same persimmon tree, come befo' me jes' like gourd vine. Talk 'bout it; war an' me must a been buddies 'scusin' why didn't shell git me? Big shell hit camp kitchen an' blowed big black cook from North Carolina 'bout fifty feet; blowed him clean up in tree, then bus' open tree. Po' boy went to see his Jesus.

Oh, the green trees a howin'
An' po' sinner stan' tremblin'
Well, trumpet sound in my soul,
An' I ain't got long to stay here.

'Nother shell bust up bank o' dirt behind me and shove me over in shell-hole: jes' 'bout cover me up. Dirt was what save me, dirt what save me jes' like time blastin' fuse went off too soon in railroad tunnel, in sweet ole Tennessee.

Shells an' lightenin' make night look like day. Big guns belchin' hell-fire. Could see boys startin' an' fallin', trees bein' split an' busted, teams an' trucks runnin' like army of the Lawd. Horses and men screamin' an' dyin', big guns boomin', big shells bustin'. Oh, my Lawd, wished I was in Heaven settin' down!

Went down to rocks to hide my face,
Well, rocks cried out, "No hidin' place!"

Big ammunition dump 'bout half mile from where we wus startin' an' fallin', runnin' an' hidin'. 'Bout that time big shell hit dump an' look like whole worl' comin' to end sho' nuf. After storm was over I seen big black ship flyin' up there in moonlight with black cross grinnin' down at soldiers. Jes' naturally ain't human, sho' look like black demon witch devil, got us hoodoed. Oh, my Lawd, where was King Jesus ridin' storm? Seen 'nother plane come out an' fight with Heinie, shells screamin', plane burnin' up and fallin' screamin' to ground, an' shells bustin' up ground where French graveyard been. Oh, my Lawd, could hear my mother singing,

Then you see the world on fire,
Moon done turned to blood,
You see the elements meltin',
You see the stars a fallin',
An' the moon drips way in blood.
Then you see the coffins bustin',
Then you see the bones a creepin',

Then you hear the tombstones crackin',
Then you see graveyards bustin',
Earth shall reel an' totter,
Hell shall be uncapped.

I never will forgit seein' dead soldiers risin' up. Sho'ly could see 'em when shells an' lightenin' flash. Sometimes would jes' move arms an' legs or maybe face, sometimes would jes' turn over. Seen one po' black boy been drivin' cashion team, settin' up there holdin' lines an' grinnin' jes' same as if he was livin'. Shell done got him an' team, too. Sho' look like ole Satan walkin' in this land. Soldiers with gas masks slippin' round in shadows an' light look jes' prezacly like ghosts an' devils. Nex' day fields an' woods awful sight, many po' boys, both colored an' white, lyin' dead an' sleepin' on ground.

Well, war graveyard must be awful place,
Lay po' boy on his back, throw dirt in his face;
White hosses dead at head o' the branch,
Black crows whistle, buzzards dance,
Oh my Lawd, I ain't got long to stay here.

Thought I seen plenty o' ghosts some other times also. Sometimes at night when we have to fix wires or bridges or marchin' in woods, could see 'em slippin' from tree to tree or white mists shinin' like spirits hantin' the Promised Land. Sometimes could see 'em drivin' team of white and black horses, movin' 'bout so easy couldn't hear 'em, but eyes shinin' an' out of their mouths come fire an' smoke. Sometime we be diggin' trenches at night and we see ghosts diggin' jes' like natural men. We think must be buddies already died after we find out they ain't natural. One time I'm sho' I seen whole company dead buddies standin' up callin' us to help 'em out. Oh, my Lawd, wished I was in Heaven settin' down!

Other times, when we wus passin' through deserted French village or billeted in farm houses, seen ghosts of both German an' French soldiers movin' 'bout, shadows creepin' from white house to black cellars. Seen green lights an' white flashes like spirits being carried up to Heaven. Big black bats flappin' like devils with wings. Ain't no use tellin' me ain't no spirits: I seen 'em. What you read about in mystery books I can tell you 'bout an' mo', 'cause I was there. An' one ghost sho' did tell me 'bout how buddy of mine got murdered over in United States, an' I swear I'm gonna git that dam scoundrel if las' thing I do when I got back.

'Nuther thing make war an' battle look like Judgment Day wus fact of all sorts an' kinds o' folks from all over world comin' together, talkin' an' fightin' an' mixin' like goddam. Seen folks from all over distant lands. Gonna tell folks back home. Seem like I been travellin' all over world. Been travellin' man, sho' God travellin' now.

I seen big black Africans, never seen no black men like 'em. I seen brown boys an' black, say they come from Australia. Some say they come from Arabia, look like tigers, crooked fightin' knives like tiger's claws. Seen some soldiers look like Indians an' seen mo' boys look like must been Pharaoh's army. Guess didn't all of 'em git drowned, Lawdy, Mary don't you weep no mo'. Seen Belgians an' funny lookin' Scotch fellows, Irish an' Poles, an' yellow Chinese with eyes lak snake, an' funny little Japanese. 'Scusin' also I seen all sorts an' kinds in American Army from New York an' other places an' some German prisoners an' some others don't know who they was. I disremembers all folks I seen. Howsomever, seem like God done call them children from distant lands.

Big black boys sho' could work an' could fight too. Seen 'em stretchin' selves heap o' times. Look like crowd back home workin' in camps, only look different, too. You oughta seen crowd black boys from Africa or Australia or some place workin' side by side with black boys come from United States. Big black boys, white teeth an' white eyes, skins shinin' black, steamin' in sun an' rain, big iron muscles standin' out. Good God a'mighty, watch 'em

work, watch 'em dig, watch 'em sing, watch 'em talk an' joree, an' watch 'em cryin' for lovin' mama or maybe lovin' baby back home.

Seen one big black boy drivin' team black hosses. One of 'em was screamin' stallion, white sweat an' red blood runnin' down. Oh, my Lawd, black men, black hosses, black war, maybe black God, I don't know, Lawd, I don't know!

One time when I was in French village I run across big black nigger come from somewhere. Never seen such cu'ious lookin' big boy, heap bigger'n I was. Leastwise I been off few days an' had alcohol behind my eyes an' wus 'bout fohty wid breaks on. So when I sees this fellow jes' naturally make me want to fight, jes' make me want to go up an' slap his face like Brer Rabbit hit Tar Man. So I goes over to this big boy an' says, "Howdy, big boy, howdy, me an' you an' war same things, ain't we, goddam?" He don't say nothin' an' I wus jest rarin' back gonna tell him howdy sho' nuf when I seen he's grinnin' an' signifyin' he don't know what I been sayin'. So we becomes buddies and takes in town together, Lawdy, Lawd!

Boys said they heard 'bout one big African chief had more'n eight hundred children: more'n three hundred fifty boys an' 'bout fo' hundred girls. Lawdy, Lawd, wan't he a lovin' daddy! Thought I remember hearin' my mama's papa tellin' 'bout one fightin' chief killed all his chilluns 'cause he's skeered some of 'em might grow up an' take his crown 'way from him. He wan't free, Lawd, he wan't free, settin' down in the Kingdom! He ain't got nothin' on me. Ain't gonna ketch me worryin' 'bout keepin' no starry crown.

When I die, jes' bury me good an' deep.
Big bottle booze right at my feet,
Black cat dices in my hand,
Throw seven an' 'leven in Promised Land.

Thought I was sorry for heap o' white buddies I seen in war. Young boys ain't 'customed to walkin' in rain an' mud, day an' night, trampin' all over face of earth. Don't know nothin' 'bout not eatin' an' sleepin' an' bein' po' boys long way from home like I does. Also mos' white soldiers has to go up front in fightin' units more'n I did. Feel sorry for 'em when they comes back, 'scusin' heap of 'em don't never git back.

See 'em comin' back after battle, sore feet can't walk, all gassed up, have to lean on one 'nother. Seen 'em cryin' an' laughin' an' cussin', look pitiful like. Faces show trouble heap more'n face of black boys. Po' boys look pale an' like nearly dead, lines in faces an' beards all dirty, eyes all sunk in, clothes all muddy an' full o' blood. Look like they jes' 'bout gone, hungry, mad, skeered, homesick, all come befo' war jes' like gourd vine.

Some come crippled, some come lame,
Some come speakin' of Moses' name,
Old dry bones gonna rise again!

VI

White buddies mighty funny, too, sometimes. Sometimes we sorry for 'em, sometime we jes' have to laugh at 'em. Sometimes we don't keer if some white boys, meaner'n Devil, have hard time, Lawd, we don't keer, Lawd we don't keer! Been treatin' us wrong, been hard on colored soldiers. White man been fightin' colored man. Now fightin' selves. Sometimes we jes' naturally makin' trouble with 'em. Sometimes when we see big white boy skeered we snicker at 'im, he look so funny an' white. Some boys take it mighty hard. Howsomever, heap of 'em mighty hard-boiled, can cuss mo', fight mo', drink mo' than colored boys. Ain't got no respects for nothin'. Ain' skeered of nothin'. Run right straight into German guns, stormin' machine-gun nests, Heinies shootin' an' chargin' like whole German Army.

Well, never seen like since I been born,
Jerries keep a comin', buddies done gone.

Big white boys from mountains look skeered an' don't look skeered neither. Jes' starin' at nothin' an' sayin' nothin'.

Never been nowhere much an' never seen country like I has. Boys laugh at 'em cause didn't want salute officers; colored soldiers salutin' all time. Told me mountain boys make mighty good soldiers, howsomever, not knowin' what war is about. Neither does I, neither my buddies.

All same to us. Me an' war same thing. Don't like it, don't know if I dislikes it, can't help it, nothin' to do about it. Well, it's rainin' here, but its stormin' on the sea. Boys settin' 'round waitin' for orders. Maybe skeered, maybe not. Don't show how they feels, maybe don't know themselves. Joreein' one another.

See feller over there look like he's homesick wid sinkin' blues, holler, "Hey, all that nigger lookin' fer is fat meat an' sundown."

"Dam lie, all he lookin' fer is cornbread an' sunup."

"Well, ole strumpet, that's all right, blues ain't nothin' but good man feelin' bad."

"'Nuther lie, blues ain't nuthin' but woman on po' man's mind."

Boys git to playin' with sticks an' bugs, maybe with spider on ground, an' start singin' all of sudden.

O bitin' spider, don't bite me!
Lawdy bitin' spider, don't bite me!

Heap o' funny things happen and heap mo' sad ones, take me till tomorrow night to tell 'bout 'em. 'Bout funniest thing I seen, ain't funny neither, was time some buddies was out patrollin', crawlin' on bellies like snake or sumpin' an' with orders to fix up wires. Well, they got past some German officers, an' one boy crawl right smack into German officers crawlin' same way. Oughta heard him yell. We couldn't go back an' we couldn't run, 'cause we's already behind Germans, so we had to do something. Germans thought 'cause we wuz behind 'em an' hollerin' like devils, must be heap of us. Thought we shot 'bout three. So we got 'em skeered and cap'n sent squad to help us an' we captured officers an' took 'em in.

After we got in camp an' light, one German officer sees me an' also recognizes my voice an' hollers, "What hell you doin' over here?"

So I says, "What hell you doin' yoself? I'm fightin' fer Uncle Sam."

Sho' was funny. This fellow was boy worked in same factory over in New Jersey where I did befo' war. Said he had to go to Germany to help his parents with some property an' Germans conscript him befo' he could git away. Never did see him no mo' an' don't know what 'come of him to this day. Maybe war got him, didn't git me. He's big captain an' I'm high private in rear rank, but I gits there just the same.

Heap heart-breakin' things happen, too. Can't count 'em. One time we wus marchin' along an' buddy got killed an' nobody never did know whut hit him. Got blowed up some way, never could find out what sort of bullet or sumpin' blowed him down, po' boy long way from home! One day when we was goin' out 'cross battlefield I seen buddy pick up big fountain pen, shoutin', "Lawd, boys, gonna write to my sweet mama this night, gonna ask is she got my bath water on." So he starts to unscrew fountain pen an' next thing we seen was pieces of boy flying in all directions. I ain't never gonna have no fountain pen. One time boy give me one but I ain't gonna keep it. Eveytime I start open it up see po' buddy cryin' out. Seen him one night comin' in askin' me if he open up pen wrong way an' won't I show him right way. Oh my Lawd, ain't gonna ketch me usin' no fountain pen if I never gits to write no mo'.

'Nother thing war done for me gonna stay with me till I die. Never can set down in big easy cheer, no matter where I sees it. Reason why I tell you so. One day we marched into town where Heinies jes' left. Had mines an' potato-mashers an' every kind devil thing ketch boys. Well, we had fine big black boy, cook most of time, sholy did love to set down. Jes' *had* to set down wherever he go. So we seen big soft cheer left in dug-out and this boy seen it. All boys holler at him to hold on, cheer

might be loaded, don't set down in it. He says he *gonna* set down in it. So we hollers to hold on minute 'till we git out of way. Never did find pieces of that big boy, look like railroad track blowed up or sumpin'. Thought I could see po' boy comin' to set down in big cheer, wants to set down, still he's afraid to set down, look like he's askin' why can't he set down.

'Nother buddy worked in French town an' family of French captain. Thought he was very fond of little child of French captain who been killed in war. One day Germans captured place an' took house where French family wus an' set up lines 'gainst American army. This buddy so worried in his mind 'bout little child gettin' hurt by Germans he jus' naturally ain't got no sense. So he storms out with knife an' flyin' devil grenade, gonna blow Germans into Promised Land an' git little child. Germans got him, blowed him down. Wan't necessary for him to go but nobody couldn't tell him nothin'. He wus gonna save little child. And so he gave his life for little French child. Made me very sad an' I kept hollerin', "Say Buddy, is you hurt, is you killed?" Knowed he wus, but jes' hollerin' to him.

'Nother sad time I recollects was when white captain from home town where my mother lived was brought back from lines wounded bad. They said he won big fight leadin' boys up big hill. But Jerries got him. He wus good friend to me, always helpin' me out o' trouble if I needed it. Seen me an' ask me wouldn't I go see his mother when I got back home. I told him I sholy would but mighty hard thing to do. War got him, never got me.

Funny thing 'bout this white captain. First time I ever heard 'bout France, heard his mama tellin' my mama 'bout her an' young husband gonna make trip to study. He wus young professor in college town, teachin' French. Young wife mighty foolish 'bout him an' always savin' an' scrapin' up everything so they could make trip to France. Made it hard on my mama who wus workin' for 'em. This lady so set on husband an' trip made it hard on Mama. She was gittin' house ready to go abroad, curtains an' everything makin' laundry mighty heavy for 'bout five weeks. Kept my mama workin' hard to help. One of my brothers wus born Friday night an' Mama so eager to help white lady get off she set up in bed nex' day an' iron las' things so she could send 'em back. White woman didn't send her nothin' for pay 'cept bundle of ole rags an' jar o' mutton tallow. Lady on her way to France, po' Mama needin' doctor• an' ain't got no money. Hurt Mama's feelin's an' never forgit hearin' her tell 'bout it.

Never would 'a' thought I be havin' name of soldier in France an' son of white lady be killed an' me takin' back news to his mama. Now my mama done dead an' gone sleepin' in grave. Nobody to carry my trouble to. His mama fine old lady eveybody love, always sayin' fine things 'bout my mama. War got only son she had, never got me, neither none of my brothers. All come under same gourd vine in big war. Thought me an' war must be buddies from 'way back.

I got rainbow tied round my shoulder
Wings hitched on my feet
Ain't gonna rain, Lawd, ain't gonna rain!

VII

Well, I been to war an' I been back. Can't tell all things happen to me. Can't name 'em. Maybe I can tell about 'em some day. Done everything anybody ever done an' mo'. Diggin' ditches, cuttin' wires, buildin' bridges, loadin' ammunition truck, diggin' up dead bodies, raisin' hell with both colored an' white, namin' name of soldier. Lawd, I don't want no trouble with my captain. Done had plenty of it. Raised hell after armstice tryin' to go home, Lawd, tryin' to go home. Finally, 'bout June we marches to ship singin' "Goodbye, France! Hello, Broadway!" Actual fact, we gits on ship startin' for good old U.S.A.

So I'm on big ship out on deep wide ocean. 'Bout fohty wid the cleaver. Got

them deep sea blues, can't be satisfied. But I'm on my way, Lawd, I'm on my way. Been singing, "I want to go home, I want to go home." Well, won't be long now, won't be long. War got my buddies, never got me. Me an' war same thing. Been worried in my mind, won't be worried long.

I'm gonna lay my burden down,
Down by the river side,
Well, I ain't gonna study war no mo'
Down by the river side.

Big old boat I'm sailin' on. Maybe good old Ship of Zion, I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. She's carryin' many a thousand 'cross to the Promised Land. Promised Land whut I'm talkin' 'bout is good old U. S. A. Ship of Zion I'm talkin' 'bout is steamship *Imperator*. Thousand souls I'm talkin' 'bout all sorts an' kinds' both colored an' white.

Good God a'mighty, this ship's gonna run,
Carry me back where I come from!

Big band on board. Maybe best musicianers and music physicianers army can afford, I don't know. Leastwise can play them marchin' tunes an' homesick blues an' evey other kind of music anybody ever played. I'm feelin' my hell a risin'. Got them railroad blues, got that fare. Gonna ride them cushions in the Promised Land, see does my baby know right from wrong.

Corn-stalk fiddle an' shoe-string bow,
My gal stuck needle in toe by Joe,
You swing Sal, I swing Sue
Gonna hug my baby through and through;
Only one thing I ever done right
Went to see my baby an' stayed all night.

All sorts an' kinds on this boat. Big officers an' generals, captains an' lieutenants, corporals an' sargents. All sorts an' kinds of buck privates at end of line. 'Bout two hundred an' fifty nurses on board. Some French war brides with lovin' daddies. Some white an' some colored. Some crippled an' some lame, some blind an' cannot see. Howsomever, all same in one manner, all goin' home. Some dancin' an' some singin'. Some sad an' sorrowful, some glad. Some gamblin' and fightin', some prayin' an' preachin'. Some seasick an' some well. Some can't eat, some eatin' eveything in sight. Howsomever, me an' war is buddies, eatin's my middle name.

Eat when I can git it, sleep all the time;
Don't give a dam if sun never shines;
Ain't nobody's business but my own.

Some quality white folks on board, some po' white trash. Some finest officers anybody ever seen, some mean as hell I know. Some crackers an' hill-billies, some red necks an' sagers. Some half strainers, too. Some fine colored boys, some jes' natchelly too turrible to live. Some big boys look like blue black, some brown like copper statute or pitcher. Some high yaller an' some medium brown, some blue vein an' some pass for white. Nothin' to do about it, just suits me, Lawd, it just suits me.

Sweet black gal is my livin'
Sweet high brown's my home
Nobody's business but my own.

Me, I'm quality. Here I stands comin' befo' world like gourd vine. Been to war, comin' back. All under same persimmon tree. War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me. I'm magic black boy, rainbow 'round my shoulder, wings on my feet. I'm white man an' black man, high yaller an' brown, blue vein angel an' devil saint. Neither is I white, red neck, hill-billy an' cracker, neither black, neither yaller, neither brown.

I'm Africa an' good old U. S. A. I'm France an' United States. I'm Jack Johnson landin' knockout on White Hope. I'm greyhound outrunnin' eagle shadow. I'm gorilla breakin' bones of a man. I'm fightin' devil an' peaceful saint. I'm lovin' daddy an' cruel papa.

Oh my baby, Lawd, you don't know my mind,
When you think I'm lovin' you, I'm leavin' you behind.

That old band's a playin', deep old sea

rollin'. Got them crazy blues, can't be satisfied. I'm livin' now, Lawd, I'm livin' high. Still, I'm last year an' tomorrow, I'm Thursday an' next week. I'm Saturday and good old restin' Sunday too. I'm Friday with devil jaybird an' Monday rollin' black cat bones. I'm first mornin', I'm Adam walkin' in garden of Eden, an' I'm sinner man in last Judgment Day.

I wus born 4000 years ago,
Ain't nothin' I don't know.

That old ship's a-reelin' an' a-rockin', carryin' me back where I come from. Got them deep sea blues, can't be satisfied. Nothin' to do about it. I can do what I have to do. I can travel all night an' I can sleep like a man that's dead. I'm night an' day, sun up an' sun down. Can stare my eyes out an' I can roll 'em like sands of sea. I'm man ugly as crooked sin lookin' for them purty angels I can see. I'm mean as hell, I know, wishin' I wus in Heaven settin' down. I'm hard-hearted, got tender-hearted blues.

Sometimes I hangs my head an' cries,
But Jesus gonna wipe my weepin' eyes,
When I git to Heaven gonna ease, ease,
Me and my God gonna do as we please.

Me, I'm quality, all sorts an' kinds. I'm little lost child cryin' in piney woods an' I'm road hustlin' rambler gonna blow you down. I'm young man breakin' up them jamborees an' I'm old man singin' "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Comin' For to Carry Me Home." I'm hoodoo an' magic an' I'm King Jesus's bosom friend. I'm sweet music makin' melody in Heaven an' I'm tom-tom boomin' blood. I'm shoutin' laughter an' I'm fallin' tears.

Oh, my baby, you don't know my mind
When you think I'm laughing
Laughing jes' to keep from cryin'.

Big high waves rollin', may be storm comin' up, I don't know. Nothin' to me, I'm storm myself. I'm rollin' thunder an' flashin' lightenin'. I'm wind blowin' in jungle. I'm snake-god an' roarin' lion. I'm up on mountain top an' I'm down in valley. I'm desert an' I'm bottom-land. I'm cloud an' I'm sunshine. I'm wet an' I'm dry.

If ocean wus whiskey an' sea wus rye,
I'd swim 'cross ocean an' drink sea dry,
If you ketch me sober make me drunk again,
I'm wanderin' about, don't deny my name!

Havin' good time up on deck, some po' boys moanin' down below. All same to me. I'm light-hearted man gonna have good time an' I'm po' boy sorrowful with aching-hearted blues. If calls me lazy-bones, I can let that work alone an' I can work mo'n four men, leastwise mo'n three. I can say "Yes, suh, thank yo' sir," an' I can hide my feelin's an' not let on.

Me an' my baby an' my baby's friend
Can pick mo' cotton than a cotton gin.

I got wings on my feet. I'm travellin' man. Did you hear 'bout that travellin' man? Run so dad-bob fast till feet sot fields of cotton an' corn on fire. Police chased him with automobile from mornin' till night. Never could ketch him. Neither could they ketch him with bloodhounds, neither with motorcycle. Could run so fast till one day went to spring to git jug water. Spring was two miles from his house. So he broke jug an' went home to git 'nother jug an' got back befo' water hit ground.

Over the fence an' through the pasture
White man run, but he run faster.

I'm magic black man myself, rainbow round my shoulder, wings on my feet! Did you hear 'bout that travellin' man? Thought police shot him with rifle an' laid his body low but never got him that time.

They sent down South for his mother,
She was grieved and moved with tears,
When she open the coffin to see her son,
The fool had disappeared.

I'm Alabama bound, but if train break down I got wings on my feet to carry me on. Did you hear 'bout that travellin' man? Police thought they caught him. Never got him that time.

They put him on the gallows
They thought that he would die,
He crossed his legs an' winked his eye
An' sailed up in the sky.

I'm some magic black man myself, rainbow round my shoulders, wings on my feet. War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me. German shells bustin' all round, never hit me. Influenza train a runnin', I never had no ticket. Big ships sinkin' never sunk me. Did you hear 'bout that travellin' man?

He jumped off that Titanic,
They thought he was a fool,
In jes' about ten minutes
Wus rollin' bones in Liverpool.

Did you hear 'bout Blue Jim an' Chocolate Drop? Wus both magic black men, wings on their feet. Blue Jim would have barrel whisky. Officers couldn't pour it out. Would git 'rested an' put in jail. Nex' minutes would be walkin' 'bout saying "Good mornin', officer, how's yo' health?" Would shoot at him, couldn't hit him. Slim Joe wus chocolate drop jes' natchelly meltin' between jail bars.

Slim Joe wus chocolate drop,
Slim Joe dropped down a cop,
Jails got Slim Joe at last,
Jail bars wus strong an' fast,
But chocolate melted away.

Howsomever, need some magic, need rainbow round my shoulder, wings on my feet. Needed 'em in France. Needed 'em on deep wide ocean. Gonna need 'em all my life. Gonna need 'em to git black scoundrel shot my buddy. That boy been talkin' 'bout comin'. Now he's *gwine.*

I believes in a ghost, I believes in a hant,
Good God a'mighty, I ain't no saint;
Ain't got no arms, ain't got no haid,
Don't stop to count them tracks I made.

Well, I'm on my way, Lawd, I'm on my way! Won't be long now, won't be long! Gonna see my Mamie Lou. Gonna ride them cushions till I go stone blind. Gonna go stompin' in town an' tell about it. If my train breaks down, got wings on my feet to carry me on.

Ridin' of a goat, leadin' of a sheep,
Won't be back till middle of week;
Git up in the mornin', kill that calf,
Gonna eat beefsteak, long as it lasts.

Ship's slowin' down, won't be long, Lawd, won't be long. Wonder does my baby know right from wrong. Wouldn't swap one high yaller an' two teasin' browns for all French mamyselles this side o' Hell. Look out, high brown baby, yo' lovin' daddy's on the way! If ship break down, got wings on my feet. Oh, my Lawd, my high brown lady can make a panther squall. Can make a rabbit spit in bull dog's face. Can make a bull dog break his chain. Can make a tadpole hug a whale. Oh, my Lawd, can make a preacher lay his Bible down, an' make deacons in corner howl out, "Don't you leave me here!" Well, I'm on my way, Lawd, I'm on my way. If ship gits water bound, got wings on my feet.

Well, when you see me comin',
Better hist yo' windows high;
An' when you see me leavin'
Tuck yo' head an' cry.
'Cause last year I wus in Rackinsack
An' now, by God, I'm rackin' back.

HEAP BIG CHIEF

BY A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

For a third of a century, in the House and in the Senate, the Hon. Charley Curtis of Kansas drew his salary and mileage, spread broadcast in unrestrained generosity the garden seeds and moral documents paid for out of the Treasury, planted his share of patronage where it served him best, upheld heroically the hand of the President—if His Excellency happened to be a Republican—and in all other ways was a steady, dependable, unquestioning party plug, dull, regular and conforming, no worse than the rest of the pack and in many ways a lot better. He was, by political standards, a pretty square shooter. He never went Red hunting, and if he waved the flag and occasionally snored sonorously about home and mother he was at least not of the smug, nauseous type of Senator Dave Reed of Pennsylvania, and neither was he of the buffoon type of Tom Heflin. Coming from Kansas, he was a voting dry of course. But he was fond of a good game of draw poker, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to take a $1.25 pot from Senator Jim Couzens of Michigan, who, despite his $100,000,000 Ford-made fortune, would always howl in anguish. He didn't profess to be a regular church-goer but he was a keen and regular patron of the ponies. No one ever accused him of being a Progressive, but the feminists nevertheless called him friend, and it is one of the proudest of his claims that he led the floor fight for the Nineteenth Amendment and was the author of a bill protecting the rights of American women sufficiently affluent to hire foreigners to marry them and of another creating a series of swell Federal women's prisons for ladies tangled up with the law. Finally, his vote was recorded for the Child Labor Amendment—and whether the fact that Kansas has no mills had anything to do with it is something that we need not go into.

In those days Charley liked nothing better than to chin with the boys in mocking manner about the social game in Washington, about which he troubled himself not at all and in which he would have felt like a fish out of water. The pushing and climbing of some of his colleagues and of the other strutters in the official arena were a source of much amusement to him, and his comments thereon were tart and devastating. Altogether, he was a very decent fellow—for a Senator. He played the game in a smooth, efficient manner, and not too offensively, and thus for thirty-three years he served Kansas and the Republican party. He made no speeches if he could help it, and when, in the closing years of his congressional career, he became Republican floor leader of the Senate and would rise from his seat and bring endless hours of hokum to a close with "Mr. President, I move we adjourn," his name was called blessed by all. This daily motion was his sole contribution to statecraft during his years as majority leader. His name is not written on any legislation of importance, either good or bad, but who is there who will not grant that Charley also served?

But while on the surface he was always a placid, humble, unchanging, decent fellow his long years in Washington finally made their mark on him. Ambition began to devour him. His humility turned inside out. A life-long inferiority complex, arising out of his Kaw Indian descent, which

still manifests itself in his insistence that he be carried on the Indian Bureau rolls as an "incompetent Indian," began to be complicated by a recurrence of his childhood faith that every free American may hope to be President. This idea took hold of him as his physical powers declined, and presently it flamed into an irrepressible libido.

It possessed him quite suddenly. Mediocrity had become the fashion, and he was not only mediocre but also more or less honest—a combination far from common. If Harding and Coolidge, whom he despised, could reach for the purple, why couldn't he? He was not—at least, not then—a man given to thumping his chest in self-righteousness, but his comfortable little paunch and his soft, round, copper-brown jowls covered a dogged heart and a determined jaw. Once the fatal aspiration to imperial grandeur was implanted in his psyche, it possessed him completely. The idea of a Red man, even though only a half-breed, sitting in the White House made him sweat and pant with wonder and delight. I suppose that remembered jibes against his Indian blood, going back to childhood, got in some powerful licks here, though it is very unlikely that Charley himself was aware of their influence. And soon there were plenty of sycophants to help the thing along.

So the illusion grew. A first-hand knowledge of the putrid deal that resulted in Harding's nomination and an intimate acquaintance with what took place subsequently must have enormously strengthened his secret resolution. He came to believe that there was absolutely no reason why he too should not aspire. When, in 1924, someone proposed that he be made Coolidge's running-mate, the new complex burst into full and fiery bloom. Coolidge's petulant rejection of his name, because Charley had opposed him on the soldiers' bonus handout, only made the pressure in his gauges higher. He became a definite candidate—first for the Presidency, and then, if that turned out to be impossible, for the lofty post of Vice-President.

In a quiet, skillful way he set about restoring himself in the favor of the White House. When, after the 1924 election, it became apparent that Coolidge and Dawes loved one another like a pair of strange cats, Charley utilized to the full the advantage his place as Senate floor leader gave him, and set about making himself solid. No painted warrior on the trail ever trod a more wary and skillful path than he trod in the puerile wrangling between the Senate and the little Yankee carpet-bagger. When the equalization fee fight was on he voted for both the bill itself and to sustain Coolidge's veto of it. When, early in 1927, he became ill he brooded darkly over the possibility that death might intervene between him and his goal. He doctored grimly, and despite the call of a trying legislative situation, dropped everything and hustled off to Florida to nurse himself back to health. From then on he adhered carefully to a strict regimen, taking long walks, eating with caution, and abandoning all-night poker games.

II

All this time Charley was still keeping within the bounds of reason. The Presidency, it is probable, was not thought of save perhaps as a wistful possibility. His real and immediate goal was the Vice-Presidency. But when Coolidge outsmarted himself and the bewildered zealots took him at what he appeared to say was his word and the race for the 1928 nomination was thrown open, Charley's final efflorescence rapidly set in. One by one such appalling candidates as Jim Watson, Willis of Ohio, and the egregious Goff solemnly strode forward and set up their claims. Charley, observing them, suddenly ran amok—and promptly passed from reality altogether. His madness, to be sure, was not altogether without its logic. With Coolidge out, he reasoned, and such men as Watson, Willis, and Goff accepted as serious contenders, there was now a real chance for him, too. Wasn't there every

likelihood that history would repeat itself? Might not the leaders, Hoover, Lowden, Dawes, kill one another off and make a deadlock and might not the oil and high tariff bosses, turning to the second-stringers, cast their eyes upon the Indian gallant from Kansas? Was he not from the Corn Belt, supposed to be deeply disaffected? Wasn't he a friend of the farmer, and yet a party man of unimpeachable regularity and conservatism? Finally, wasn't there a chance that, if the worst came to the worst, a good strong grab for the Presidency would make him a sure shot for second place?

Thus he reasoned—at first. But as the fight developed ambition rose and raged within him. His walk may be the waddle of a comfortable squaw, but brave warrior blood of the Red man of the Plains courses in his veins. Charley, in those days, actually came to believe that he would be President. Watson, Goff and Dawes might secretly consider themselves the outside long-shots, but Charley knew that he was a better man. Hadn't he started out as a poor Indian and become the Senate floor leader? Look what had happened to Harding and Coolidge! Why not to him?

So Charley set about to hack and hammer his way to the White House. He wrote thousands of letters; he opened headquarters in various States; he formally joined the anti-Hoover forces and metamorphosed a casual contempt for the Wonder Boy into a bitter Indian-like hatred. To nominate Hoover, he said publicly and privately, would be to place a hopeless burden upon an already heavily encrusted party. Hoover was intolerable, unspeakable, unthinkable. That Hoover nevertheless beat him he has never forgiven—and never will.

To this day he believes that he was double-crossed on the nomination. Those who know him well say he is sure that if Mellon and the Pennsylvania gang had played him square he would be in the White House today. They assert that he had promises from the Pennsylvania bosses, who disliked Hoover, that he would get their backing. If, indeed, they had gone over to him at the right moment at Kansas City he might well have been chosen; stranger things have happened at Republican conventions. Many reasons give Charley cause to believe that way. To begin with, Hoover was a minority candidate when the sheep assembled at the convention. Outside of the paid Negro cohorts from the South, carefully garnered by the sly Slemp and closely guarded after a Lowden kidnapping raid the day before the convention opened, he had only a few States actually pledged to him. New York, dominated by Hilles, and Pennsylvania, presumably controlled by Mellon and Grundy, wanted Coolidge, or anybody but Hoover. Lowden was obviously out of it. Thus, if these two big Eastern delegations had been thrown to Charley, as he was assured they would be, they might have very well swung the anti-Hoover majority to him. Then, after a few ballots with Hoover losing ground, Charley would have got the rail on the home stretch, and clattered in the winner.

But Coolidge's duplicity left his henchmen, Butler, Hilles, Mellon, completely up in the air—his autobiographical explanations, which are false, to the contrary notwithstanding. Thus a situation arose which was taken full advantage of by the Hoover machine, with its powerful propaganda and limitless resources. The mass of the delegates stood around open-mouthed waiting for a push in some direction. Vare, with an eye to the Senate contest over his disputed seat and to the chance of giving the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton a good swift boot, put over a fast one, and Mellon and his yes-man Reed, bewildered over what had been slipped to them, found themselves trotting dejectedly with the Hoover herd. The rest was simple—and to Charley's heart-rending anguish.

His outburst the day before the convention, in which he declared that Hoover could not be nominated because "we don't

want a candidate we will have to apologize for," while commendably frank, almost lost him the Vice-Presidency. In fact, if Coolidge had not put over a final bluff on the Hoover crowd, in a message to the effect that if Dawes, whom they really wanted, was nominated he would consider it a personal affront, Charley, instead of being where he can give full play to his libidos, would be a sad and busted man today. But there was no one else and so he got the break, thanks to Borah. Goff and Watson, the Hoover people would not stand for. Fuller of Massachusetts dripped with Sacco-Vanzetti gore. Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., who panted and grovelled for the place, couldn't even muster the New York delegation. So after a night of futile searching, conferring and dickering, made notable by the pursuit by the reporters of blundering old Doc Work as he tried to sneak up and down the stairs of the Muehlbach Hotel in an effort to evade them, the Hoover managers and convention bosses threw up their hands and turned to Charley—as a last resort. Next morning Borah piously mounted the rostrum and nominated him, to a pathetic scattering of applause. And then Charley, like the true party wheel-horse that he is, swallowed his bitter words of a day or so before, and began the bleat he mouthed so dolorously all through the campaign: "And now I want to tell you about a man whose heart beats for the woman and the child, a man, blah, blah, blah . . . Herbert Hoover . . . I thank you!"

Thus in realization came also frustration to Charley and therein is to be found the clue to the strange mood that has come over him since his assumption of the Vice-Presidency. Believing, as he does, that but for a foul deal of fate he might have been nominated as President, and that even today there stands between him and his consuming ambition only a fat, harried and distraught man, Charley in his heart of hearts always sees himself in the White House. In his improved raiment, his measured whispering, his determined reserve, his rabid clamor for full official honors upon any and all occasions, he has but one thought—the Presidency. That is the secret of Charley as he is today. If the White House portals should ever actually open to him, he would be the most presidential President in the history of the land.

He is really a pleasant, homey enough sort of fellow. The world has guffawed at his outcries in defense of his deep-bosomed sister-hostess' social status, but little it knows the high ideals and lofty sentiments that prompted his hazardous crusade. First of all, there is Sister Dolly herself—no small item. Sister Dolly is a most determined and ambitious sort of lady. The delicate nuances of society are of little moment to her. What Dolly wants she wants, and with Brother Charley as Vice-President the esoteric superiorities of Senate ladies, Cabinet ladies, and diplomatic ladies awe her not at all. Ah, with what relish would both she and Charley pay off scores if ever they should take up their residence at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue!

There lopes about Washington a story that Charley's Indian name, literally translated, means Man-afraid-of-his-sister. No doubt that is wholly apocryphal; what is true is that there is a real and strong bond of affection between brother and half-sister. Some years ago, when Mrs. Curtis became a helpless invalid, Dolly voluntarily took up the care and management of Charley's household, and this kindness over trying years has naturally not lessened his affection for her.

But it is not alone fraternal love and gratitude that inspired him to make his crusade for a due and proper recognition of the eminence, importance and dignity of the Vice-Presidency. Deeper and profounder impulses set him off. No one knew better then he how useless and utterly ornamental the office really is. His years in the Senate and as floor leader had left him no doubt on that score. Also as a Senator and floor leader he countenanced no change of the Vice-President's lowly status. But once in the rôle himself, he saw things in a

different light—to wit, in the light of his presidential fixation.

The Vice-Presidency, at best, is a gamble. Its incumbents live only to fill a dead man's place. Some win; most don't. But the percentage is favorable enough for ambitious men to take a shot, idle and utterly inconsequential as the life is. Some of the Vice-Presidents—such as Tom Marshall—fill the place with a philosophical detachment and amusement. Others, like Dawes, play a deeply-hidden but nevertheless potent rôle in legislative affairs. Both courses are impossible to Charley; the first, because he isn't detached or philosophical and has lost all sense of humor, and the second, because the political situation is against him. He might be willing enough to dabble in the undercurrent, but the Hoover machine proposes to permit no such operations if it can help it. Charley remembers well the snorts from the White House when it was learned there that the belligerent Senate group that interviewed Hoover on the debenture plan made the trip from the Capitol to the executive offices in his own official automobile. That little flyer was enough for him—for the present anyway.

Being a man who for many years had been in the midst of the stew, Charley just had to do something—especially with those damned complexes gnawing in him. If he couldn't be a philosopher, humorist, or conspirator, he could at least be a stern and unbending disciplinarian in the Senate and a defiant defender of vice-presidential rank and precedence there and elsewhere, particularly at dinner tables.

It is easy to smile—and Charley's friends and former colleagues have been gleefully doing that now since March 4—but a heart-to-heart chat with him will prove to you that it is really no laughing matter. He is profoundly and sincerely distressed at the condition he has found the Vice-Presidency in, and until he goes up or out—the former preferably, of course—he intends devoting his time and strength to advancing its fallen and sadly neglected estate. If, by God's will, he must be content with the Vice-Presidency, this labor of love and patriotism will be his last great venture. Laughter and raillery will not daunt him. He proposes to force the Senate to decorum if he has to shatter gavels as fast as they can make them, and official society will bow to the majesty of his rank if he has to embarrass a thousand Secretaries of State.

"Might as well settle this thing at once," it is said of him that he told a friend in a confidential moment. "You can never tell what will happen, and we might as well get this thing straightened out now."

It is what the psychologists call a defense mechanism, of course. But, as Charley might well say if he knew about such things, who is there without one? He is Vice-President, and wants to be President. The odds are against him, for he is sixty-nine and Hoover is only fifty-four. It is true that both are fat, but Hoover has as yet never been ill and Charley has been crumbling for several years. So he has to content himself with day-dreaming about the Presidency—and meanwhile he tries to make the Vice-Presidency as awe-inspiring and important as he knows how. He smears on his war-paint and harries the Senate so that the galleries almost turn pale, and he raids and ravages dinner-tables in defense of Dolly's cravings. What matter if the world chortles in derision? By his vigor of conduct and the magnificence and array of his residences and business establishments they shall know him!

III

Charley's offices in the Capitol are today one of the most lascivious sights of Washington. They are a cross between a big tribal wikiup and a Sultan's seraglio. A section of one of the corridors of the Senate Office Building was blocked off to accommodate them. The corridor was converted into a lofty outer reception room

and encumbered with massive and glistening desks and chairs. To the left are the chambers of his secretarial staff, of a number befitting so exalted a dignitary. These offices and ante-rooms are also equipped with new and lavish furnishings. To the right of the reception-room is Charley's official salon and the crowning glory of Capitol Hill. It is impressively indicated by a chaste sign of three-inch gold lettering on a cherry background, reading "The Vice-President." The room itself is the size of a manorial hall. A multitude of overstuffed chairs and lounges serves only to outline its vastness. At the head of the cavern is a vast table of blockhouse dimensions, cherry red, as is all the rest of the furniture. What is probably one of the most curious throne chairs in the world faces it. Its back is almost six feet in height and of carved and filigreed wood. At the top, in gilt letters, are the words, "The Chief." In the center is a plaque of carving. Around the rim of this piece of artistry is inscribed, also in gold lettering, the fact that the chair is the gift of the Original Curtis Boys and Matthew Quay Glaser. Within are the mysterious words: KO-TNA-U-CA-SHE-THI-CE-XTSI-MO-KO-ONTHIA-ETTO-N, apparently in some secret code, understood only by Charley and his brother tribesmen.

One wall is practically taken up by a ponderous book cabinet the size of a corncrib, with long panels of glass, all closely curtained. No sign of a book is visible. Festooning the walls are numerous pen and ink cartoons of Charley, all complimentary, of course, the gifts of humble newspaper artists. A four-foot panorama of a great wheat field, a photograph of his log-cabin birth-place, one of his former Topeka home and one of his present Topeka home, and a picture of an Indian head are interspersed among the sketches. Indian moccasins, heavily beaded, and a miniature tepee are strewn about the huge marble mantelpiece. In several corners stand banners. One, Charley explains, is the national standard that flew over the Capitol the day he was inaugurated Vice-President, and the other is the Vice-President's flag, the second ever made. The first, he relates, was made for Dawes and was taken away by him when he retired. Along one wall is a great overstuffed leather couch, easily ten feet in length. Everything is as shiny as a mirror, twice as big as normal size, and as gaudy and ornate as a movie cathedral.

Charley takes a deep pride in the layout. The interested caller is carefully shown all its wonders, and he modestly explains that it was all his own idea. Other Vice-Presidents have had luxurious quarters, but it was he who conceived the idea of blocking up a whole corridor to make a throne room and of fitting it out with such regal magnificence.

For years, as a member of Congress, Charley resided in an unostentatious dwelling in a modest residential section in Washington, but elected to the Vice-Presidency, he found it shabby and too meager. Nothing less than the imperial suite of the fashionable Mayflower Hotel would do for him and the Ganns, meaning Dolly. There is a Mr. Gann, of course, but officially and in all other respects he is wholly inconsequential. There is some mystery about this ten-room apartment. For a while the story about town was that Charley got it rent free. When his social-precedence crusade was in its first bloom the reporters made inquiries of the management about the matter. The hotel people were reluctant to discuss it, but persistent interrogation elicited certain facts. It was learned that the regular rent of the apartment is $25,000 a year, but that since royalty, whether of birth or wealth, comes to the Capitol only rarely, it has been used but infrequently. From information obtained as to the number of days in the average year it was occupied, the reporters calculated that it brought in about $7,500 annually. Taking Charley's and the managers' word that he really did pay rent, it was concluded that this figure was approximately what he got the suite for. But the

estimate was only a guess. Whatever the rental is, the hotel apparently considers the difference between what it gets and what the place is listed for as repaid by the fact that the Vice-President of the United States is one of its guests.

When the reporters approached Charley about the question he went straight up in the air.

"It's nobody's damned business what I pay," he shouted at them. "They made me a proposition and I accepted it. What that is, is strictly between them and me."

From the Willard Hotel it was discovered that it too had offered Charley a royal suite, but whether he turned it down because of a better proposition from the Mayflower, or for some other reason is not known. Charley himself added that he would like to break the neck of the originator of the free-rent story.

The Vice-Presidency, despite its endless social opportunities—and Dolly takes full advantage of them, necessitating Charley's presence to safeguard her precedence—has made a lonely man of him. His days may be taken up with vigorous gavel wielding and every night of the season filled with a dinner engagement, but these are empty satisfactions to a man of his habits and instincts. Even under ordinary circumstances to be relegated to the Vice-Presidency would be a hardship to a man who, for a third of a century, was an active participant in the political mêlée. His social crusading has withdrawn him still further from the association of his former colleagues. By the very nature of his endeavor he has been forced to assume a certain standoffishness, and the cloak-room joking about this, and even more about Dolly's activities, of which he is fully aware, has raised a wall between him and the Senate. When the Senate ladies refused to make Dolly, as she demanded, the president of their luncheon club, friendly relations between Charley and the husband-Senators naturally did not flourish. The Indian in him just can't help cropping out when a chance arises to hammer them out of order and curtly command them to take their places and keep quiet. The Senators in turn resent the rebuke, with the result that a below-the-surface but nevertheless most active feud rages between them and the Vice-President.

As floor leader Charley was constantly called upon by the reporters. Every day a score or more of them would seek him for information about plans, line-ups and dope. He liked to growl and grumble about their "starting things," but he enjoyed the contact thoroughly, and the pressmen considered him a valuable source of news. But as Vice-President the press gallery pays no attention to him, and it is only when he is social-gunning that he is mentioned. The loss of his press relations distresses him deeply. He is bitter about the old reporter friends who have written gaily about his social activities, and if he should ever take up his residence in the White House many a newspaper home will languish in gloom, waiting a bid to the sacred dinner-table.

IV

Charley may not be a great engineer or humanitarian, he has not fed the children of Belgium nor put an end to an anarchistic uprising of Boston police, but in his way he too has an active sense of the spectacular. Witness his ten-room hotel suite in all its magnificence of oriental rugs, silks and satins, to say nothing of frequent tiled bathrooms, and the regal opulence of his offices. But it was during his campaigning last Autumn that he really showed his stuff as an impresario of the dramatic. The travelling show he put on was one of the most droll things staged in a presidential race in a long time. The stir of the big-top act that Al Smith carried caused it to be overlooked, but in its way it was a riot. As a speaker Charley was a total loss, but what he lacked in oratory or logic he more than made up in showmanship. He didn't miss a trick, and with the aid of the accommodating reporters accompanying

him he now and then got quite a play in the papers.

There was the time he nicked a few fingers in the door of an automobile and then bandaged the whole fist and hung it in a sling from around his neck while he heroically announced that nothing would keep him from his onslaught upon the foe. That play was worth quite a spread, with pictures. Then there was the time he underwent a disconcerting heckling from a farmer who insisted on asking particularly obnoxious questions about Charley's and the Republican party's record about fulfilling pledges to render aid and succor to agriculture. Angered by the effectiveness of the quizzing, Charley roared out that there was no use answering, as the interrogator was "too damned dumb to understand." The Republican press made much of this incident, but no mention was ever made of the aftermath. The Smithites in the rural districts took to appearing at Charley's meetings with signs reading, "Farmers, you are too damned dumb to understand." Charley didn't like it at all.

When he first took to the stump he travelled in an ordinary Pullman car. But Sister Dolly waxed indignant at this, and one day hied herself over to Doc Work's office, where she bitterly berated the apologetic campaign director for the indignity that was being heaped upon Charley. The campaign, she declared, was a Hoover-*Curtis* campaign, and don't you forget it. Hoover might be a great and good man, but so was Charley. He was just as good-looking as Hoover and they had better begin using his picture. So he was given a private car, a press agent, a barker —introducer was his official designation— and an Indian Princess. Also his visage, with his scraggly mustache carefully and neatly trimmed by this time, was plastered up by the side of Hoover's on all the official posters. Press associations were invited to send staff men on the car, and thus equipped, Charley finished out the campaign.

One of his missions was to line up the Indian vote. From Iroquois to Sioux and from Winnebago to Pueblo they all took him into the fold, and presumably he won them all over to the Republican ticket.

Charley had two neat acts for his appearances, depending on what kind of a stop was made. At short back-platform turnouts the barker and Indian Princess did their stuff. The spieler would appear at the rear of the car and in vigorous tones bark up the crowd. He would then present the Princess, who would warble a sad Indian melody that made ado over "Hi-o-hi-o—hi-o." The lady finished, Charley's broad smile would put in an appearance. Sometimes there would be a few words from him, but whether he spoke or not there was always much handshaking. As the train pulled out the Princess would wave farewell with a pretty flag. It was all sweet and simple and unaffected.

At the big evening meetings, held indoors, Charley had another effective play. After the introductions and as he stepped forward to speak, the band in the hall —primed in advance—would break into "The Star-Spangled Banner." Charley would instantly stiffen to attention and of course the mob would have to get out of its seats. When the music ceased Charley would then pull a gag that never failed to get a big hand. "I want to thank the musicians," he would say, "for playing our glorious national anthem. I would far rather start my speeches to the strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' than to those of 'The Sidewalks of New York' any day." That never failed to bring down the house.

The campaign was the cause of Charley's being invested by the reporters with the curious title of Egg Charley. Since then some of the Washington correspondents have debased the designation to other purposes, and it is now coming into use to indicate a certain state of alcoholic exuberation. Charley, it should be stated in all fairness, is in no way associated with this later impoverishment. In the beginning, applied to him, the nickname arose out of a sort of satirical affection for

him among the reporters who covered his vice-presidential medicine show. Being a staunch and unswerving Republican, he is naturally a high tariff zealot. In all his speeches he made much of the great benefits that have come to one and all from this great boon to mankind. Getting down to particulars, he would relate in detail the important part he had from time to time played in making possible its manifold blessings. There was the time, he would tell, when the farmers came to him and begged him piteously to protect them from the ruinous inroads of foreign dried and frozen eggs. He was, it appeared, deeply moved by their pleas and indignation flamed in his breast against the foreign enemy. He rose heroically to the occasion and through his indefatigable efforts a high impost was plastered upon the perfidious foreign products. But if Charley thought the fight was over he was mistaken. After a time sinister interests approached him and with devious wiles attempted to play upon him to have the duty removed. The farmers, they said, no longer needed the protection. But Charley was not to be taken in. "You have come to the wrong Sen-ah-toah," he roared at them, and they, taken aback, departed into the dark realms from which they came. American eggs had been saved, and Charley modestly rested content with the victory.

Always he would begin the recital of this saga with a fierce and startling shout: "And what about eggs ——?" The effect of the outcry was always encouraging. The by-this-time drowsing audience would be surprised out of its dozing and with a fresh start Charley would tear into the gory details of his egg battle. The reporters, amused at the antic, evolved the Egg Charley appellation, and it promptly spread rapidly and widely, particularly in political circles. Naturally it soon reached Charley's ears and after thinking it over he dropped the egg story. But every now and then he would forget, and casting about for something to bestir his listeners, would inadvertently yell at the point in his speech where formerly he would begin his egg tale, "And what about ——?" He always caught himself in time and would veer off to something else.

Before he went on the stump last Autumn he had made few speeches in his life. In his twenty-odd years in the Senate he had not made over a half dozen, if that many. In his campaigning in Kansas his electioneering was almost entirely glad-hand and personal contact work. On his feet he is awkward and unhappy. When he took to the hustings last September he fixed up a speech and kept closely to it. He was one of the dullest of the current speakers. But what he lacked in eloquence he more than made up in sudden outbursts. It was as if he would get peeved with himself and bored with the crowd and take it all out in an outbreak of roaring. His address had a large number of references to the "flag we all love and revere" and there was much about home, Mother, womanhood and that sort of thing. The press-agent and the National Republican Committee supplied press releases that gave so-called extracts from his daily speeches. These briefs ranged the entire scope of the campaign issues—that is, the ones that were talked about by the candidates. Charley would make sufficient reference to the released press-matter in his speech to protect the reporters and then carry on with his regular talk.

V

There was a bit of a Jacksonian touch to his beginnings, but he didn't live up to the promise of his early youth. He was pretty much a regular from the start. On his mother's side his ancestry goes back to White Plume, chief of the Kaw tribe of Kansas Indians, to Pawhuska, a famous fighting chief of the Osage tribe, and to a French trader, one Louis Pappan. His father was the adventurous scion of a New England family who rose to a captaincy in the Civil War. His mother died when he

was three years old and he was taken by his Grandmother Pappan, who lived on an Indian reservation sixty miles west of Topeka. There is a legend that while he was a boy on the reservation the peaceful tribe heard that the Cheyennes had gone on the warpath and that Charley was sent to summon aid. It is his sole martial adventure. Later, he became a jockey and his love for horses remains one of his happiest traits. All his life he has been a frequenter of race-tracks, and be it said for him that this is one habit he has not changed since becoming Vice-President. Each Sunday, since his sublimation, accompanied by the buxom and resplendent Dolly, he may be seen at church, but his attendance at Pimlico when the ponies are running is equally regular.

Charley's fondness for the race-track was responsible for a really unfair accusation against him during the campaign. Senator Bruce of Maryland, an ardent wet, openly charged that he knew of an instance when Charley had pulled a flask from his hip and invited some friends with him to partake. Bruce named names and the fight was on. Charley vehemently denounced the accusation as a canard. The men mentioned were interviewed and they too denied the story. Charley really is not a drinking man. After his illness several years ago he was advised by his doctors to take a small drink daily as a tonic, and he did so, but only as a medicine. He does not care for liquor and he has never toted a flask. In his personal life he has been as regular as in his political affairs. His one vice is a fondness for watching the thoroughbreds run. He never bets.

Charley got into politics soon after putting out his shingle as a lawyer. Topeka, though dry, had a hundred flourishing and wide-open saloons. The good folk grumbled loudly thereat and threatened a reform ticket. The local bosses and saloon-keepers, casting about for a safe candidate who would at the same time mollify the respectable element, hit upon the youthful and ambitious Charley. They knew him for a good fellow, quiet and modest but no fanatic, and they felt they could safely entrust things in his hands. So, backed by the wets and the drys, Charley was elected. He promised to enforce the law, which didn't disturb the politicians and satisfied the drys. In office, with his eye on the congressional seat, and considerably, it is related, to the politicians' disgust, he proceeded to make good his pledges. He closed the saloons and went to Congress—again enthusiastically supported by both sides, the drys to reward him and the wets to get him out of the county. In Congress he served uninterruptedly in one House or the other from 1893 until his election to the Vice-Presidency, with the exception of a two-year period. He first came to the Senate in 1907 and served there until March 4 of this year.

As Republican leader following the death of Henry Cabot Lodge, Charley came to be known as the greatest whisperer in Congress. Whenever he took his favorite pose, with a short fat arm coiled around another Senator's shoulders, the Press Gallery got busy. It was a sure sign that something was doing. As floor leader he adhered to his dislike for speeches. "Talk, talk, talk," he would complain to the reporters about the endless Senate deliberations. He was one of the originators and most insistent sponsors of the cloture rule putting a limit on Senate debate. It is his firm belief, borne out by extensive experience, that everything can be fixed by friendly and confidential getting together. As of course it usually is—despite the seas of words.

As a fixer Charley is one of the best in the business. He isn't much to look at—a little, fat, saffron-skinned man, with a round seal-lion-like visage—and there is no affectation of culture or learning about him, but he is worth a dozen austere and disdainful Lodges for fixing things up. Charley, as floor leader had no illusions about his colleagues, but as long as he was one of them he didn't high-hat them. He got along agreeably with Republicans,

Democrats and insurgents. Norris once said of him that "Charley Curtis's word is as good as gold." From the very start of his congressional career he was a resourceful fixer.

Czar Reed was boss and Speaker of the House when he was a beginner there. One day Charley stepped into Reed's office to see about some patronage matter and found a caucus of the leaders in progress. He started to leave, but Reed called to him, "Indian, what do you know about this?" The gang was trying to frame a gold-standard bill and couldn't get together on the job. Charley didn't know much about the gold standard, but he was fast on figuring out ways to fix things up. He suggested that the job be taken out of the hands of the crowd and turned over to a select committee. The suggestion took well and was promptly acted upon, and thereafter Charley was recognized as a young man of promise.

Of course, he voted for the war, and like all the other regulars, said nothing about the Harding administration's scandals. He followed Lodge in fighting the League of Nations, and Coolidge a few years later in voting adherence to the World Court. He didn't have any strong convictions either way about either question. Whatever the party did he supported. As a matter of fact, he has never had any deep convictions about any issue. He isn't built that way. He believes unquestioningly in the Republican party, a high tariff, the flag, home, mother, and the irresistible efficacy of small favors to the constituent. He knows more people in Kansas by their first names than anyone else in the State, which is why he stayed in Congress for thirty-three years. William Allen White, likewise round and soft of belly and jowl, and like Charley a kindly man, once said of him that "for thirty-five years Charley Curtis has been depositing favors in the political bank and today he is drawing checks on them." All his life, indeed, he has devoted himself to doing favors for good Kansan Republicans. His appeal was always personal. In that capacity he was an affable, efficient, useful man, and as long as Kansas was his field and Congress his goal he could handle the situation.

But once smitten by ambition and racked by suppressed desires Charley lost his equilibrium. With the robes of purple dangling teasingly before him, he has trimmed his straggling hairs and scraggly lip-furze, keeps a pretty regular crease in his pants, and ties his neckties with considerably more than his wonted care. He has taken up a permanent relation with a stiff topper and the old black sombrero that he wore for so long is gone. His good-natured and friendly growls have given way to an affected pronunciation, and if he whispers it is only in his sleep. Dignity oozes from his every pore, and he has set himself to the heroic task of making the Vice-Presidency a potent estate.

"Good-night," said Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Republican Representative from Illinois, and an old friend of Charley's, one evening last Spring in response to his thanks for a pleasant evening at her home. "Come again, Charley."

"Where do you get that Charley stuff?" was the stiff rejoinder. "Don't you know I am Vice-President now?"

A MORAL CRISIS IN BANKING

BY JOHN CARTER

SIXTEEN years after the establishment of the Federal Reserve System the validity of our banking practice and the merits of the system itself are being called into question. The banks which proved adequate to finance the war and to regulate the post-war deflation have shown signs of decided strain after a decade of unparalleled prosperity.

The spectacular performances of the securities market and the jockeying of discount-rates have convinced several politicians and economic authorities that there is need of a drastic change. Week by week, bankers and industrialists exchange views on what should be done. There is talk of a congressional investigation, and so on. Waiving all technical discussion, there seems to be a plain and firmly held popular impression that banking practice in the United States is in need of political revision, but when all is said and done, nine-tenths of all this criticism is based on the relation of the banks to the stock market and to brokers' loans. If an investigation is held this will be the central feature of the inquiry, and any remedial legislation will be directed towards curbing speculation.

If such proves the case, political society and the banking profession will miss a golden opportunity to examine the real problem of the banking world. The fundamental question is not speculation, but whether banks should obtain their profits through service to the community or through power over the community. At the present time our banking system is in a twilight zone between the two conceptions. There is already one school of thought which contends that the bankers alone are qualified to run the modern world. Its exponents point with pride to the Dawes Plan, to the various European stabilization loans, and to the informal co-operation between the banks of issue, here and abroad, in regulating discount rates so as to expedite world recovery. But there are others who find it difficult to believe that institutions organized for private profit are the most disinterested and intelligent agencies for dealing with human problems.

The latter group are able to point to the fact that, no matter what group of the community is distressed—whether industry, as in 1920–21, or farming, as in 1928–29—the banks make money. When all other stock values fell in the near-panic of last March, bank stocks rose. The Federal Reserve never made such profits as during the World War. To a demonstrable extent it would seem that the banks thrive on the adversity of others, and while such is not the whole truth, it is true enough to make many skeptical as to the ultimate aims of the bankers. When credit is cheap, the banks—which control credit—do not make as much profit as when credit is dear. When an industry is in desperate need of money from a bank, the latter can drive a better bargain. So society faces the occasional paradox of the ruin of many small investors accompanied by billion dollar bank mergers, the distress of farmers and the rise of bank stocks, industrial stringency and wide unemployment coupled with the accumulation of exceedingly fat bank reserves.

Neither the pro- nor the anti-banking

group is entirely in the right or in the wrong. By and large, the banks rise or fall with the general community; by and large, the individual banker is a man of wide sympathies and a strong sense of responsibility. Until, however, the banks themselves decide whether they are to lead or serve the community which supports them, the entire banking situation will remain in a state of moral confusion.

The present trend is undoubtedly away from the principle of service and towards dominion. An examination of the individual bank's relation to its depositors, to industry and to political society reveals a growing inclination to regard itself as the ultimate end of human endeavor, and to be impatient of the rights and interests of those whom it serves.

II

By far the most ominous trend is in the field of the bank's attitude to the individual depositor. Before the War—in fact until the last five years—the banks wisely endeavored to attract small accounts. They never went so far as England—a nation with generations of banking experience—in adopting the overdraft system. In England a depositor in good standing may overdraw his account by pre-arrangement with the banking authorities on the basis of a character credit-rating. The result is, of course, that the interests of the bank and of the depositor are indissolubly wedded, a factor which explains the peculiar social stability of English banking. Our banks never trusted American depositors to an equal extent, and to-day they have moved far in the other direction. Before the war it was customary in certain banking systems, notably in the Levant, to charge depositors for the use of banks—a principle which never failed to excite our derision. To-day we find that our banks have adopted this Levantine technique as an article of their financial creed.

I do not know the unnamed genius who discovered that it cost the banks money to handle checking accounts. Perhaps it was an efficiency expert, perhaps a janitor. At any rate, the fatal discovery was made and promptly applied. To-day there is scarcely one important bank—at least in the Eastern United States—which does not charge its small depositors for the use of its facilities. Different banks have different requirements, ranging from those high-hat institutions which demand that a depositor maintain a balance of at least $500 down to those lowly ones which insist on only a $50 minimum. Depositors who fall below the minimum are fined, in some cases fifty cents for every check drawn, in others a flat monthly charge. In still other cases, they are simply requested to close their accounts.

This is sheer stupidity. There is no denial of the fact that it costs a bank money to handle checks. But it also costs a bank money to install bronze, marble and plate glass fixtures. The latter may run the bank's overhead into hundreds of thousands of dollars, but are considered good advertising. Steady small depositors are not apparently in the same category.

They are, on the contrary, treated as a nuisance, and I have yet to hear any banker protest at the loss of good-will which this practice involves, let alone the loss of business. I say loss of business advisedly. The average human being follows the line of least resistance. If he has business to transact, a note to discount, a mortgage to negotiate, or money to invest, he will handle it through the agency which attends to his other financial affairs. Again, this country is full of economic surprises. The man who runs a fruit-stand today may be president of a fruit company tomorrow. The thirty-dollar-a-week clerk of this year may be the sales manager of next. The underpaid chemical professor may discover a formula which will make him rich overnight, and so on. There is a gambling chance in every depositor, which, if overlooked, may cost a bank considerable patronage in the future.

The loss of good-will is even more de-

pressing. In spite of our national prosperity, 90% of the population is poor, and many of the remaining 10% are in chronic financial difficulties. In a word, few men are in a position to guarantee any sort of average balance in their bank accounts. Yet to maintain a checking account is becoming a virtual necessity in a life where you have to pay the rent, the gas company, the light company, the telephone company, the drug store, the doctor, the local garage, the radio shop, and the installments on a variety of things, from life insurance to grand pianos. The checks of small depositors are a vital asset to big business and general prosperity.

Yet these are just the people whom the banks are taxing out of the lists of depositors and whose interests are slowly being divorced from any concern with the welfare of the banks. At a time when our industries have suddenly discovered the enormous advantages of a wide popular distribution of their stock certificates, when tremendous efforts are being made to promote employé stock ownership and other devices looking towards the fiscal socialization of industry, the banks have headed off on the opposite tack. The result will be, dollars to doughnuts, that when they come in for their eventual overhauling at the hands of society—as in the days of Andrew Jackson—they may find themselves deprived of popular support and will even have facilitated, by their present practices, a radical assault upon the entire banking system. This is not alarm—it is common-sense, so plain and simple that only a few have grasped it.

One effect is already evident in the sudden popular turn to the stock-market for the opportunities denied by the banks. The turn has been two-fold. On the one hand, our industries have resorted to the flotation of security issues as a means of satisfying their financial requirements; on the other, the rank and file of the population have been attempting pathetically to obtain profits by speculative foresight. A lot of buncombe is talked, both ways, about the character of recent speculation. Defenders of the market have denied that there was excessive speculation; critics have howled that speculation was threatening the foundations of business. The banks themselves, after reaping golden harvests in speculation as well as brokers' loans, have suddenly become moral, and now only two or three bankers have to put their heads together and there is another denunciation of the speculative evil.

The truth is, of course, that virtually all stock market operations are speculative. People buy for the rise or sell for the decline. Only those who do it on a big scale and can afford to wait for years, prefer to call it investment or prudence. On the other hand, with the exception of a few patently fraudulent issues, most stock flotations represent a perfectly legitimate attempt to raise industrial capital.

I suspect that it is this latter fact which accounts for much of the banking indignation at speculation. Before the banks had started their reckless process of discarding small depositors—who thereupon became small investors — the industries which needed money had to step up to the captain before they could do business. If the banks had contented themselves with supplying them with banking service, this practice might well have continued; they could not resist the temptation to manœuvre for control. We shall not soon forget the prolonged duel between Henry Ford and the bankers who tried to force him to let them into his business, nor shall we forget his success in raising the millions he required from the good-will and credit built up by his local dealers throughout the country.

During the liquidation of 1920–21 reorganization was the order of the day. This meant, in effect, that the industries purchased credit to tide them over their difficulties at the expense of admitting the bankers to control. In how many industries did Dillon, Read & Co. secure a foothold in this manner? How else did J. P.

Morgan & Co. get control of General Motors? This is not an indictment, it is a fact.

The consequence was that industry learned a lesson and resolved, in effect, that in future money should be obtained direct from the public which supplied it to the banks rather than from the banks which used it to obtain industrial power. Issue followed issue on the stock exchange until the climax was reached early in this year. Then there was what seemed to many observers a deliberate attempt by the banks to force a money panic. Security values were indiscriminately forced down—all in the name of combating the speculative fever—and by restricting securities acceptable for discount purposes the confidence of the public in the value of corporate shares was further shaken. Had this attempt succeeded—and it is not entirely liquidated at the time of writing—it is perfectly obvious that the effect would have been to compel the industries to come to the banks for money, as the stock market route would be closed for repairs. That it might have been at the cost of the financial autonomy of American industry and of the speculative hopes of thousands of small investors, whose capital would have been wiped out or seriously depleted, is equally obvious. That it would have been profitable to the banks is highly probable.

III

It is, however, in relation to political society that the banks are most patently impatient of conceptions of public service. I do not refer to the far-sighted and generous policy of the Federal Reserve Board in relation to European restoration, or to the responsible attitude of some of the more conservative private bankers. It is the attitude of certain individual bankers towards foreign loans which is most open to criticism.

I have never met an international banker who did not feel that it would be a good thing if the United States cancelled the war debts. Now debt-cancellation is a debatable subject, academically speaking. A case can be made for its economic utility as well as for its political desirability. However, it is patent that the first effect of this cancellation would be to enhance the value of private loans to European countries. And it is equally obvious that any resultant advantage to the international bankers would be acquired at the expense of the individual taxpayer, who would have to shoulder a share of the Allied war-costs as a result of cancellation. Yet it was necessary for the government to request private bankers not to lend money to governments which had not funded their debts to the United States, while at recurrent intervals those quarters of public opinion which are most sensitive to the desires of the international bankers resound with new and vehement demands for cancellation.

In the flotation of those foreign loans—for the sake of which some bankers would be willing to subordinate American interests—the bankers have been equally reckless. It has been stated, for example, that about two billion dollars of American capital has been invested in Germany since the Dawes Plan was adopted in 1924. These investments have enabled Germany to pay reparations. However, if reparation payments break down, there is not the ghost of a chance that the Allies will permit Germany to pay interest on this huge American investment. In that case the purchasers of these bonds, not the bankers, would be out of luck. No responsible financial figure, until S. Parker Gilbert sounded his famous warning of 1927, even breathed of the existence of this obvious risk of the American investor's money.

Reparations make Germany a special case, so let's take another example. To avoid giving offense or appearing to impugn the financial stability of any other country, let us discuss the hypothetical Republic of Farniente. In the past five years our bankers have been lending enormous sums to this country, which con-

tains some valuable manganese and oil deposits, a small railway, an extensive tropical fruit-growing belt, a hundred thousand whites and three million natives. The last loan placed was necessary to enable it to pay interest on previous loans. It seems to be a matter of only three or four years before the crash comes, by which time the far-sighted New York bankers will have sold Farniente 8% Gold Mortgage bonds all over the United States. When interest payments on the bonds are defaulted, the bankers will simply refer their clients to the United States government and there will be an insistent and, perhaps, irresistible demand for American intervention in Farniente. If this intervention takes place, it will have disastrous results for American policy and American trade throughout the Western Hemisphere. European competitors will be quick to exploit our disadvantage and a lot of marines and natives may be killed off before the mess is straightened out, but the bankers will have earned their commission.

Not only has the State Department been compelled to restrain our bankers from lending money to countries which delayed in the funding of their debts to the United States; it has even been compelled to prevent bankers from lending money to Soviet Russia, which has not only refused to fund its debt, but has also confiscated private American property. It has even had to intervene to prevent bankers from lending money for raising the price of foreign commodities—such as coffee, sisal and potash—at the expense of the American consumer of these products. And its reward has been increasing criticism and resentment from those financial agencies which are impatient of all control and whose chief preoccupation is earning their commissions.

The result is an increasing doubt of the validity of the theory that society is to find its salvation through the bankers. Such a man as the late J. P. Morgan may have possessed the intellectual and moral qualifications for a world governor, but such men are rare indeed in the banking or any other profession. Certainly, the growing tendency of the banks to assume arrogance towards the individual depositor, to assert dominance over industry and to patronize the state is hardly justified by the banking record or by the present circumstances. Most assuredly, if the banks do not voluntarily check these tendencies they are doomed to the greatest deflation of their pretensions that they have ever experienced since Biddle challenged Andrew Jackson and caused the wreck of the only national bank the United States has ever tolerated.

EDITORIAL

When the history of the great age in which we live is written at last it is highly unlikely that the Hon. Frank Billings Kellogg, LL.D., late Secretary of State of the United States, will get more than a footnote, but that footnote will at least have some humor in it, for it will tell the story of the Kellogg peace pacts. Who invented them I don't know: probably some one or other of the professional pacifists, mainly female or clerical, who swarm in Washington. The job was patently beyond the gifts of Kellogg himself, whose imagination quotient, if there is such a thing, cannot run much beyond 30. But he grabbed and adopted them while they were yet only dreams and is lathered and pomaded as their papa today, so he must be prepared to stand the horselaugh when the time comes, either in person or by his shade. How long they will last officially remains to be seen: some say ten years and some say less. But in every actuality they are already as dead as the Code of Hammurabi. "Every important country," said Dr. Hoover on Memorial Day, "has, since the signing of the agreement, been engaged in strengthening its naval arm." The English here may be shaky, but the fact is plain. No sooner was the ink dry upon the parchment and Dr. Kellogg had been photographed for the news-reels than there arose a fresh and heavy "tide of competitive building." And in this competitive building, as everyone knows, the United States itself led the way. So much for the practical force and effect of treaties to outlaw war!

Every nation that engages in the race, either on land or on sea, protests incessantly that its aim is simple self-protection; all of them deny any hope or intent of overcoming and looting the other fellow. Nations, like men, lie far more often than they tell the truth, but in this case it is probable that most of them are quite honest. The Japs, for example, do not build more and more cruisers for the purpose of seizing the whole of Eastern Asia—at all events, not primarily. What really inspires them is their distrust of the United States, and after the United States of their ally England, and after England of Russia. They have sweated hard for what they hold in the Pacific, and they do not want to lose it. Can the United States be trusted? It does not appear so to a reflective Jap. Within a single generation he has seen the American flag advance across the Pacific to his very dooryard, and at all times he is made unpleasantly conscious that Americans dislike his people—some of them only academically, but others with great violence. So he builds cruisers.

England is in much the same boat, but it rides even more troubled waters. Having roved the world for two hundred years, seeking what they could pick up, the English now find themselves with such vast possessions that their defense is one of the first concerns of the state. They have learned to depend upon those possessions; they could scarcely live without them. Thus they regard them with a nervous eye, and are constantly haunted by visions of danger to them. Before the late war they felt relatively secure, for their navy was twice as big as the next one, but in the war they got into such difficulties that they could not keep it up, and now the navy of the United States, at least in theory, matches it. Thus they are forced to be polite to the United States, lest it join some other nation to their undoing. They dislike this necessity and are restive under it, but they can't escape it. A few years ago, when the

United States put the screws on them in the matter of their war debt, they simply had to submit. They needed American friendship more than any other nation, and so had to put up with the American demand for money on the nail. But even England, confronted by the Kellogg peace pact, made a reservation in favor of her colonial system. That reservation, reduced to plain language, gives her the right to make war in defense of her possessions whenever she chooses, even against the United States.

Thus the land lies on all sides, with each considerable nation trying to get the edge on its chief rival or rivals. The situation of France is typical. England is so far ahead of her on the sea that she can never hope to catch up, so in the colonial field she is very polite and her chief aim is to insure peace there, even at the cost of submitting to English domination. But on land, as she knows by bitter experience, the aid of England is not enough to protect her, so she wastes billions maintaining a vast army and pours out other billions to more or less dubious allies, *e.g.*, Poland. Germany, standing to one side of her, is theoretically disarmed, but if a war in that quarter lasted more than a few months the Germans would once more overwhelm her. Italy, on the other side, is a ham at war, but nevertheless her help might be useful to a foe and she has no scruples about selling out, so she must be intimidated.

The French, viewed superficially, seem to be brewing war-medicine with great diligence. Their attitude toward the defeated Germans is brutal and ignoble and they wield the spoon frantically every time the pot begins to boil in Eastern Europe. But all this is not really bellicosity; it is plain fear. The French do not desire another war, for they came within an inch of being undone by the last one; what they yearn for is a permanent peace. The only way they can make sure of it, things being as they are, is by making themselves a shade stronger than the other fellow, or than any conceivable combination of other fellows. Their military leaders, to be sure, are warlocks, like professional assassins everywhere else, but the overwhelming majority of Frenchmen have had enough of the trenches, and something to spare. They tote their heavy muskets in the hot sun, not because they long to return, but because keeping up their military superiority seems to be the only device that will enable them to avoid it. For precisely the same reason the English impoverish themselves to maintain their navy, always with an uneasy eye on the United States and a hand ready to snatch whatever sly advantage they can get, treaty or no treaty.

II

This set-up is full of obvious perils; it is, indeed, the same set-up that brought on the last war, and made it so bloody when it came. No nation can make itself strong enough to insure peace; none can be certain of victory in case war is forced upon it. The balance of power is too nearly a real balance; there is no sound security for anybody. As everyone knows, humane men have long viewed the situation with grave discontent and sought for means to end it. One such effort is visible in Dr. Kellogg's peace pact—a somewhat ludicrous endeavor by Prohibition out of "Science and Health," to get rid of unpleasant facts by intoning pleasant words. Another showed itself a few years ago in the so-called Disarmament Treaty, now revived by the Hoover-Dawes-MacDonald negotiations—a scheme comparable to asking both gunmen and police to throw away half of their cartridges, and then trusting them to do the counting. A third takes the various forms of the League of Nations, the World Court, and the different leagues to outlaw war—all of them based on combinations of theoretically virtuous Powers, pledged solemnly to put down the evil-doing of wicked Powers.

The last-named scheme shows a certain plausibility, and is commonly recommended by its advocates on the ground that it is analogous to the familiar domestic

scheme of laws, courts, and police. Unluckily, the analogy does not go very far; the differences, indeed, are far more numerous and important than the similarities. In the first place, the lawmakers are also the police and the police are also the lawmakers—a combination that violates all the known principles of plausibility and decorum. In the second place, both are also parties in interest—something that is frowned upon by every legal code ever heard of. What may be expected to happen under such circumstances is revealed both by the science of logic and by what has actually happened in the case of the League of Nations. Its judgments, with few exceptions, have always run with the self-interest of the Powers controlling it. Its judges, in fact, are not judges at all, but simply lawyers, and they show the callous disregard of justice and decency that is ever characteristic of lawyers, at all times and everywhere. So, to a lesser degree, with the World Court. Its virtue and its defect are one: it has no power to enforce its mandates.

Nothing of any permanent value, it seems to me, will ever be achieved by such lame agencies. Peace pacts are convincing only to romantics who also believe in such things as Socialism, the New Thought and the Single Tax. Disarmament treaties, no matter how much back-slapping goes with them, are simply schemes to reduce the cost of maintaining the balance of power. And international tribunals, whatever their make-up and scope, all run aground on the fact that they can be honest only in trivial cases. All three devices are in operation at this minute, and all are palpable failures. As Dr. Hoover says, "we are still borne on the tide of competitive building." And it is plainly carrying us into another great war.

What remains? I suggest in all humility, a revival of the ancient *pax Romana*. It was as simple as mud, and yet for hundreds of years it worked almost perfectly. Its essence was this: that one Power, making itself stronger than any other, forbade war among the rest. If two fell to fighting, it horned in at once, first helping to put down the weaker and then disposing of the stronger. In the face of its ban organized combat on any considerable scale was a sheer impossibility. Only maniacs engaged in it, and their mania was cured automatically and almost instantly. There was no preliminary negotiation; no allies had to be summoned. The one Power tried the case, pronounced the verdict, and executed the judgment.

Would such a scheme be feasible today? Undoubtedly. All the other schemes head toward it; their defect lies in the fact that they are mere approaches. But where is the one All-Highest Power to be found? It already exists: it is the United States. Alone among the great nations of today, the United States is strong enough to face them all. It has the money, it has the materials and it has the men. If, tearing up all the existing peace pacts and disarmament treaties, it set out tomorrow to build a navy fit to dominate the world, the business would be accomplished in three years. England would not last much longer than that, and the rest would never so much as enter the race. Under the guns of such a navy, with an adequate air fleet and a moderate army behind it, there would be sound and durable peace in the world. The cost of resistance would be ruinous. It would pay them all to disarm, and nations, like men, make a virtue of whatever pays.

But could the United States be trusted to run the world fairly? Perhaps. But why bother about that? No scheme of peace could conceivably be wholly fair. It would inevitably leave this or that nation with something that another nation craved; it would inevitably put an end to aspirations that now seem sacred. The problem before the human race is not to devise a peace plan that will be perfect, but simply to devise one that will work. Here is one that would work—and its total annual cost, even to the United States, would soon be a great deal less than the present annual cost of sending hordes of bespatted imbeciles to Geneva.

H. L. M.

WE ELECT A BISHOP

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

"Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen," began the president of the Standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Wexford, rapping on the little gilt table. The fifty-odd clergy and laymen in the hotel parlor, rented for the occasion by the Hon. J. Perry Baker, leading insurance agent and principal High Churchman of the diocese, sat up straight in their chairs and puffed their Havana perfectos, likewise the gift of the Hon. Mr. Baker. The clergy reflected piously on the generosity of their benefactor, who out of devotion to the Church had paid their traveling expenses to the conference.

The little gilt table jiggled as the presiding officer pounded for attention, and the venerable rector of Scott's Corners rescued a tumbler from the corner of it.

"Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen," repeated the president of the Standing Committee.

"Dr. Farnold knows his onions," whispered the young blond clergyman beside me.

"How's that?" I asked, for I am always somewhat blind to the niceties of ecclesiastical discourse.

"Calling all these priests from the country Father," my informant answered. "Most of them don't dare ask their congregations to do it, but they're tickled to death when anybody speaks to them that way. Yesterday I saw old Hibben over there walk past Assumption School three times at recess just to have the boys tip their hats and say, 'Good afternoon, Father.' Back in his own parish he hasn't even candles on the altar."

Dr. Farnold looked at the two of us with something between a pedagogical frown and an ingratiating smile. Obviously we were interrupting his discourse.

"I am not here," he went on, "in any official capacity. I am sure you all understand that. I must preside at the council next month which is to elect a successor to our beloved late diocesan—God rest his soul!" Several of the pious crossed themselves, and Dr. Farnold continued.

"Several of the clergy and laity simply asked me to call this group together in the interest of the welfare of the Church. In particular, we were anxious to get the counsel and advice of the clergy outside the two large cities in the diocese. These men, as we all know, are doing the real work of the Church. I myself was never so happy as when I was rector at Bluff City, where Father Hunter is now the priest. We can always depend on the rural clergy, as we cannot always upon our urban brethren, to uphold the Catholic faith."

Again Dr. Farnold paused, giving his audience opportunity to meditate on the case of the Rev. Arthur Whitley, Ph.D., D.D., who had lately intimated that the bodily resurrection of Jesus was not an essential article of the Creed.

"Dr. Whitley ought to be deposed," muttered the rector of Scott's Corners.

"Hear! Hear!" came from several corners of the room.

The rector of Scott's Corners slid the tumbler under his chair and rose as if to make a speech, but merely bowed and sat down again.

"I have hoped that we might unite on one of our brethren from the smaller centers for bishop of the diocese," said Dr. Farnold.

"Amen," exclaimed my blond neighbor, and there was an echo of amens throughout the room.

"Apple sauce," he commented to me, *sotto voce*. "They couldn't agree on one in a thousand years."

The Rev. Willis Wilbraham, a tall, cadaverous priest with a shock of white hair, rose slowly from his arm chair.

"Reverend Sir — Reverend Father, I should say," he began. "I have been rector of St. Paul's Church, Wilsonville, for nineteen years—twenty years next Ascension Day. I appreciate deeply what has been said about us of the rural clergy. They have borne the burden and heat of the day. But let us consider the interests of the diocese. The diocese needs a bishop of counsel and understanding, of wisdom and ghostly strength. But it needs not less than these a bishop who understands the problems of both the city and the country, and who can influence the wealthy congregations of this diocese to give to the country work the support of which it is worthy. I see no reason why we should not unite enthusiastically upon our president of the Standing Committee, the Rev. Dr. Farnold."

There was a burst of handclapping. Dr. Farnold half rose from his chair by the gilt table and made a vague gesture of dissent. "I am only a humble priest," he said in a low voice.

The Rev. Hamilton Arkwright, diocesan superior of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild of All Souls, got up, fingering the crucifix on his watch chain.

"What the Church needs is humble priests," he proclaimed. "No man need apologize for being a humble priest. Many of you think of me as a ritualist. I am frank to say that originally I thought of a priest like Father Hopkinson, of the Order of St. John the Baptist, for bishop. But this is not a diocese that would elect Father Hopkinson. We all—at least all of us here, priests and laymen who believe in the faith—can agree on Father Farnold. We who are true to the Church need to unite our forces against heresy and schism. I move that it be the sense of this gathering that Father Farnold is the most eminently qualified priest available for the bishopric. Are there any remarks?"

There were none. Some of the gathering were becoming fidgety, for the hour was at hand when cars were to be at the hotel to carry the group to the Country Club, to be guests of the Hon. J. Perry Baker at a stag dinner with entertainment. The motion was carried unanimously. Dr. Farnold, noting the anxiety of some to depart, rose and said:

"Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen, I humbly thank you."

A week later the Low Churchmen held a similar gathering in the other principal city of the diocese, with the Hon. George King Whitnam, banker and wholesale grocer, as paying host. It was admitted that the High Churchmen had stolen a march on the Evangelicals, but it was felt that Mr. Whitnam's resources in food, drink, and entertainment might overcome the effect of this. The country clergy, however, though many of them, sensing an opportunity for a good time, attended the meeting, felt bound by their vote for Father Arkwright's motion. Finally, the caucus was wrecked by a dispute over beer. As in most Episcopalian gatherings, there were some Prohibitionists, and these insisted that the beer had been spiked with grain alcohol. They would never support a clergyman who used liquor to win votes! On the other hand, the wets, presumably better trained in the subject, insisted that the drink served was only near-beer, and had no contempt deep enough for a man "cheap enough to offer this disgusting mess to gentlemen."

The result was the election of Dr. Farnold on the first ballot when the council met the following month. He still lives, a successful bishop, placating the wets and the drys, the Anglo-Catholics and the Evangelicals, the conservatives and the liberals. Best of all, he, like St. Paul, suffers fools gladly.

II

When it becomes known in a diocese that a bishop is to be elected, either because of the death of the diocesan or because of his request for a coadjutor or a suffragan, there is immediate activity on the part of the ecclesiastical politicians. These gentlemen, indeed, often get wind of the situation before any public announcement. They know that the bishop is about to die, or they learn in advance of his desire for an assistant. This gives them an advantage comparable to that of a stock market operator who gets the tip that Harrison Radium is going to pass its dividend two months hence.

Bishops in the P. E. Church, as it is called by Southern Evangelicals nourished on M. E., M. P., U. B., and other ecclesiastical abbreviations, or the PECUSA (a typically British abbreviation of Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America), as it is termed, satirically, by High Churchmen anxious to change its name to the American Catholic Church, are elected in a manner known nowhere else in Christendom. In every diocese a council, or convention, or synod—the name varies in different dioceses—elects the bishop. This body consists of the active clergy and of lay delegates from the parishes and missions.

The lineup of certain elements in a diocese may be predicted in advance. There are the Anglo-Catholics, made up chiefly of the clergy; the Low Churchmen; and the group in most dioceses. Generally speaking, the money is on the side of the Low Churchmen; contrary to popular belief, there are few wealthy High parishes. But the fighting spirit is usually on the side of the High Churchmen. The problem of each group is to line up enough of the moderates or neutrals or those only casually interested —chiefly laymen—to get a majority. In all dioceses, the clergy and the lay delegates vote separately, and a majority vote of each group is necessary to a choice.

In a few dioceses, the clergy vote their selection, and the laity have the power only to accept or reject it. In such a case, they usually reject two or three candidates, just to teach the clergy a lesson, and then accept a candidate much inferior to the earlier choices. Whatever the method of procedure, the laity can be counted on to throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery. Hopelessly ignorant of ecclesiastical matters, but as confident as farmers seeking agricultural relief, they have an ineradicable suspicion of any priest who is honest, quiet, and a gentleman. I know several lay delegates to a certain diocesan convention who were much disgruntled over the inadequacy of their votes to elect a certain candidate. Upon being pressed for reasons for their preference, they pointed out that their choice regularly wore a velvet waistcoat, which was their ideal of clerical elegance.

Despite the necessity of lay votes to ensure an election, the clergy are ordinarily in greater or less control of the situation. They have little to do at home except celebrate the Holy Eucharist and say their Offices, and so they can wear out the lay delegates if necessary, keeping the council in session indefinitely. When the laymen, eager to get back to the hotel to start a quiet game, or to return to their homes and await a future council, seek to adjourn, some priest will rise. "Vote by orders, Mr. Chairman," he will demand. Whereupon the vote of the clergy and the laity on the motion to adjourn must be taken separately—and the council, as a rule, does not adjourn.

In the diocese of Fond du Lac, where a Low Church clergyman is as ill at ease as a tap dancer among Shakespearean actors, the laity have never been converted to the Anglo-Catholic point of view. Yet, whenever a bishop is elected, an outstanding Anglo-Catholic is invariably chosen. All that the laity succeed in doing is to keep out a man who would introduce rosaries and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament into every parish.

In the election itself, all the approved

American political practices are employed. Chief among them is publicity. Not a few bishops are willing to pick their successors, or their coadjutors. Unluckily, they cannot do this by appointment. A bishop can, however, give his candidate prominent places on the programme of ecclesiastical gatherings, where he will be seen by many of the faithful and read about by many others through the press releases sent out by the diocesan publicity bureau. If wise, the bishop does not give his candidate a chance to celebrate Holy Communion in the presence of the assembled multitude, for the poor fellow is certain to displease through what he does or doesn't do in the course of the ceremonial. The Low Churchmen watch for genuflections and other stigmata of the Vatican. The High Churchmen look for such errors as failure to keep the thumb and first finger together during the Canon and the omission of the *Dominus vobiscum* before the *Sursum corda*. Occasionally a priest proves too High even for most of the Anglo-Catholics. One of my acquaintances lost all chance of a fine High Church bishopric because it was reported that he consecrated on the corporal instead of the paten. I have known the president of the Standing Committee of a diocese, himself a candidate for bishop, wisely to decline to take charge of the opening service of the council under the watchful eyes of all the varieties of churchmen present.

Publicity, of course, may be operated against as well as for a man, as the recent presidential campaign showed. Pictures of the clergy in all the panoply incident upon a meeting of the Catholic Congress are viewed by the country clergy and laity with the same awed but pleasurable guilt with which a Rotarian examines the picture post-cards offered by the hawkers outside the American Express office in Paris. And they are as reluctant to elect one of the participants to the episcopal dignity as any Kiwanian would be to marry one of the girls in the Follies. On the other hand, the quiet circulation of some Broad Churchman's remarks on trial marriage or some Low Churchman's praise of the Methodists will stir the country delegates to almost equal reprehension.

The Right Rev. William Thomas Manning, B.D., D.D., S.T.D., D.C.L., LL.D., chevalier of the Legion of Honor, officer of the Order of the Crown of Belgium and ΑΤΩ, was elected Bishop of New York through the misguided publicity efforts of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. Dr. Manning was none too popular in the diocese; he had been the first rector of Trinity parish to be refused election as a delegate to the General Convention. On election morning, however, there were distributed to the delegates copies of an editorial by Dr. Hearst asking if they wanted a foreigner for bishop (Dr. Manning is a native of England). Most of them had long had it in for the impious newspaper owner, but they never had had a fair chance to swat him. Now was their opportunity. They promptly elected Dr. Manning, sang the Doxology in behalf of the Low Churchmen and the *Te Deum* in behalf of the High Churchmen, and adjourned. Opponents of the rev. doctor voted for him with joy in their hearts. Had it been possible to conduct a medieval *auto-da-fé* with Dr. Hearst as the central figure, it would have been voted unanimously.

The influence of the rural clergy and laity, who even in such a diocese as New York hold the balance of power, was strikingly shown in a previous New York election. The rectors of all the rich and aristocratic parishes of the city were receptive to the bishopric when the Right Rev. David Hummel Greer, D.D., LL.D., growing old, asked for assistance. The row became quite acrimonious—needlessly so, as it later turned out. For when the convention met, one of the country clergy bashfully nominated the Rev. Charles Sumner Burch, D.D., a former newspaper man, who, taking orders somewhat late in life, had spent most of his subsequent career as archdeacon, visiting the little country parishes and missions. What was the as-

tonishment of the rev. rectors of St. Bartholomew's, St. George's, St. Mary the Virgin's, and the rest, to find that all their votes together were fewer than Dr. Burch's. He was elected and eventually succeeded the older bishop, thereafter passing to his reward. It may be significant that New York now has no archdeacon.

The circulation of scandalous stories about candidates for the episcopal office has had some vogue in the less civilized dioceses. Such tales usually concern supposed excessive drinking and interest in women. One excellent priest was defeated for the bishopric largely because it was alleged that members of a military company of which he was chaplain referred to him as Holy Joe.

Stories are passed about in the same way as in the well-known political whispering campaign. An ecclesiastical politician assembles his friends, including a sufficient number of loose-tongued women.

"None of us, I know, favors Dr. McDougal for bishop," he begins portentously. "But we want to be fair to him. Some people are circulating a rumor that he drinks and that he holds hands with women who call at his study. I'm sure that isn't true, and I just wanted to tell you about it so that you can deny it in case anyone mentions it in your presence. Dr. McDougal is probably a good man, and we want to be fair to him."

Within a week a story will be going the rounds that the rev. doctor has to drink a quart of whisky in order to preach, and that he has eleven illegitimate children, four of them mulattoes.

III

The election of a bishop by a diocese must subsequently be approved by a majority of the bishops holding jurisdiction in the Church and by a majority of the standing committees of all the dioceses. If the General Convention is in session, a majority vote in the House of Bishops and in the House of Deputies suffices.

Approval of elections is usually a mere formality, but occasionally it becomes a grim and forbidding gate, especially when some pious soul, convinced that the Church is in peril, decides that the guidance of the Holy Ghost is insufficient and proceeds to garner in negative votes. For example, half a century ago, the famous James De Koven was prevented from becoming a bishop by Low Churchmen fearful of his sacramental views. Though still a young man, he unluckily died before the High Churchmen had the opportunity to get a steam-roller started in the opposite direction. Even so, they might not have succeeded, though they gave the Rev. Phillips Brooks some anxious moments when he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts over Father Arthur Crawshay Alliston Hall, of the Order of St. John the Evangelist, now Bishop of Vermont. Indeed, Dr. Brooks had been reduced to a state of pious resignation to the will of God before it was finally announced that the bishops and standing committees had approved his election.

The High Churchmen met another defeat in 1921, when the Rev. Herbert Shipman, the rector of the fashionable Church of the Heavenly Rest, was elected Suffragan Bishop of New York, and Dr. Frederic Cook Morehouse, editor of the *Living Church*, attacked him through the columns of his magazine. Dr. Shipman was at the time a member of the board of directors of the Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge, and the *Chronicle*, the organ of the society, had been making bitter assaults on both ritualism and socialism in the Church. Dr. Morehouse asserted that Dr. Shipman was responsible and that on one count or the other he would, as bishop, be at swords' points with a majority of the parishes in the diocese. The redoubtable Milwaukee editor rallied considerable support, but not enough. A good many even of the Anglo-Catholic churchmen looked on the incident merely as a quarrel between journalists. Their view appears to have been justified, for the rev.

doctor resigned his position in the famous society and now blesses incense at Solemn Mass with as much unction as if he were the Pope.

In considering episcopal elections, the bishops are much less censorious than the standing committees. Well-fed, well-upholstered, and confident of the power of the apostolic succession to transform a weak brother, they usually vote almost unanimously to confirm an election. The only election that they ever upset in the history of the Church was one in the diocese of Kansas some fifteen years ago, when the Low Churchmen, after an acrimonious convention, polled a majority for a well-known clergyman. It developed that the rev. gentleman had a divorced wife living. True, he had not remarried, and nobody maintained that the divorce had cast any personal discredit upon him. The Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., however, despite his eighty years, jumped into the fray as if he were a youth of twenty. A divorced man for bishop? God forbid. Think of reading the epistle for the consecration of a bishop: "A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, . . . one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; (for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?)" The friends of the bishop-elect succeeded in preventing for some time the announcement of the bishops' votes, but the partisans of "no divorced bishops" held firm, and the candidate at last withdrew.

While the laity, none too familiar with the intricacies of ecclesiastical procedure, usually confine their politics to the diocesan councils, occasionally they kick up a row in the national church. When the Rev. Frederic Ebenezer John Lloyd, M.A., Litt.D., D.D., was elected Bishop Coadjutor of Oregon in 1905, a faction of the laity opposed to his election promptly wrote to him and urged him to stay in Chicago. They would be loyal to him if he became bishop, but— The but meant a lot, for when Dr. Lloyd tartly declined to follow the advice of this minority, they sent a long letter to the bishops and standing committees, urging numerous objections to the bishop-elect. When it began to look as if the letter might procure enough votes to defeat his confirmation, Dr. Lloyd declined the election. The more he thought about these contumacious laymen, the madder he got, and the next year he entered the Church of Rome, where the gates of Heaven may be officially closed to the recalcitrant. Unfortunately, he was married and consequently could not take Holy Orders. He finally became a member of the Illinois Legislature, and, still later, joined the so-called American Catholic Church—a small body claimed by both Anglicans and Romanists to be schismatic, if indeed, a church at all—and now is its archbishop and primate.

For missionary districts, bishops are elected by majority vote of the House of Bishops, and confirmed by the standing committees, or by the House of Deputies of General Convention if in session. It is only in late years that any sessions of the House of Bishops have been open to the public, and even now elections are in executive session. They are really not much more secret than executive sessions of the United States Senate, but none of the ecclesiastical journals has as yet had the courage to publish the actual votes.

The voting usually takes many ballots. In addition to the usual controversy among the High Churchmen, the Broad Churchmen, and the Evangelicals, the various bishops have pet clergy whom they would like to raise to the rochet—or miter—and whose claims they urge with much eloquence. Even bishops, sustained by God, grow tired. Some of them are willing to go home and break a quorum, and unfortunately the House of Bishops has no sergeant-at-arms to lock the doors and round up contumelious absentees. When a number of bishops are to be elected at one session and voting is prolonged, it is not an uncommon practice to confine the voting on the remaining

bishoprics to priests who have received votes on previous ballots but not enough to elect. Consequently, it may happen that the rector of St. James the Less, Powerville, who received three votes for Bishop of Liberia and two votes for Bishop of Hankow, is triumphantly elected to some difficult missionary field in the Far West.

When a session of the House of Bishops for election purposes is held, it is not uncommon to see groups of the lower clergy standing about expectantly, like Yale boys on Tap Day.

In its elections the House of Bishops moves in quite as mysterious a way as God is reputed to do. One man is chosen because he is a third cousin of a former President of the United States. Another—and this might apply to many—is a notable figure in Rotary. A third shows so much respect for the episcopal office that it ought to be conferred upon him. The present Bishop of the Missionary District of Eastern Oregon refers to himself as "a high-class consecrated traveling salesman." The Bishop of North Dakota was picked from a little Maryland town, and until his consecration had never been west of Chicago or in a temperature below zero. The former Bishop of Oklahoma came from a rich parish in Minneapolis and eventually became so weary of the cowboys and Indians in his neighborhood and the High Churchmen in the District of Salina adjoining that he resigned. The Bishop of Wyoming obtained his training for a mountain diocese in Chicago. The bishops of districts in foreign parts, such as Liberia and Haiti, are usually more experienced in their fields.

The High Churchmen always count on a clergyman's becoming more ritualistic once he becomes a bishop. Few men can resist the lure of purple and fine linen; still fewer, the attraction of lace surplice, brocade cope, and cloth-of-gold miter. Occasionally, however, an error is made. When the Rev. John C. Sage, D.D., was elevated to the bishopric of Salina, he inherited an elaborate Anglo-Catholic service, which he promptly threw overboard. Old Low Churchmen were installed instead of the young Anglo-Catholics that his predecessor had favored. Incense no longer perfumed the cathedral. "Father" was a form of address in bad odor, and to speak of "saying mass" was to court hydrophobia on the part of the bishop. The High Churchmen were mad all through—not only within the district, but outside. They soon saw their chance for a flank attack. The cathedral had been given as a memorial on condition that mass be celebrated daily in it forever. The bishop had abandoned the daily services. The High Churchmen would back a suit to void the bequest of the building. Whether it were successful or not, it would, they figured, finish the bishop. And so it did. In the gathering storm, he had a heart attack and conveniently passed to his reward.

IV

Not only in churchmanship do the bishops grow. The lowest churchman ever elevated to the episcopate can, in a grey suit and a four-in-hand tie, exhibit greater hauteur than the most ritualistic rector arrayed in a lace-trimmed alb and a cloth-of-gold chasuble. The late Right Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, D.D., sometime the Low Church diocesan of Pennsylvania, was, the story goes, met on his return from Europe by an earnest and pious but socially unimportant female communicant. She grasped him by the hand.

"My dear Bishop Smith, I'm so delighted you are back with us again," she exclaimed.

The bishop drew himself up to his full height. He withdrew his hand.

"Madam," he proclaimed with dignity, "I am Bishop Mackay-Smith, *not* Bishop Smith."

Perhaps this almost superhuman dignity of bishops is a reason why many laymen want for their diocesan "a real he-man, a fellow you can know from hell to breakfast and back," as one of them elegantly put it to me. A psychoanalyst would doubt-

less refer it to a desire to pat God—or their fathers—on the back. At any rate, the number of backslapping bishops is steadily growing. In the diocese of Milwaukee, where the bishop ordinarily confines himself to such societies as the Clerical Union for the Maintenance and Defense of Catholic Principles and the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, it was a comfort to the laity to obtain as a coadjutor the Right Rev. Benjamin Franklin Price Ivins, D.D., who in the late holy war was enough of a go-getter to be charged with the organization of civilian labor for the Spruce Division of the United States Army. Likewise, the Right Rev. John Chamberlain Ward, D.D., ordinary of Erie, served in the war, was wounded, and devotes more than a third of his space in "Who's Who in America" to recording his military services, including membership in the American Legion, an honor which none of the other bishops can boast. Again, the Right Rev. M. Edward Fawcett, Ph.D., S.T.D., formerly a Methodist, but today the staunchest of Anglo-Catholics, found time from his episcopal duties to serve as president of the Quincy (Ill.) Chamber of Commerce and vice-president of the Illinois State Chamber of Commerce.

Most of the right rev. fathers, before they ever got to be bishops, made sufficient concession to the lay point of view to become Masons, and some even Shriners, though only the Right Rev. William Blair Roberts, D.D., Suffragan of South Dakota, and the Right Rev. Eugene C. Seaman, D.D., Bishop of North Texas, publicly admit the latter fact. Most of them, of course, joined high-toned fraternities in college, and thus gained a reputation as good fellows. One of them, the Right Rev. Gouverneur Frank Mosher, D.D., Bishop of the Philippines, even boasts of his membership in Theta Nu Epsilon. That he has not been translated to some wealthy diocese in the States must be due only to lack of appreciation on the part of the ignorant laity of the qualifications which membership in T. N. E. represents. In the South, Knights of Pythias often become bishops, as witness the Right Rev. Thomas Campbell Darst, D.D. (also Mason and Pi Kappa Alpha), Bishop of East Carolina, and the Right Rev. William Mercer Green, D.D., of Mississippi. In the staid old diocese of Maine the famous incumbent of the bishop's throne, the Right Rev. Benjamin Brewster, S.T.D., is a life member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and proud of it.

Rotarians are as thick in the House of Bishops as bootleggers in Hoboken. In some of the 100% American States membership in this order of red-blooded men is almost a prerequisite to election to the episcopate. Not a few of the right rev. clergy boast of membership in their autobiographical sketches in "Who's Who in America." Others keep secret the fact that Thursday noons they are slapped on the back and called Charley or Jim or Francis by he-men, instead of having their episcopal rings kissed by beautiful women. Some of the less high-toned societies of the red-blooded also have bishops in their membership. For instance, the Right Rev. Frank W. Sterrett, D.D., Bishop of Bethlehem, and the Right Rev. Middleton Stuart Barnwell, D.D., of Idaho, are Kiwanians. Despite his membership in the ascetic Order of the Holy Cross and his presumable contempt for the joys of this world, the Right Rev. Robert Erskine Campbell, D.D., missionary Bishop of Liberia, is a Civitan.

Negro bishops have long been a problem. The Episcopal Church has some thousands of colored communicants, and they are among the proudest and richest members of their race. Naturally, they want to have bishops, and, as naturally, their clergy want to be bishops. Nobody enjoys being a bishop more than does a Negro, and after seeing one of them celebrate Pontifical High Mass in the midst of an array of black acolytes, glittering candles, and clouds of incense, I am inclined to think nobody is better qualified.

The Episcopal Church, however, clings closely to the theory of exclusive episcopal

jurisdiction; it maintains that a bishop has jurisdiction over the entire territory of his diocese—holding, for instance, that the Roman Catholic bishop is the local missionary of a foreign church, and, of course, that the Methodists, Baptists, and such folk have nothing that can be called a church at all. Consequently, a Negro diocese could not be created,—and the white communicants would never stand for a Negro diocesan over even the smallest number of white folk. After much argument, a plan was devised whereby Afro-American convocations should be organized in the South and suffragan bishops attached to dioceses should be put over them. The plan was put into effect only in the Carolinas and in Arkansas. Such states as Alabama and Mississippi were too much afraid of the evil eye and other voodoo influences attributed to colored folk to add the apostolic succession to the Negro's powers.

A native white of that benighted region once told me of the goings-on in a colored Episcopal church in his neighborhood.

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh!" he protested in response to my polite, though not wholly sincere expressions of doubt. "They burn candles up in front and they bow down and they make funny signs on themselves. They're worshiping anti-Christ, the old Devil himself!"

The perspiration stood out on his brow as he told his story.

In point of fact, the average colored communicant in the South knows much more theology and liturgics than his white brother. Entertaining, but not altogether palatable to Southern tastes, is the fact that the Right Rev. Edward Thomas Demby, the colored suffragan of Arkansas, holds more academic degrees than any Southern white bishop, and more than most Northern ones. Bishop Demby holds a B.D. from Wilberforce University, an S.T.D. from the University of Chicago, a D.D. from Paul Quinn College, a Litt.D. from Selma University, and a Mus.B. and LL.D. from Oskaloosa College.

The Jews afford another problem. Many of them, as they have grown rich and American, have been confirmed in the Episcopal Church and contribute great sums to its support. They do not, like the Negroes, demand bishops of their race—they know that Jews get what they want without formal demands. So far they have been blest by the elevation to the episcopate of two holy men with Jewish-sounding names.

V

Certain young men, it appears, are destined of God to sit on the episcopal throne. So unerringly does the Holy Ghost operate in such instances that one may classify these young men with assurance:

1. Young priests who play pinochle and cribbage with the higher clergy, smooth out rows between the bishops and influential laymen, write publicity stories on the sermons of the ordinary and the unprecedented prosperity of the diocese, and act generally as yes-men. Not infrequently such young men rejoice in the resounding title of Chaplain to the Right Rev. the Bishop, though their chaplaincy may involve nothing more than saying grace at the bishop's table, where they customarily eat and thus save expenses. One such chaplain, however, overplayed his hand. He became involved with a young woman relative of his lordship and was unceremoniously unfrocked. The bishop was too far removed from his college athletic days to administer a salutary kick to the seat of the young man's trousers, but he was seen to throw the youth's bag down the steps of the episcopal palace as the erstwhile chaplain darted toward a taxicab. Another young man of my acquaintance is now spending all his spare time—which means about seven hours a day—instructing the bishop's family in the intricacies of contract bridge. As he has the record of a club championship in the game and is apparently as good a teacher as player, I have no doubt that the minute he becomes

thirty years old—the minimum age for bishops—he will be nominated for some vacant see.

2. Young clergy dedicated to Constructive Service. There is always a number of church folk, especially among the laity, who would like to see the church become a hybrid of Y. M. C. A. and B. P. O. E., and to these a bishop of similar views is a godsend. They will vote for him early and late, eventually, as a rule, drawing enough votes from the not too extreme High and Low groups to put him over, for he is almost always so willing to genuflect every other second in a ritualistic parish or lean familiarly on the communion table in a Protestant center as to be unobjectionable to either side. If in addition to following St. Paul's advice to be all things to all men, he has a loud voice and a dramatic manner, his future is assured.

3. Young men with a distinct affinity for the rich, especially rich women. Such men usually marry wealthy wives, and that is an advantage, especially in poor dioceses. Although the ecclesiastical papers flatly denounce as simony the consideration of a prospective bishop's financial resources, there can be no doubt that in numerous cases it counts. And not infrequently these husbands of the rich are very worthy men—and, contrary to popular belief, often much more interested in the welfare of the poor and much more inclined to advanced economic and social views than their less wealthy brethren.

4. To a slighter extent, earnest, able young men full of good works. Naturally, these have a harder time of it in the episcopal elections, but they do sometimes get by, chiefly through the influence of godly women. In most dioceses women cannot vote in the council, but their husbands can. And no rich layman, after losing a hundred thousand dollars in the market through his absence at the diocesan council, wants the additional discomfort of a scene with his pious wife at the dinner table when she learns he failed to vote as she told him to.

Of course, various other types are honored from time to time in the episcopal elections. For example, the Right Rev. Charles Minnigerode Beckwith, D.D., late Bishop of Alabama, had been a professor of mathematics, but he soon found that mathematical principles were of no avail in governing the Church of God. Attempting to discipline a High Churchman who overrode his authority, he through some ineptitude lost the support of leading Low Churchmen and eventually turned the administration of the diocese completely over to his coadjutor. Another professor—this time of dogmatic theology—the Right Rev. Frederic J. Kinsman, D.D., LL.D., got so much disturbed by the bickerings of the clergy and laity in the diocese of Delaware that after ten years he resigned his bishopric and entered the Roman Church, where he has received various honors but is not even a priest.

Nor does an out-and-out Socialist have a happy time of it on the rare occasions when he is chosen to the bishopric. The Right Rev. Paul Jones got along fairly well as ordinary of Utah until the United States entered the war. Then, insisting on preaching the religion of Jesus instead of that of the Archangel Woodrow from the cathedral pulpit, he soon roused the wrath of the mighty men of the congregation, who appealed to the House of Bishops. That body selected a committee, which pointed out somewhat timorously that Bishop Jones had a right to preach the Gospel of Jesus if he felt he had to, but that "in deference to an excited state of public opinion" it would be wise for him to resign. The House of Bishops, developing—for it—somewhat notable courage, declared it would ask for no bishop's resignation in deference to public opinion. Bishop Jones, being a gentleman, however, realized that he was not wanted and resigned anyway. No Socialist has been elected bishop since.

DUKE

BY BEN DIXON MacNEILL

Surgeons summoned periodically into not too profitable attendance upon the feet of the late James Buchanan Duke observed wonderingly that the great tobacco magnate's extremities conformed but loosely to the anatomical norm. They were, in fact, shaped like a kite. Narrow at the heel, and flat and spreading outward colossally to the line where the toes began, they converged sharply into another point at the ends of the toes. Great bunions projected from them like promontories.

Obviously they were not feet to be employed in unessential pedestrianism, especially when it is remembered that some 250 pounds of bone and flesh had to be moved whenever they were moved. Nor was James Buchanan Duke, sensitive as he was to physical inconvenience or even the suggestion of it, inconsiderate of them. Usually he was able to command vehicular conveyance to places where it was necessary for him to go. Otherwise he had the place brought to him.

But even magnates with incredible resources and unserviceable feet encounter, now and then, unpredictable situations in which it becomes necessary for them, as a matter of pride or necessity, to walk or to do other unaccustomed things. James Buchanan Duke might have had all the rhododendron in the British Isles brought to New Jersey for the decoration of a bare mountain which he had caused to be brought to his estate at Summerville. Instead, a sometimes not humorless but practical destiny seeded his mind with the notion that it would be more proper for him to go in person to England, and there observe the rhododendron, and make selections for the decoration of his mountain. So James Buchanan Duke went to England, and on the estates of an ancient and impoverished earl, who was related to numerous dukes, observed the rhododendron. He observed acres of them as he tramped about, attended by the titled proprietor, who had very serviceable feet. And he bought them by the ton.

Meanwhile, an uncomfortable something happened to the promontory that projected from the great toe of his right foot. Returned to London, he summoned a surgeon to attend upon the raging bunion. Probably disconcerted by the monstrous contours of the foot, the surgeon was by no means as efficient as surgeons employed to ease the feet of the mighty should be. But temporary relief was achieved for the groaning millionaire, and in due time he embarked upon a ship for America, directing that the rhododendron should follow him on other ships. In America, unfortunately, the afflicted foot again became troublesome. There were throbbings and achings in the promontory. The mainland of the foot grew fevered and restless. So James Buchanan Duke was unhappy when he repaired to New Jersey to devote himself to the embellishment of his princely estate.

There the bunion became yet more disturbing, and exasperated by the ineffectiveness of the neighboring practitioners, James Buchanan Duke summoned the eminent Dr. Gil Wylie from New York to see what could be done about it. Dr. Wylie found his patient looking gloomily upon the foot propped up before him. It practically eclipsed his view of the new moun-

tain. Mr. Duke grunted blasphemies about the ineptitude of the London surgeon and demanded to know if Dr. Wylie knew any more than that damned quack. Whether Dr. Wylie knew more than that damned quack he did not venture to say, but he did say that he knew erysipelas when he saw it, and that he saw erysipelas in the Duke bunion and in the adjacent headlands. James Buchanan Duke had never suffered such a malady before, but he had heard of it. He paled somewhat. He had known of people to die of it, and he had no wish to die. So he became even more blasphemous about the quacks who are allowed to practice upon the feet of millionaires in London and commanded Dr. Wylie to cure him.

Dr. Wylie, when he had examined the foot, was appropriately appalled at its contours and displacement and probably began to doubt that plastic surgery could be effectively invoked. But at least he could cure the infection, so he put the patient to bed, dressed the foot, and returned to New York. Being an exceedingly busy surgeon, with little time for dressing patients' feet, he sent his young interne nephew out to New Jersey on the following evening to perform that service. Dr. Wylie Moore found the magnate in a considerably more comfortable state of mind, and upon the insistent invitation of Mr. Duke, consumed one of the two bottles of champagne brought in, according to custom, with the Duke dinner.

In the middle of the night Dr. Wylie was awakened by an agitated messenger from the Duke house. Dr. Wylie must come instantly. James Buchanan Duke was not able to remove his trousers, nor could any of his servants remove them. The sick foot had become so greatly enlarged that no known pants would slip over it. Dr. Wylie went immediately, imagining the worst. Mr. Duke was blasphemously irritated and terrified. Dr. Wylie was irritated too when he discovered that his diligent nephew had wrapped the foot in such numberless bandages that it appeared to have swollen to several times its normal size. During the interim, it appeared, Mr. Duke had removed his trousers with a pair of shears.

Thereafter Dr. Wylie waited in person upon James Buchanan Duke, fetching a nurse to do the wrappings. Curing the erysipelas was a simple but long process, and during that process it was necessary for Mr. Duke to talk. Dr. Wylie was compelled to listen and in self defence took to talking himself. Barely able to read, it was only in conversation that Mr. Duke found diversion. His topical répertoire, unfortunately, contained but a single item, and in it Dr. Wylie had no interest whatever.

It soon developed that Dr. Wylie, outside his profession, had a hobby. Down in South Carolina he had dammed a river that ran through a plantation which he owned. He had installed, experimentally, a small hydro-electric power plant. Dr. Wylie believed that within a generation hydro-electric power would revolutionize the industry of America, and would make of the Piedmont region of the Carolinas a great industrial area. There were many rivers with a fall sufficient to give vast power. They were adequate to the lighting and heating of great cities and to turning the wheels of a mighty industry.

For weeks James Buchanan Duke listened daily to Dr. Wylie while his foot healed. He desisted from talking about the American Tobacco Company. Dr. Wylie talked about his hydro-electric power and his industrial revolution with the ardor of a Billy Sunday. Now and then the name of a young fellow cropped out in his story. This young man, Lee by name, was helping with the experimental power plant on the river. Mr. Duke contemplated his healing toe and said nothing. He ceased even to look at the mountain which he had moved or at the rhododendron which were being set upon it.

"Send for this fellow Lee to come up here," he said briefly one day. By now he had learned enough from his medical adviser to talk intelligently about power. So when Lee came he talked for days, and for

other days he sat still and pondered. After a while the bunion was well again, and Dr. Wylie pocketed an in no wise remarkable check for his services and went out of the picture.

Soon afterward James Buchanan Duke went to South Carolina and bought the river. When he was told that it extended across the line into North Carolina and up into the Blue Ridge Mountains, he bought the remainder of it. He learned from Lee where other likely power sites were located and bought them. Later he heard of a river that was even more powerful, with possibilities of 12,000-horse power a mile for seventy miles, but found to his disgust that a man named Andrew Mellon, a Pittsburgh banker, had bought most of it ahead of him.

In this fashion came into being the Southern Power Company, now re-named the Duke Power Company by the pious executors of his will, the first of the great hydro-electric power corporations of America. Into it James Buchanan Duke poured all the power of his American Tobacco Company wealth. Its present assets are in the neighborhood of $350,000,000, and in the process of time, if the rivers do not dry up and its directors are not wholly incompetent, it will be worth a billion.

II

Already there were some faint stirrings of an industrial renaissance in the South before Duke bought the river. Here and there cotton-mills lifted their feeble heads and in other places tobacco-factories were struggling through adolescence. Mr. Duke dammed his river and offered power for sale to all of them. The few that bought showed little enthusiasm. There was some agitation in North Carolina at that time about substituting the electric chair for the hangman's rope, and people were afraid of electricity.

Especially were they afraid of electricity bearing the trade mark of James Buchanan Duke. For more than a decade his name had been anathema in the State which had launched him upon his incredible career. Duke was the American Tobacco Company, which had been, until the courts made it let go, the Tobacco Trust, and with trust-busting the national pastime, the North Carolineans, under the leadership of the Hon. Josephus Daniels and his Raleigh *News and Observer*, had pounced upon the Tobacco Trust with frenzied ardor. Even in their milder moments they denounced Duke as a traitor to his people.

It was his boast in those days that he had taught the world to smoke cigarettes. Even in his latter years, he would sometimes advert to that fact, his voice coming through a pall of smouldering cigar smoke. He never smoked cigarettes himself, and to the end of his sixty-eight years retained something of his early Methodist suspicion of them, instilled into him by the pious father who was both father and mother to him. But he liked to think that he had made the world smoke them.

The tobacco industry in North Carolina is as old as the colony, but it was Sherman's raiding army which gave it a national name, to be seized upon by the Dukes and translated into an enormous fortune. Sherman overtook the last of the Confederate armies five miles west of a cross-roads that became the tobacco town of Durham—and Duke University. Old Man Washington Duke, with the assistance of his sons—James Buchanan Duke was then eight years old—collected his neighbors' tobacco and sold it to the Yankee Army. Crudely prepared as it was, he called it Duke's Mixture.

Demobilized after the dispersal of Johnston's ragged little army, the Yankees went home. They remembered the tobacco they had bought from Old Man Washington Duke—or had stolen from him—and wrote back for more. They paid him well for it, and by the time James Buchanan Duke was seventeen years old there was sufficient money in the family treasury to provide for his attendance at Guilford College, an institution near Greensboro, established

and maintained by the Quakers. But after brief exposure to this Quaker culture the restless, husky youth came home. He was done with education.

Father Duke was a good Methodist and troubled by the impetuousness of his youngest son. Himself not much more than able to read and write, and profoundly reverent of the learning of the clergy who frequented his pious house, he wanted this boy, as he said, to be educated. But young Duke said bluntly that he had no need of an education since he was not going to be a lawyer or a preacher.

"What," he said in 1923, "would I 'a' done with an education? What good would it 'a' done me?"

"There's two things I just can't seem to understand," said Duke the elder to one of the preachers. "One of them is the Holy Ghost and free grace. The other is my son Buck."

Nobody in North Carolina, especially in the gaudy days of trust-busting, ever called him anything but Buck. It was the paternal abbreviation of his middle name. Of late he is spoken of, in the chapel of his university, as "the late Mister James B. Duke." But to most of North Carolina's adult population he is still plain Buck.

Under the conservative husbandry of the elder Duke and his older sons, the business grew miraculously, and some of its prosperity trickled out into the adjacent rural regions. The farmers began to be paid better prices for their tobacco than they had ever dreamed of. Durham began to be a town. Washington Duke offered the Methodist church inducements to move its Trinity College from Guilford county to Durham. The college was moved, although some of the more squeamish brethren were made uneasy by the odor of tobacco that clung to the Duke money. But the Dukes, at that time, made no cigarettes, and so the pastors squared their consciences by preaching sermons against cigarettes.

Yearly the youngest of the Dukes became more restless. He had all sorts of mighty notions about expanding the business, about advertising its products. He had visions of a vast monopoly. It disturbed his father and his brothers no little. Were they not doing well enough? Had they not money in the bank, and had not Providence blessed them far beyond what they might have reasonably expected?

Eventually the break came. The old man must have felt somewhat like the biblical father who gave his adventurous son his portion and let him go his way. In due time, he reasoned sadly, Buck would come back like the prodigal, and he would dutifully kill the fatted calf for him and cover his nakedness. In due time, it turned out, the prodigal came home—but it was only to buy the fatted calf from his father. In brief, the American Tobacco Company absorbed, swallowed up, the old man's business.

Moreover, Duke had now started to teach the world to smoke cigarettes. He had bought the patents on a machine that would make them. The demand for tobacco expanded as his instruction took root. It was good news at home. Nature had peculiarly equipped North Carolina for growing just the tobacco that was needful for making cigarettes of the sort he was teaching the world to smoke. For some years there was vast prosperity among the growers. Urged by their profits, they cleared up new lands and planted more tobacco. Unfortunately, they raised it much more rapidly than Duke progressed as a schoolmaster.

Naturally, the price declined. Then the farmers set up a mighty lamentation, and when they looked around for the devil who had encompassed their ruin, they found Mr. Daniels and others already pointing to Buck. He became a sinister figure of oppression. In that simple day, as historians will recall, all economic aches were caused by the trusts, and here to hand was Buck Duke's Tobacco Trust, convenient for anathema. For a dozen years thereafter his name was a by-word and a hissing among the yeomanry of the Tobacco Belt, and not even the official dissolution of his Tobacco Trust stilled the clamor against him.

III

Small wonder, then, that the Duke electricity found little favor among his own people. There must be some sinister trick in it. True, the regions adjacent to the river he had bought were not tenanted by a tobacco growing people, and they were thus without cause for active animus against him, but they had been infected with the bitter suspicion that crowded the minds of the trust-ridden farmers of the East.

These people in the valleys of the Duke river were a thrifty and industrious folk, mostly descended from hard-bitten Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who drifted down from Pennsylvania in the earlier half of the Eighteenth Century, or from German Lutherans who came from the same quarter. They were not unacquainted with the processes of manufacture; it was a part of their inheritance. Thrift, even in the bitter generation following the Civil War, had enabled them to lay by some small capital. There was money in the valley, but not enough for the utilization of unlimited electrical power.

Duke devised the scheme of investing in the stock of any company that promised to become a profitable customer for his river. Within a decade three hundred cotton-mills were built in the region permeated by his power lines. In most of them he held influential and profitable amounts of stock. Almost invariably they prospered, and so soon as the other stockholders were able to buy his stock, he sold out and invested the principal and profits in new mills.

Very well, at that time, might he have put on the cloak of benevolence. He could have assumed the rôle of benefactor and Lord Bountiful to his native State. Many among the rising aristocracy of the textile industry undertook to lave him with fulsome thanks for what he had done for the region. People began to write pieces in commendation of him. They were published in the papers, notably the Charlotte *Observer*, which became the organ of the new industrialism. Buck was mentioned approvingly by a native Rotarian as early as 1915. But he had no illusion about it. He was not a man to delude himself with fatuous notions that he was serving humanity. "They pay me profits," he said in 1923.

The fabulous document that was his last mighty gesture toward earthly immortality and a calculated engorgement of all the hostility that had fretted him for thirty years, had already been written and was about to be promulgated before an incredulous world. He never learned the meaning of the word dividend. He was content with profits. These cotton-mills all paid him profits. They paid him two profits. He sold them the power that turned their wheels and he got his share of their dividends. He was content to let the matter of credit for benevolence take care of itself. But one day it began to be apparent to him that profits could also be had from the propagation of gratitude in the minds of the people. At the age of sixty-four, when he had amassed $450,000,000, James Buchanan Duke discovered the value of public sentiment as a profit-yielder. He did not lend himself personally, of course, to making a proper public sentiment about himself and his power company, but he suffered the business to go on. The public, in fact, always terrified him. Newspapers frightened him. Daniels had given him years of discomfort. Once he had, with the Knapp who owns the *American Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly* and other palladia, ventured into the newspaper business. They failed colossally. In the trust-busting era his rhinoceros hide had not been invulnerable against the drum-fire of the newspapers' invective. They had not stopped short of parading his domestic ineptitudes. Duke was afraid of them.

So he gladly suffered himself to be made into a legendary figure of benevolence, a colossus come home to enrich his native heath. The legend was profitably invoked when legislatures and courts undertook to regulate his power rates or to inquire into

them. In Charlotte, where he erected a great house, with a fountain that required enough electric power to operate two cotton-mills, his name was and is spoken with whispered awe. And so also in all the cotton-mill towns penetrated by his power.

IV

Once in his life Duke was whipped; once he was terrified into abject hysteria, and once he remarked a little wistfully that he thought some of buying himself some friends. It was Thomas Fortune Ryan who whipped him.

Duke was never a manufacturer. He was a financier and the contriver of vast schemes. When he had organized the American Tobacco Company and sent its ramifications into far nations, he sat down to play with it. He discovered the device of driving the stock upward until it was as high as he could drive it. Then he would sell out, kick the props from under it, and watch it decline until it hit bottom. Then he would buy it back and begin forcing it profitably upward again. One day he thus kicked the props from under it and stood by to watch it fall.

But it declined to fall. Something was holding it up, and he was unable to understand it. For two days he was unable to understand it, and then his agents discovered that Thomas Fortune Ryan was holding it up. Buck dispatched a messenger to command Ryan to appear before him and explain himself. Ryan informed the messenger that Buck knew where the Ryan office was and that he could come there if he had anything he needed to say. Buck raged for two days and then went wrathfully to Ryan's office. He found Ryan waiting coldly, calmly, after he had fumed in the outer office for a quarter of an hour.

"What in the hell have you done?" screeched Duke.

"Bought the American Tobacco Company," said Ryan serenely.

"What the goddam hell you goin' to do with it?"

"Might hire you to run it for me if I thought you could be trusted with it and not let somebody take it away from you."

So Buck bought it back and found something else to play with.

During the process of the amalgamation of the smaller tobacco companies which were fused into the Tobacco Trust, he came to negotiation with young Lorillard, son and heir of a great tobacco family. Appointments were made to discuss the purchase of the company, but invariably they were broken by the young owner. Always he had forgotten an appointment with somebody, to do something, usually, of a frivolous nature. He was enormously popular, apparently, and there was always an amazing hilarity and confusing good fellowship between him and his friends.

On an evening when Duke had again assembled all the people necessary to an agreement, it was reasonably assumed that another hour would consummate the business. But scarcely had they begun their discussion of terms when a flock of young men broke in upon them, apparently on pleasure bent. They needed the company of the young tobacco factory owner. "Mr. Duke, you'll have to excuse me this time—these fellows here . . . " said Lorillard. "I think I'll have to buy me some friends sometime," said old Buck, a little wistfully. Nobody ever dragged *him* anywhere.

Buck was a true dynast. He desired passionately the perpetuation of his own name, his power, his vast contrivings. In the dynast is a core of vanity and in the beginning dynast a sort of primitive snobbishness, a timid sensitiveness. Duke greatly admired the English, and when his Tobacco Trust was being hammered in America he greatly deplored Americans. In ridicule they called him the Duke of Durham, but it did not sound ridiculous to him. Even Sir James Buchanan Duke would have been far from unsatisfactory to him. He might yet have a son. . . .

At one time in his life he was determined to renounce his American citizenship and become a subject of the British crown. He

was much in England in the years after the Tobacco Trust was dissolved. He had acclimated himself to the atmosphere, and he liked it. In his business contacts he had made the acquaintance of many a title. He liked them all. The British did not abuse him. They respected his wealth and were not squeamish about the methods and practices of Big Business.

But he was still an American when war broke over Europe in 1914, for all that he had played around with the idea of becoming a British subject, perhaps a British nobleman, with appropriate estates, retainers and public approval. England forgot all about rich Americans, and its duty of manners toward them. It had a war to think about. Duke was stranded without cash sufficient to buy a ticket home. If, in fact, he had had his entire estate beside him in cash he could not have found a ship that would fetch him out of the appalling mess.

Stocks tumbled down abysmally. He began to feel ruined. He went down in person to see about getting out of England and found himself battered in crowds of hysterical Americans. Titled persons whom he had known were abstracted about the war and their own worries. They forgot to help him. He was pushed and jostled and treated as a deplorable nuisance. He wanted to get out of England. He would not be a grand duke in England, or even king of England —not if they asked him!

Finally he gained the presence of Ambassador Walter Hines Page, and Page helped him home. He got him money enough to buy a ticket and then found him a ship. Duke returned to New York to find that things there were in not much better condition than they were in England. The stock market had gone insane. He had lost fearfully, but the banks would still cash his checks.

Three hours after he landed he had been the round of the banks, cashing checks for metal money. Seen in his office at noon, he was hysterical about the state of the world. He headed for the mountain which he had built in New Jersey with an incredible amount of gold; there he proposed to bury it. So much, anyhow, would be saved from the cataclysm. Later, when conditions became somewhat stabilized, he put the money back in bank. As things turned out, the war was not unprofitable to him, but thereafter he thought no more of becoming a member of the British peerage. The dynast had discovered a new and better way to perpetuate his name.

V

On a morning in August, 1923, smoking a series of cigars in a chamber back of the judge's bench in a rural court-house, but within earshot of the expensive lawyers who contended in the court-room about power rates, Duke discovered that a reporter had been sitting around listening to what was being said and presuming to say something himself in a modest way. He raged blasphemously. He towered. He demanded to know how much the reporter wanted to get out of there and cease blackmailing him. The reporter, in turn, was as blasphemous as he. Expensive lawyers, appalled, forgot their cigars.

Suddenly, ignoring his retinue, Buck invited the reporter to lunch in a neighboring hotel. The annual meeting of the State Newspaper Association was in dull progress. At the door of the dining-room Duke paused to survey the scene. The newspaper people looked up from their feeding. They stopped to gape. Alone at a table in the center of the dining-room sat Josephus Daniels. Strangely, neither had ever seen the other before.

With simple theatricalism, Duke took the reporter by the arm and marched past the head-waiter, and past the other waiters, to the table next the Daniels table. The newspaper people had not resumed their feeding. "Reckon maybe I've ruined you now," said Duke waggishly, across the table to his guest. He emitted an abdominal chuckle. The reporter was on the Daniels staff.

On an afternoon in that same August desultory villagers from a mill above the Duke river had come down to the water and were fishing without enthusiasm or noteworthy result. An ancient but profitably sturdy Rolls-Royce moved sedately along the white road a little above the lake dedicated to profitable production of power. The fish, if there were any fish, were merely incidental and without economic importance. The Rolls-Royce contained the owner of the lake.

"Fools," said James Buchanan Duke, waving a pudgy hand toward the fishers. "Fools," he repeated, "fishing! They think they get somethin' for nothin' that way. That's why people fish. Naw, I've never been fishing in my life." And then, to a question, he said a little wonderingly, "Amuse myself? No; I don't need any amusement. I got things to think about, heven't I?"

On an evening in November, some comfortably informal people were grouped about the great fireplace in the library of James Boyd in Southern Pines. Struthers Burt was there, and Henry A. Page, the amiably satirical brother of the man who got Duke out of Europe, and himself a trustee of Duke University. There were also Will Rogers, a liberated manufacturer of saxophones, and others. The papers had been full of the announcement of the creation of the Duke Endowment and of the endowment of Trinity College—provided it would forget that for three-quarters of a century it had been Trinity College and become Duke University.

Mostly the talk was of the condition that the name must be changed. Some among the company deplored it, mostly on the ground of sentiment. The institution had many respectable alumni. There was the mighty Senator F. M. Simmons, for instance, and the elder Page. The name Trinity, in Methodism, was not without honored connotation. The faith itself is buttressed upon the Trinity. It was too bad, almost everybody agreed, but then it would also be too bad for the college to lose all the Duke millions. There was speculative wonder about the vanity of the man. Anyhow, it was too bad to lose the name.

"Well," said James Boyd, stretching his lean legs towards the blazing logs, "they might get around the difficulty by calling it the Father, Son and James B. Duke University."

None among the company bet[illegible]t them to wonder about the Duke Endowment, and the magnitude of its resources, and its ramifications into the living of five million people. It seemed natural for old Buck to do things on a huge scale. Beside the Endowment, the University, with its acres and acres of new fabulous Gothic buildings, its eighty or ninety millions of resources, and its gargantuan electrically driven fountain which throws water 150 feet toward the heavens, becomes relatively trivial. The Endowment is the residue of the Duke Power Company.

Besides taking care of indigent ministers and orphans, it is designed to encompass the hospitalization of the working people of two States by the subsidization of hospitals. "People," said old Buck on the afternoon he condemned the practice of fishing, "ought to be healthy. If they ain't healthy they can't work, and if they don't work they ain't healthy. And if they can't work there ain't any profit in 'em. No more than there is in that fishin' there."

On an evening in June, before Buck died, another company of men were gathered in a house designed for masculine pleasure. Its wide porches looked out upon a long, smooth lake encompassed by the profitable damming of the river. Assembled were gentlemen of consequence in engineering, legal and financial matters, come together to discuss problems having to do with big industry, and with the perpetuation of things that had grown up in consequence of old Buck's long healed and forgotten erysipelas.

Far down across the smooth lake the sky was ruddy with the glow of a mill village that hummed profitably through the night,

and in another quarter of the horizon another more remote and dim arc of light flickered against the purple of the sky. Between them yet another glow came faintly, growing momentarily in luminousness. With his incredible feet propped on the railing before him, James Buchanan Duke watched the lights contentedly and smoked.

"What's that light over there—another cotton-mill?" he asked.

"No," said a lawyer sitting in respectful attendance nearby. "No; the moon is coming up. It will be a magnificent sight presently—the moonlight on the water."

Duke grunted. For a while he smoked reflectively. The moon came up above the trees and its light slanted down on the trembling water. "Reckon all this will last now," he said after a while. There was no question in his crude sentence, only certainty.

The lawyer said the things that had become perfunctory in such situations. He said Buck had wrought mightily and enduringly, especially since his benefactions were of such magnitude and splendor.

"What I mean is, I've got 'em fixed now so they won't bother it after I'm gone. I'm the last Duke, but I don't think anybody will bother this thing I'm leaving."

"I am sure of it," said the lawyer and elaborated the customary formulæ. James Buchanan Duke grunted impatiently. The fellow was not seeing, or was ignoring if he saw it, what the great man had in his mind.

"What I mean is that I've got 'em fixed now so there won't be any more meddling with it by legislatures and courts and newspapers like I've been bothered with all my life. But I've got 'em now and it's going on making profits. Not even Joe Dan'els will cuss me now."

"How do you mean, Mr. Duke?" asked the lawyer patiently.

His meaning was not without its simplicity. Public thinking and public attitudes toward private business, he explained, are determined primarily by lawyers who dominate government; by preachers who dominate religion; by doctors who dominate life and death. Duke University would have the outstanding medical school of the South, and hard by would be a great school of theology and another of the law. It was simple enough. Here were the sources of public opinion. The university would take care of them.

So with the Endowment. With its vast resources, it would make it possible for the poor who work—and vote—to have their health. And lastly, there were the poor old worn out preachers for whom everybody has sympathy, and the orphans, for whom everybody has sympathy. Would anybody with sense bother the thing that was taking care of them? . . .

"That moon there now, it has somethin' to do with tides, don't it, and the tides have somethin' to do with rains and the rains make the river run there, don't they?" mused the aging colossus reflectively.

The lawyer sighed deeply.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner*, of Little Rock, discovers a new Catholic plot against the Only True Christianity:

> Frank Norris killed a man in self-defense and the papers tried to see how sensational they could be about it, and in addition to publishing the news about the killing they went back and dug up as much of the past as they could and sought to besmirch Norris in every way possible. Why? Anybody with any sense can see it is because he has been strong in his opposition to Romanism and liquor. Just why the daily papers are ALWAYS on the side of Romanism and liquor is another question. But they are. I have met personally just two Associated Press men and BOTH OF THEM ARE ROMAN CATHOLICS. Maybe that is just a happen-so in my case but it impressed me. Both of those Associated Press men are in Little Rock, an overwhelmingly Protestant and Baptist town. JUST WHY? I do not know, but the FACT impresses me.

CALIFORNIA

TESTIMONY of an anonymous Christian writing in *Pisgah*, official organ of the Pisgah Home Movement, Los Angeles:

> I was dying of diabetes. The doctor said he could not help me. I phoned you for prayer and now the same doctor says he can find no trace of the disease.

SOCIAL gossip from the celebrated *Times* of the same marvelous town:

> Among the notables who visited Carlo Curtis's famous Main Street Athletic Club last week were Squirrel-Ear Earl Perior; Dingaling George Hussey, the Mulligan Stew Poet; Eczema Jerry McCarthy; Tiger Schultz, otherwise known as the German Tanker; Cigar-Box Yokel, former trainer of Johnny Gill; Underwraps Pop Barrett, the Coffee Demon; Dimer Demps, also known as the Hills Brothers' Kid; Two-Ton Tony and Step-and-a-Half Joe, brothers of Fidel La Barba; Kid Broad the Bubonic Plague; Spike Robinson, known as the Vanishing Tuppence; One-Punch Barney Dempsey; Big Feet Benny Miller; Jackie Mandell, whose right name is Jakie Mandelefsky; Bull Anderson, the Human Storehouse; Cry Baby Homer Sheridan, known as the Oklahoma Plumber; and Joey the Loafer.

IDAHO

INCIDENT in the lives of two 100% Americans, now gracing the town of Payette, as reported by the *Enterprise* thereof:

> From the time the *Mayflower* landed in 1620 to the present day is a long stretch. When Eleazar Albee came over to America on the *Mayflower*, he little realized that two of his descendants would meet in 1929 in a little town in Idaho, and at a hamburg lunch counter at that. Monday two of his descendants, strangers to each other, happened to meet at the Davis lunch counter. During the course of conversation the discovery was made that one was a great-great-grandson and the other a several times great-granddaughter of the illustrious Eleazar, who also served as a general in the Revolutionary War. Needless to say an interesting conversation was enjoyed by both parties, the lady being a resident of Payette.

ILLINOIS

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from holy Evanston:

> Four-score brethren of the Second Baptist Church (colored) are at odds with their pastor, the Rev. Isaac Thomas, who complains that they pray too much.
>
> Last night, the police, importuned by the pastor, sent the wagon over. They found eighty Negroes in the pews at prayer. In the pastor's study at the rear was the Rev. Mr. Thomas and twenty of his more loyal supporters. He told police that he, as head of the church, was the proper person to decide when services were over, but that many of his congregation insisted on remaining. The worshippers, on the other hand, said they owned the church and had a right to remain as long as they wished. The police, recollecting something about keeping affairs of state and church separate, drove away with wagon empty.

LOUISIANA

BROTHER T. A. PETTITT, of Bogalusa, unearths an important historical fact and lets the world know about it in the *Baptist and Commoner:*

> Charlemagne issued an edict that all Saxons should become Christians. His edict was obeyed, but in baptizing the Saxons, the right arm, with sword held aloft, was not submerged. Hence the Saxons have ever been a war-like people.

MARYLAND

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the celebrated Baltimore *Sunpaper:*

NEW MOUNT OLIVE
BAPTIST CHURCH
COR. SARATOGA AND STRICKER STS.
Come and see and hear a boy who has neither hands nor feet.
A Mystery On Earth.
SERVICES SUNDAY, 8.30 P. M.

MASSACHUSETTS

CULTURAL note from the *Gazette* of Northampton:

Today ex-President Coolidge received an interesting memento from the New York *Sun* in the form of an illuminated reprint of the editorial which appeared in the March 2 issue of the *Sun*, entitled "The Man Who is Leaving the White House." The title-page stated that the reprint was presented to Mr. Coolidge by William T. Dewart, president of the *Sun* company. The reprint was bound in blue limp morocco.

MICHIGAN

INSIDE information broadcast to the world by the chief editorial writer of that great paper, the Detroit *Times:*

The great poet, Keats, said: "Let me have music dying, and I seek no more delight." This is a good idea for one DYING. Music on leaving the world, and music beyond the imagination of mankind as you enter the other world, would make a noble exit and a glorious entrance. But remember that even in Heaven, where there is no other work, the angels sing and play on the harp. They do not merely listen. And you will have to do the same. Have your children learn to play some instrument, let them be DOERS OF THE WORD, producers of music.

THE spiritual life in Owosso, as described by the Grand Rapids *Herald:*

Church-going will not interfere with the activities of golf-playing members of the First Congregational Church here, if they accept the proposal of the Rev. Rex O. Holman. Mr. Holman has offered to hold a service at 4 A. M., to last from twenty minutes to a half hour. He proposes that members come to church attired in golf clothing, so as to lose no time from their Sunday games.

MINNESOTA

LATEST news of the working of the Noble Experiment in this great State, as reported by the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune:*

The health and hospitals committee of the City Council voted to grant a new license to the Murray Cure Institute, 620 Tenth street south, after C. H. Kenworthy, manager of the institute, had stated that drinking had increased rather than diminished since the coming of Prohibition and that drink cures are more in demand than ever before. Mr. Kenworthy told the committee his institute's business had increased each year since the dry laws went into effect.

NEBRASKA

UNITED PRESS dispatch from the grand old town of Winside:

Miss Ella Durham, a school teacher living here, is suffering from a dislocated arm—the result of playing bridge. She was dealt an unusual hand. In expressing her surprise and pleasure, she waved her arms in the air and clapped her hands so vigorously that her right arm was dislocated.

NEVADA

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the romantic town of Reno:

Operators of stills are being blamed by Reno radio dealers for much of the interference that is causing radio owners to complain of squealing sets. A trouble shooter employed by the dealers to determine the sources of interference reported that rockers used by makers of corn whiskey to age their product were causing considerable trouble because of poor electrical connections to the motors that operate the rockers.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE sublime process of jurisprudence in Greensboro, as described by the eminent *News* thereof:

A rather strange situation arose in court on Saturday, when Judge Ward sentenced Henry Mackey, Negro, to the county roads for larceny of silverware from the North Carolina College for Women. The court had imposed a sentence of thirty days on Mackey, who asked to speak to the judge before being carried out of the court-room. He informed his honor that he was the defendant who had been sentenced to matrimony after being convicted of immorality in court on Friday. Whereupon Judge Ward held the commitment in the larceny case in abeyance until Henry is wedded.

OKLAHOMA

THE REV. J. B. ROUNDS, in the *Baptist Messenger* of Oklahoma City, describes the work of the Devil among Oklahoma Baptists:

The sex questionnaire has come to Oklahoma Baptist University, much to the sorrow of the management. . . . Now suddenly the *Daily*

Oklahoman stirs us with the news that a professor and his assistant are dismissed for their activities in this matter. From then on the dailies have kept the matter before the public. . . . I have an abiding conviction that a nationally controlled Vice Trust is back of this licentious questionnaire. Why did these efforts all spring up at the same time, or practically the same time? How did scholars generate spontaneous combustion on this question all at the same time? Why is the public press so united in its defense or so silent in its renunciation of this movement? Are we to sit back and say because some supposedly wise scholastics suggested this movement it must be all right? Scholarship is not independent. It thinks in grooves plowed out for it by others. German scholasticism was dictated to by the Kaiser and it was placed on a militaristic basis, not because the scientific deductions or the experiences of the past proved its necessity, but because the military dictatorship ordered it. And we glory in German scholasticism as the last word in culture. . . . I have a conviction that the Vice Trust has thus dictated to the Judas of psychology who has sold his master for paltry silver. . . . Our nation appears to be in the clutches of a high-powered trust who have set themselves to capture our daughters. They weaken their resistance by such use. They lure them first through the cigarette. They have learned the psychological approach, and the exact time to strike in order to bury a beautiful girl in despair and a living death. They have now appropriated the universities to give dignity to their nefarious traffic and luster to their profession by prostitutionizing our intellectual youth. The sex questionnaire is a vicious attack on the virtue of our children, and an effort to enlist our own school in enslaving them in a sensual maelstrom.

OREGON

FIERY protest of a D. A. R. in the Portland *Oregonian:*

The church, good government and marriage are so closely related that if you destroy one you greatly impair the other two; therefore any attack on one has for its ultimate aim the downfall of the three. A late speaker with a foreign name here in Portland has taken it upon himself to criticise the Daughters of the American Revolution by saying: "I always think there is something wrong with someone the D. A. R. doesn't blacklist."

This in reality he means as a covert dig at the government of the United States of America. It is the old story of getting a crack at the government under cover of something else. There are some 163,000 daughters operating along constructive and helpful lines, and the fact that they ousted a member for seditious talk causes concern and criticism on the part of the gentleman with the foreign name. He also speaks of "blind patriotism," and "my country, right or wrong," etc. By this we are to infer that he has a remedy for the ill. There is one sure remedy for any ill. Kill the patient. Russia did.

When any one person begins to assume an aggrieved air and say he is not allowed enough "freedom of speech" in this very free country of ours, depend upon it he has mischief brewing in his heart. The man with the gun, the fire torch and the light fingers also feels aggrieved when his freedom is restricted, as well as the person who is quarantined with a contagious disease, not to mention unrestricted imports and immigrants. This "freedom" is a great thing, isn't it?

MRS. JAMES A. BROCKWAY,
Multnomah Chapter, D. A. R.

PENNSYLVANIA

CULTURAL announcement in the Pittsburgh *Courier*, organ of the Aframerican uplift:

BEWITCH OTHERS
—*THE FRENCH WAY*
MAKE THEM LOVE YOU

Secure clever woman's secret methods. Sensational book—nothing like it—only 10c stamps (not coin) CONFIDENTIAL. Cannot be secured elsewhere in world. May change your whole life. Mme. Eve, Boite Postale 55, Dept. 702, Paris, France. (Use 5c postage to mail your letter.)

THE protean activities of a Bloomsburg worthy, as recorded by the *Press* thereof:

Robert Baker, of town, expects to return to Bloomsburg some time this week from Philadelphia, where he has taken a course in embalming. He will take charge of the Drum Corps at its regular Monday night rehearsal.

SOUTH CAROLINA

PASTOR ELLIE P. TAYLOR, JR., of Batesburg, writing in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, describes the troubles of a man of God in the Hookworm Belt:

It is certainly amusing the way some people hear things, and far more amusing the way some people misquote a preacher.

The preacher says: "Let all men be liars, but let God be the truth." Some fellow hears this and goes off and tells his friends that the preacher called everybody in the church a liar.

The preacher says: "Every one born of a woman must be born of the Spirit of God or they can never get to Heaven." Some fellow hears this and goes off and declares that the preacher said that all babies were going to Hell.

The preacher says: "There are hypocrites in every order under Heaven. There are hypocrites in the church, in the Masonic order, in the Red Men's order, and in the K. of P. All hypocrites will certainly have their portion in Hell." Some fellow with a loose screw in his head goes off and declares that the preacher said that all the Red Men were hypocrites and were going to Hell.

The preacher says: "If you women play

bridge for prizes you are as guilty in the sight of God of the sin of gambling as men who play poker, or men who gamble on the stock exchange, or Negroes who shoot craps under a pine tree for a quarter." Some guilty sister or her husband goes off and declares to the world that the preacher said that any woman who played bridge for a prize was no better than a Negro crap-shooter.

The preacher says: "The moving picture industry as it is being run today is the biggest school in social degeneracy, criminal processes, and home wrecking that the world has ever seen up to this time." A big headline comes out in the paper next morning: "Visiting preacher shells out local theatres."

The preacher says: "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." Some backslider hears this and goes off and tells his friends that the preacher declared that it was impossible for any man to fall into sin.

The preacher says: "Say folks, I can make the Bible prove anything I want it to prove if I take a verse here and yonder out of its proper connection. The Bible says that 'Judas hanged himself,' and in another place it says 'go thou and do likewise.'" Some old crank hears this and goes off and tells his friends that the preacher defended suicide in his sermon.

NOTE on the state of civilization in the grand old town of Gaffney:

"Scarlet Sister Mary," the Pulitzer prize-winning novel of Mrs. Julia Peterkin, of Fort Matte, S. C., may be a popular book and worthy of its choice as the best novel of the year, but it is not to be found on the shelves of the Carnegie Public Library in Gaffney. Mrs. M. P. Pierson, the librarian, ordered the book shortly after its publication, but on reading it felt its contents to be of an unsatisfactory nature. She did not keep the book for circulation and does not plan to secure another copy.

TENNESSEE

THE HON. T. H. ALEXANDER, staff star of the celebrated Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, boils down an essay on the state of journalism in the Bible Belt to six words:

The *Nation:* I don't read it.

TEXAS

A GOSPEL singer unburdens himself in the *Texas Christian Advocate* of Dallas, trade journal of the Texas Methodist pastors:

There appeared in the Dallas *News* recently a statement from Dr. John Patty at the meeting of evangelists in Memphis, Tenn., concerning the evangelists being unable to get meetings and appealing to the bishops and presiding elders to prevail upon the pastors to use evangelists.

I am not a prophet, but desire to state that for the past three years I have seen the situation as it now is coming. Pastors and laymen are not ignorant, neither are they an unwise set of men. We had just as well face the facts. It is a true saying that no one can succeed until he finds why he is failing. There is no question but that some of the evangelists have made a financial graft out of their work. They talk about their $10,000 and $20,000 homes in such a way that causes the laymen to doubt the sincerity of their purpose.

The pastor writes the evangelist regarding his revival. The reply comes from the evangelist to the effect that he must have his expenses together with the singers' salary. He sometimes must take a special offering in order to get this amount; then at the close of the meeting he must have an offering for himself. Pastors are tired of this graft. Why is not the singer worth nearly as much in a revival as the evangelist? Does he not have a family to support and expenses the same as the evangelist? And is he not expected to conduct several different kinds of services?

In the last eighteen years I have had many pastors and laymen to ask me why the evangelists do not go on a percentage with their co-workers. I have had some of the singers tell me that they quit singing and began preaching in order that they may get the big end of the purse. I have always said that before I would do that I would get out of the field and that is what I have practically done the last two years.

I believe if the evangelist will select a worthy co-worker and go out in the field either on a 40–60% or 50–50% and do their work they will get all the work they can do, but as long as they secure a $40.00 or $50.00 a week singer and they get from $100.00 to $500.00 a week for their services they can expect to be idle, for pastors do not want this kind. I know this will cause some comment, but I am in a position to defend the stand I am taking.

BARON DE ELY

119 E. 8th St.,
Dallas, Texas.

VIRGINIA

THE Stanardsville *Record* records the passing of a Greene county worthy:

Nimrod Shiflett, an exemplary citizen of Bacon Hollow, died Saturday, at his home at old Nimrod, aged more than eighty years. He is survived by his widow and one son, Pat.

Mr. Shiflett was a man of intense religious nature. All his life he endeavored to live a life which would find favor with his Lord and Master. In his prime he was an exhorter of earnestness and effectiveness. He often spoke and prayed at services and in the bygone days when camp-meetings were permeated with a soul-quickening atmosphere he was a leader in bringing the sinner and the thoughtless to a realization of his or her unsaved condition.

About a half century ago there was a camp-

meeting ground on the pike above Stanardsville. Each Summer there was held a meeting lasting two or more weeks. The attendance was large, notwithstanding the limited means of conveyance in those days, so soon after the Civil War. Often whole families walked many miles to participate in the services, carrying their food with them and remaining several days, if not till the meeting closed.

One Summer the earth was parched and vegetation withered by a drought which had been of long duration. Mr. Shiflett prayed for rain at the meeting that Summer. He prayed not for a gully-washer, but a three-days' drizzle. That very night the three-days' drizzle began, though when his petition to the Almighty was made the sky was cloudless.

Nimrod post-office, which served mountain people for many years, but was discontinued, was named for him.

WISCONSIN

A CONTUMACIOUS legislator of this great State takes a satirical fling at Law Enforcement:

STATE OF WISCONSIN
IN ASSEMBLY
SUBSTITUTE AMENDMENT No. 1, A., TO BILL No. 187, S.
Offered by Mr. CAROW.
A Bill

To create section 29.64 of the statutes, relating to assault on conservation wardens and providing a penalty.

The people of the State of Wisconsin, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. A new section is added to the statutes to be numbered and to read: 29.64 Any person who shall assault, point his finger at, attempt to assault, or point a gun at a conservation warden, assemblyman, doctor or lawyer, whether loaded on unloaded, or interfere with in any manner any conservation warden, assemblyman, doctor or lawyer, whether loaded or unloaded, while acting in the performance of his duty shall be punished by being boiled in oil at a temperature of six hundred degrees Centigrade, by imprisonment in the State prison not less than ninety years nor more than six millenniums, or by both such punishments, and any conservation warden, assemblyman, doctor or lawyer shall have the right and power to arrest and sentence anyone committing such an offense against his person or that of another conservation warden, assemblyman, doctor or lawyer.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect upon passage and publication.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS reports the extension of the great boons and usufructs of American *Kultur* to the former empire of the Aztecs:

Elmer Jones, American manager for an express company in Mexico and a great admirer of Herbert Hoover, has as a souvenir a valuable rug on which the President trod. Jones loaned it to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York for use in Mr. Hoover's suite on his recent visit. The President was in the suite five minutes.

BUSINESS advertisement in the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune:*

FOR SALE

RARE RELIGIOUS RELIC

of exceptional interest, which has been in possession of the family of present owners for over a hundred years. This relic consists of a piece of wood, which is certified by the Archbishop of Paris to be part of the

ORIGINAL CROSS UPON WHICH JESUS CHRIST WAS CRUCIFIED

This sacred piece of wood is enshrined in a cross of silver closed with seals of the Paris Catholic Authorities who certify in a special certificate their belief in its authenticity. This rare and unusual relic is invaluable for its religious and historic interest for a private chapel or as a gift to a cathedral. For full particulars address to L. S. Berger, 16 rue de la Paix, PARIS.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from London:

"Read your Bible in your bath." With these words, the Rev. A. Wellesley Orr, vicar of St. Paul's Kingston Hill, opened an address at a conference on "Bible Criticism."

"The proper place to read the Bible is not in your study, but your bath," said Mr. Orr. "The best picture of last year was one of 'A Reading Girl'—a nude maiden reading a book. If it was the Old Testament, the picture was a symbol, for the best way to read the Old Testament is in a metaphorically primitive state of nudity, when you have divested yourselves of the clothes of civilized knowledge and modern progress."

TESTIMONIALS—MAINLY MEDICAL

BY ARTHUR J. CRAMP

If your brains won't get you into the papers, sign a patent medicine testimonial. Maybe your kidneys will. —*Toronto Star.*

THE story is told that at a Christian Science experience meeting a naïve young thing testified to the power of Science in a case that had recently occurred in her household. It appears that, in the course of feline events, the family cat had produced a litter of kittens and that they were born blind. The sweet young thing who was telling the story explained how, for several days, she had worked over these handicapped mites and in due time the Mortal Error was dissipated and the eyes opened! This testimonial, though honest and sincere, failed to carry conviction because the audience was familiar with the physiological facts involved. Had it been as ignorant of feline physiology as most audiences are of human pathology, the young woman's story might well have taken its place as a testimonial to the power of Christian Science.

Testimony, to be commercially valuable, must have the appearance of truth and must be acceptable to those who, from lack of special knowledge, are unable to recognize any fallacy that may be present. The bulk of testimony in the medical field that is commercially valuable is scientifically worthless. It is valuable commercially because the public thinks it represents experience; it is worthless scientifically because, at its best, it details but a sequence of events and not a causal relationship. In other words, it comes from those whose testimony is incompetent.

The testimonial has always been, and probably always will be, the sheet anchor of the quack. Time has left it unchanged in essence. Before me, as I write, is a small volume printed in 1666 by the charlatan, Valentine Greatrakes: "A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, and Divers of the Strange Cures by Him Lately Performed." This quack, who cured by the laying on of hands, seems to have convinced many people of more than average intelligence that he possessed some healing power. Robert Boyle, the physicist and the enunciator of Boyle's Law of Gases, was among Greatrakes' supporters. In addition to a "letter addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle Esq.," Greatrakes' little book also contained "the Testimonials of several Eminent and Worthy Persons" which, except for the Seventeenth Century phraseology, might well be from the collected testimonials of Lydia Pinkham or Peruna. Thus:

> I, Mary Glover of Alisbury in the County of Buckingham, do certifie whom it may concern, that I was neer quite blind and was deaf about 5 years, and I have been with one Mrs. Wells in Hertford-shire, and Mr. Restrick in Gunpowder Alley in Fetter-Lane, and several others for Cure, but could get none: but under God, I have received perfect Cure by the stroke of Mr. Greatrak's hand, both in my eyes and hearing: All which I testifie to be true, and have hereto subscribed my name the 17th of May, *Anno Dom.* 1666.
>
> MARY GLOVER.

It is significant that, among the great number of testimonials in Greatrakes' book, the phrase in Mary Glover's endorsement, "I have received perfect Cure by the stroke of Mr. Greatrak's hand," appears, word for word, many, many times. Evidently the art of editing testimonials, or even of writing them for an endorser to sign, is no new one.

A hundred years later the London *Chronicle* for November 27, 1770, printed an advertisement containing the endorsement of one Mary Graham, who testified to the marvelous healing power of Dr. Rysseeg's Balsamic Tincture. Among other things the lady reported:

> I was afflicted with a scorbutic Humour for the Space of Twelve Years to a most violent Degree . . . I took several advertised Medicines without receiving any Benefit, and was twice in the Hospital where I underwent a Salivation, by which I found a temporary Relief but the Disorder soon broke out again . . . A friend advised me to try your Balsamic Tincture, by taking of which every Symptom of the Disorder has left me.

Strange how the panaceas of yester-year fade from the picture!

II

An experience of more than twenty years in the investigation of testimonials in the medical field has brought out the fact that, contrary to the rather universal belief that most medical testimonials are either faked or purchased, the majority of such testimonials are documentarily genuine and have been given quite sincerely. Most of them, it is true, are edited, in order to render less obvious the ignorance and illiteracy of those who wrote them, but, broadly speaking, they are genuine. Not always, of course. There are some testimonials published by the sellers of those package medicines of secret composition, colloquially, but incorrectly, called patent medicines, that are produced in the offices of the exploiter or of the agency that handles the advertising account.

Consider, as a classic example of the former, the alleged testimonials used some time ago by George H. Mayr in advertising his Wonderful Remedy for Stomach Trouble. Mr. Mayr's remedy was originally sold under the promise that "It Removes Gall Stones and Shows Them to You." In fact, this claim actually appeared on the label of the preparation prior to the passage of the national Food and Drugs Act, which made lying on or in the trade package expensive instead of merely immoral. Mayr, whose product consisted of a large dose of a bland oil to be followed by Rochelle salt, handled his own advertising. One of his copy-sheets with instructions to the printer consisted of a page, sixteen inches by thirty-two inches, containing more than forty alleged testimonials—unsigned—each describing how the writer had been saved from death or worse by the taking of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Each of these forty-odd testimonials had a heading in large, bold-faced type, and in each head there was left a blank space that was to be filled in by the compositor before the newspaper ran it. The instruction sheet emphasized: "Insert name of your city in heading of each ad."

Thus, testimonial number eleven in the copy-sheet bore the heading: "Old ——— Resident Given Up By Physicians." The testimonial itself—in quotation marks—stated that the "old resident" had been given up by five doctors and was finally saved by Mayr's remedy. When the advertisement appeared in the Marion (O.) *Daily Star*, the heading read: "Old Marion Resident Given Up By Physicians"; when it appeared in the Austin (Minn.) *Daily Herald*, it was: "Old Austin Resident Given Up By Physicians"; in the Chicago *Examiner* it became: "Old Chicago Resident Given Up By Physicians"—and so on down the list. With this system of testimonial advertising the publisher could be under no misapprehension regarding its obvious fraudulence. The newspaper, in accepting the copy, frankly participated with Mayr in his campaign of falsehood. Seldom has even a patent medicine vendor shown a more cynical disregard for elementary business honesty. Yet Mayr seems to have had little difficulty in getting his advertisements accepted.

As an example of the testimonial created by the advertising agency, there is the case of the Hobart Bradstreet advertisement. Bradstreet sold a mail-order course in "spine motion"—every man his own chiropractor. In carrying the message of spine

motion to the world, the advertising agency that handled the account prepared a piece of illustrated copy. It was a full-page affair, entitled, "Bride and Groom," and presented in picture form a dignified, white-haired bridegroom of advanced age against whose shoulder leaned a petite bride of twenty. The groom was "Colonel Bemis," whose youthful enthusiasm was, we were told, due to Mr. Bradstreet's course in spine motion. The bride was quoted as saying: "The Colonel may look his age, but by all that's remarkable he doesn't act it—nor feel it, if his enthusiasm is any indication." A pretty story and one with sufficient aphrodisian appeal to make it interesting. But the Federal Trade Commission, which occasionally takes the joy out of certain forms of commercial life, brought in a report showing that Colonel Bemis was a jewelry salesman who eked out his income by posing as a photographer's model, that the bride was a professional model, and that neither bride nor groom had ever heard of Hobart Bradstreet nor his mystery, spine motion.

In a class that lies between the testimonial evolved from the consciousness of the nostrum exploiter or his agent and the testimonial that is honestly given, lies the purchased testimonial. Which naturally recalls the case of Famous Names, Inc., of Chicago. This concern in 1926 sent out a mimeographed letter, one of which was addressed to the sellers of a nationally-advertised table water. The letter rose to heights of eloquence in its description of the tremendous reader appeal to be found in the pictures and endorsements of motion-picture stars. The company stated that it was its business to sell the rights to use the names, pictures and endorsements of certain such stars. To quote:

> Managers of the most prominent moving-picture stars and stage celebrities have assigned to this organization the selling rights of their stars for commercial advertising purposes.

How, then, was the testimonial to be written? What assurance would the exploiters of mineral waters or cigarettes have that stars of the silver sheet would react favorably to their particular products? The question was answered before it could be asked:

> The special poses will be made according to your specifications and if it is desired *the endorsements signed by the star can be of your own dictation.*[1]

Could anything be fairer—to the trade? A follow-up letter on the same subject listed the names of about a dozen motion-picture stars of both sexes with the prices of the pose and endorsement of each. The rates ranged from $200 to $275.

The choicest example of motion-picture-star testimonials—not connected with the Famous Names, Inc. concern—appeared in the magazine, *Liberty*, for October 29, 1927. That particular issue might well have been called the Constance Talmadge Testimonial Number, for the name of this motion-picture actress was used in no fewer than nine different advertisements appearing in it.

First, there was Constance Talmadge "being waked by an Ansonia Squareclox"; then, the Benrus Watch Company displayed "on the alluring wrist of Constance Talmadge the watch of your dreams"; a few pages farther along Miss Talmadge wore the Juliet Wedding Ring of J. B. Bowden and Company; under the head "No More Flat Tires," the same lady expressed the belief that "Air Containers are a blessing"; an advertisement of the thyroid-containing obesity remedy, "Marmola," showed a full-figure picture of Miss Talmadge, quoting her in behalf of the nostrum; then, there was Miss Talmadge "using her sure-fire Thorens" (a cigarette lighter), Miss Talmadge's alleged approval of Dentyne Chewing Gum, of Gold Seal Radio Tubes and, finally, of First National Super-Movies for 1927–1928, the latter of which, according to the advertisement, Miss Constance "can hardly wait for." There may be a better example of the testimonial habit contained in some other single issue of an American magazine or newspaper, but if so I have never heard of it.

[1] Italics mine—A. J. C.

III

While we enjoy today a renaissance of the testimonial industry, the business was at its best, commercially, in the closing decade of the last and the opening decade of the present century. Then, it was part of the day's work for bucolic statesmen and other notables to testify to the virtues of Peruna, Paine's Celery Compound, Duffy's Malt Whiskey, *et al*. Those with long memories may remember the half-page newspaper advertisements that the Peruna people published about 1904, containing the famous testimonial of Admiral Schley. It is but fair to say that the admiral was not in such bad company—if the Peruna people's testimonials of that period are to be believed—for there were to be found among the endorsers of this alcoholic nostrum many names more or less notable.

Old Doc Hartman, who manufactured Peruna, claimed that he had testimonials from fifty members of Congress, and he published many of them. He claimed, also, that twenty-five American generals had sent him letters of endorsement and he published the entire twenty-five, giving the names and addresses of the individuals to whom they were credited. Hartman declared, too, and published the testimonials to prove it, that "prominent admirals and captains of our Navy recommend Peruna." In addition, he gave special prominence to the testimonials (with pictures of the givers) of an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, of a United States Senator from South Carolina, of a superintendent of public schools at Washington, D. C., of a national chaplain, U. V. U., of an ex-treasurer of the State of Wisconsin, and of a Congressman from Ohio. There should also be recorded the testimonials of five physicians who were described as "prominent," but whose only eminence in the medical field was that gained by their connection with Peruna. There was the usual proportion of testimonials from gentlemen of the cloth: a Kansas City, Mo., pastor who was also State superintendent of the Missouri Christian Endeavor Society, a pastor of the First Spiritual Society of San Francisco, a rabbi of an Albany, N. Y., synagogue, a pastor in Greensborough, Ga., and others.

Paine's Celery Compound compared favorably in alcoholic potency with Peruna. Its manufacture was discontinued a few years ago for the reason, as the makers put it, that "it was impossible to prepare this product without an excessive amount of alcohol." The Celery Compound makers also presented some highly respectable evidence—with names, dates and pictures—for the value of their product in the closing years of the last century. Not the least among their endorsers was Madame Bernhardt. The Divine Sarah was quoted as stating that she was convinced that Paine's Celery Compound was "the most powerful nerve strengthener that can be found." This was backed up by testimonials from an LL.D. of Chicago, who, with his name and picture, was described as that city's "most prominent clergyman": a mayor of Lowell, Mass., who took pleasure in recommending the Paine product; a Congressman from Virginia, who was so much pleased with it that he persuaded his brother to use it; the wife of a United States Senator from Wyoming, who testified to the great benefit she received from its use, and a reverend doctor of divinity, editor of what was described as one of the most influential Methodist newspapers in the South, who expressed the opinion that it was the best nerve tonic that he had ever tried. There could be added to the Paine's Celery Compound testimonial list, also, a United States Senator from North Carolina, whose testimonial was reproduced in facsimile; an endorsement from an Attorney-General of Kansas; a full-page photographic reproduction of the endorsement, dated July 5, 1897, of the Governor of Vermont—the nostrum was a Vermont product—and, to cap the climax, one from the alleged father of the Blue Ribbon movement, who thus strongly endorsed a preparation which contained 20% of alcohol and an insignificant amount of other drugs!

Coming down to more recent times, some may remember the heavy advertising campaign of ten or twelve years ago for a patent medicine rejoicing in the name of Nuxated Iron. This preparation, which the chemists of the American Medical Association reported, contained practically no "nux" and but a negligible amount of iron, was advertised intensively by the testimonial route. First came endorsements of physicians, some of whom were described in the advertisements as noted, well-known specialists, but who on investigation proved to be superannuated advertising quacks. Then there were testimonials by retired generals and judges and the well-remembered ones of the late William E. Mason and of the Silver-Tongued Orator of Minnesota, Charles A. Towne, both former United States Senators. The Nuxated Iron people even published one advertisement in 1921 bearing a picture of Pope Benedict XV, and headed in large, black-faced type: "The Vatican at Rome Recommends Nuxated Iron." Two years previously, during the trans-Atlantic unpleasantness, large advertisements announced "Sarah Bernhardt Sends Nuxated Iron to the French Soldiers to Help Give Them Strength, Power and Endurance."

But the nuxated endorsements that really touched the popular fancy were those from the sporting fraternity. These led off with a signed testimonial from Ty Cobb, whose come-back to the baseball world was ascribed to the renewed life with which Nuxated Iron had filled him. Then came the pugilist series, opened by Jess Willard, who told how Nuxated Iron helped him to whip Frank Moran. When, in the course of events, Jess was knocked out by Jack Dempsey, the world learned, *via* the Nuxated Iron advertisements, that it was this nostrum that put Jack "in such superb condition" and helped him whip Jess. As Dempsey continued his successful career, each victory brought a testimonial from the champion ascribing his success to the marvels of Nuxated Iron: "How Nuxated Iron Helped Me To Whip Carpentier." "How Nuxated Iron Helped Me To Whip Tom Gibbons," and, following the pyrrhic victory over Firpo, "How Nuxated Iron Helped Me Win Four Great Battles." When Mr. Tunney finally retired Mr. Dempsey, one looked in vain for a nuxated testimonial from Gene. The best that could be found was one from the new champion endorsing Nujol as a "regulator" and "external rub-down."

IV

But it is in the field of those crude preparations sold for the alleged cure of consumption, cancer, diabetes, and other conditions equally serious that the testimonial reaches its lowest depths. Yet even here investigation proves that most of the endorsements are documentarily genuine. But as in this realm it becomes possible also to produce documentary evidence of the worthlessness of the endorsements, the study is not without interest.

Investigation of many hundreds of testimonials given for medicinal agents has brought out these facts: Where the endorsements have been given for alleged cures for cancer or consumption, it is necessary only to wait some months and, if the victim actually was suffering from one or the other of these diseases, it is possible to obtain a death certificate that gives the lie to the testimonial. In the case of "cures" for epilepsy, hernia or deafness, one can, usually, by waiting a year or so, get from the writers of the testimonials admissions that they were mistaken in their claim to have been cured.

But in that much larger field of nostrums of the cure-all type—those that are recommended for no specific condition—the attempt to obtain documentary evidence of the worthlessness of testimonials is always futile. The reason is obvious. John Doe feels out of sorts and there are ninety chances out of a hundred that, in a few days, he will be himself again—whether he doctors or not. In the interim John takes some intensively advertised cure-all and

recovers according to schedule. It is never possible to convince Mr. Doe that the medicine he took had no part in his recovery. The sequence of events becomes to him cause and effect.

A few examples of the self-canceling testimonials: Miss Ida S. of Wisconsin fell into the hands of a Michigan consumption-cure quack who published the girl's testimonial and added the claim: "She is now cured." Investigation brought a death certificate showing that the young woman had died of consumption more than a year prior to the time her testimonial was being circulated. Another testimonial for the same remedy was that of Otto B., also of Wisconsin. The death certificate showed that poor Otto had died of tuberculosis two years earlier. Frank W. of Illinois gave a testimonial to the value of the same "cure" and died three months after giving it; his endorsement was still going strong twenty-three months after he was buried.

A California concern that sells "cures" for diabetes and Bright's disease has published many glowing testimonials. Take the case of Edward Z. of Iowa. Mr. Z. took thirty bottles of the diabetic remedy and was willing to have the company refer any one to him; but the death certificate records that Mr. Z. died of diabetes. The case of Mort G. of California was described by the diabetes-cure concern as "a pleasing incident." Mr. G. took about forty bottles of the remedy; he died some months later. Cause of death: "uremic poisoning from diabetes." Daniel McH. of Virginia took the company's remedy for kidney disease and his testimonial was published, and the case recorded by the company as a "nice recovery." Mr. McH.'s death certificate records "interstitial nephritis" as the cause of death.

In the files of the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association there are large numbers of testimonials for remedies for cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, Bright's disease and other conditions; filed with them are the death certificates of the individuals who gave these testimonials!

Sometimes the god of chance gives the public a break in the testimonial game. Take, for example, the testimonial of W. A. M. of Nashua, Iowa, that appeared in the Nashua *Reporter*, gratefully endorsing Doan's Kidney Pills. The pulling power of this advertisement was seriously impaired by the fact that the death notice of Mr. M. appeared in the same issue of the paper. Nostrum vendors who use the local testimonial method of advertising need to keep check on their endorsers.

Mrs. Nettie W. of Glenwood, Iowa, also testified to the virtues of Doan's Pills in an advertisement that appeared in the Glenwood *Opinion*. The Doan people said in introducing it: "It is a story with a point which will come straight home to many of us." As the death notice of Mrs. W. appeared in the same issue as the testimonial, the company was probably right. Almost equally poor publicity for the Doan product was to be found in a locally published testimonial of H. G. F. of Kankakee, Ill. whose testimonial ran in June, although Mr. F. had expired during the previous March. Consider, too, the testimonial of Mrs. Charles B. of Blackwell, Okla., which appeared in a local paper two months after the poor woman had passed on.

V

In closing mention should be made of some of the more upstage examples of the testimonial art: those expressions of opinion that have come from the medical profession itself. One might assume that, because of their special knowledge, physicians should be able to differentiate between mere physiological sequences and those of cause and effect. Theoretically, the assumption is justified; practically, it has been found that the medical profession itself has been by no means free from the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* fallacy.

It is, however, true that the medical profession of today is not addicted to the testimonial habit to anything like the degree found some twenty years ago. This state-

ment is made with a knowledge of the fact that, within the past year, eighteen thousand physicians are alleged to have testified that the "toasting process" to which a certain brand of cigarettes are allegedly submitted, is likely to free these cigarettes from throat-irritating properties. Of course not one physician in a thousand is competent to express such an opinion, but a questionnaire, accompanied by the persuasive power of a free gift of a carton of a hundred cigarettes, seems to have brought a lush response from an easy-going and tolerant profession—a record that does not redound to its credit.

During the period 1907 to 1911, the American Medical Association indexed and tabulated more than ten thousand American physicians whose names had appeared in one form or another in the praise of some proprietary medicine. Probably 98% of these medicinal preparations were wholly without scientific value. The bulk of the testimonials of this period and kind occurred in the form of so-called original articles and were published in those commercialized and nostrum-subsidized medical journals that constituted the major part—in numbers—of contemporary medical literature from the mauve decade until about 1915. Tens of thousands of articles written by medical men who detailed their experiences with proprietary medicines (of whose very composition the writers were, in the main, ignorant) filled those low-grade medical journals, whose commercial existence depended on the advertisements of these same proprietaries. It is no exaggeration to say that the science of therapeutics was set back a quarter of a century by the flood of unscientific nostrums, sold nominally for prescription purposes, that were fostered or made possible by the "original article" testimonial.

It was natural under such conditions that many physicians were not too squeamish to furnish written testimonials direct to the exploiters of the same nostrums that were the subject of the articles just referred to. A study of the advertising "literature" of proprietary medicine manufacturers of that period discloses the names of many men who later achieved a reputation in their profession of more than local scope.

Consider, for a moment, the case of Buffalo Lithia Water. While not a medicine in the usually accepted sense of the term, this product was for years recommended as a therapeutic agent and was widely used as such by the medical profession. Its popularity with the profession rested on two fallacies. The first was the theory evolved many years ago and engagingly exploited by Alexander Haig, that most diseases are due to excess of uric acid in the body; the second was that lithium salts would dissolve such excess uric acid. Here was a good working formula for the exploitation of a product supposed to contain lithium salts; here, too, was a widely advertised potable water, excellent in itself, which was said to be a lithia water. *Q. E. D.*

If it were true that uric acid causes a large number of diseases, and *if* it were true that lithium salts dissolve uric acid in the system, then Buffalo Lithia Water would seem to be a veritable elixir of life—*if* it contained lithium. Unfortunately for the postulates, uric acid excess does *not* cause most disease, nor will lithium salts exercise any notable solvent power on uric acid in the body. Still more unfortunately, when the hard-boiled chemists of the Department of Agriculture at Washington began to analyze Buffalo Lithia Water, they discovered that, for all practical purposes, the water contained no lithium! At any rate, they reported that Potomac river water contained five times as much lithium as does Buffalo Lithia Water! As a result, the exploiters of this water had to drop the word Lithia from the title; but that is another story. The point to be made here is the fact that the exploiters of the water had a most respectable list of testimonials from men of more than ordinary standing in the medical profession. Take, for instance, the statement, credited to a former professor of clinical medicine of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, and an

ex-vice-president of the American Medical Association.

> It [Buffalo Lithia Water] is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one.

And the opinion of a former professor in the Medical College of Virginia, who was also an ex-president of the medical society of that State:

> When lithia is indicated, I prescribe Buffalo Lithia Water in preference to the salts of lithia, because it is therapeutically superior to laboratory preparations of lithia.

It was a former Surgeon-General of the United States Army who wrote:

> I have tried carbonate of lithia dissolved in water in various proportions; but it certainly does not have the same effect as Buffalo Lithia Water.

A member of the Faculty of Medicine at Paris testified:

> In the class of cases in which lithia, soda and potash are regarded as most specially indicated, I have obtained far better results from the Buffalo Lithia Waters than from any of the preparations of the lithium salts of the Pharmacopeia.

While a former physician-in-ordinary to the Pope and a member of the Academy of Rome deposed:

> Buffalo Lithia Water . . . by its richness of composition of lithia, is of marvelous efficacy, in cases of gout, of chronic, articular, and muscular rheumatism . . .

And these are but a few of many, many testimonials given by physicians of unquestioned honesty and standing for Buffalo Lithia Water. One wonders whether these same physicians would have given these testimonials had they known that, in order to get a single therapeutic dose of lithium, it would have been necessary for their patients to drink 200,000 gallons of Buffalo Lithia Water!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Radio

FLOGGING THE ETHER

By Genevieve Cain

Last Autumn, in the midst of the Presidential campaign, a low moan came from one of the principals in the show. It was the cry of a man who knew enough was enough. Governor Smith, traveling hither and yon in his million dollar train, bewailed the necessity of concocting new speeches for audiences that already knew what he had to say backward and forward. The national hook-up had brought his voice into the loud speakers and ear-phones of every home in the country. His radio audience could call the turn on the power problem, Prohibition, international relations, the Ku Klux, labor, finance, religion or anything else he had so much as whispered into the microphone. In the end, the urbane Governor, more versatile than most political speakers, resorted to kidding the mike, taking the yokels, crystal sets and all, into his lap and telling them ingratiatingly what a tough job he had on his hands.

If Presidential candidates, whose oratory blooms but once in four years, thus find it difficult to be original and entertaining over the radio, what must be the task of those whose business it is to do it nightly? Pity them, indeed, for their labor is unceasing and there is none to guide them. They have undertaken to feed this million-armed cuttlefish known as the radio audience, and no matter how sickening yesterday's dish was, it always yells for more—better, if possible, but principally more.

One of the chief obstacles in the path of keeping the monster satisfactorily nourished is the lack of any accurate gauge on what is good and bad in radio programmes. A theatrical producer, dealing in the same intangibles, tries his show on the dog first. He can both see and hear his audience, and if a scene fails to come off as it should, it is not too late to doctor it into shape, even amputate it, if necessary. At the end of one or two weeks of tinkering, the producer can predict with fair exactness the success or failure of the production he is bringing in. And if his optimism runs away with him, there is the box-office to bring him back to reality.

A radio programme, on the other hand, is shot like an arrow into the sky, and only God and the fan mail can tell where it lands; or, when landed, if it pleased. But the fan mail, instead of clarifying the issue, merely befogs it. As it is the only check the station has on its reception, it was early discovered that leaving the matter to chance was too precarious. A bundle of fan mail handed to the advertiser each week impresses him no end. It is tangible evidence that he is being listened to, that his programme is going across. At first, radio stations meekly asked their audiences to mail in their remarks, if any, and their requests for the next programme. The yield on such suggestions was very slim. Radio listeners, knowing that the next programme would come on the air without help from them, merely yawned and went to bed. The stations then became crafty. They would have their fan mail *volens nolens*. So they baited the hook. Now almost every programme that goes out on a national hook-up has some titbit offered to anyone taking the trouble to mail in his name and address. Sometimes it is a glossy photograph of the soloist, sometimes a sample of the advertiser's wares, sometimes no more than a copy of the funny story featured during the programme. But this practice turned the trick. The fan mail

now rolls in by the thousands of letters, all of them beginning this way: "We always enjoy your programme and never fail to tune it in. Please send me ——"

This satisfies the advertiser, but it is not much help in setting a criterion for programmes. It has, in fact, nothing whatsoever to do with criticism, for a weather forecast, if properly baited, would bring in the same quantity of mail as a half-hour of what, for lack of a better name, we call music.

How, then, is the programme manager to be guided? What do the people want? Jazz? Classics? Amusement? Plays? Dr. Damrosch, the National Broadcasting Company assenting, claims that the American people are improving their taste in music, that there is quite as much demand for classical music as for jazz. Mr. Graham McNamee cites as an example of this improvement, the popularity of the composition "Tschaikowskiana." These gentlemen may be right, but, personally, I doubt it. I have handled a good bit of fan mail, and I have yet to run across any demand for even so well known a composition as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. On the other hand, I have seen innumerable requests for "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," "Sonny Boy," "You're the Cream in My Coffee," "Sweethearts on Parade," "I Faw Down and Go Boom," "There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," "Doin' the Raccoon," and "I'm Just Wild About Automobile Horns." This list could be stretched to include at least fifteen current songs, but while I am writing, it is changing. By the time this gets into print all the songs I have mentioned, with the possible exception of "Sonny Boy," will be out and a new crop will have succeeded them. For the radio audience, so greedy in its demands, runs songs into the ground faster than you can bury them. No sooner is a hit registered than it must be played on every programme, morning, noon and night.

A programme manager, faced with the problem of arranging anywhere from eight to twenty programmes a day, must find variety somewhere. His only recourse is to draw from the field of classical and semi-classical music. And you will find, if you listen to the radio often, that most of the borrowing is done from the semi-classics. It is true that Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, Händel, Debussy and even, occasionally, Bach, do find their way into the microphone. But they are put there by the programme manager under the desperate necessity of broadcasting something that isn't an exact duplicate of yesterday's programme. It is this necessity, I suppose, that gives rise to the hopeful attitude toward the taste of the American people.

The semi-classical field is ploughed even more thoroughly, and for the same reason. There are times in the day, notably dinner time, when jazz does not take. Even a jazz-hound cannot stand that noise while he eats. The dinner concert has revived many composers of an earlier period and those whose compositions belong in the limbo 'twixt the popular and the classical. Victor Herbert has been refurbished until he looks almost new. The Friml's, von Suppes and Lehars are welcomed with open arms, for their melodies blend with the gastric juices. Ethelbert Nevin is a dinner favorite, too, as well as Johann Strauss.

In addition, there are occasions when popular music is not considered seemly. Sunday, at least in the rural sections, is still thought of as God's day. It is on this day that most broadcasting stations make a pious gesture toward high-minded music —for a few hours anyway. But some of them are wondering whether popular enthusiasm wouldn't offset the backfire from churchgoers if they were to put a red-hot jazz band on the air around seven Sunday evening, to mingle its broken rhythms with the strains of the church bells. There are, too, many special programmes, music for which can be had only from ranking composers. Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" is a godsend to anyone putting on a programme for "little listeners." Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving music brings

in a host of classical composers, for the modern boys do not write their stuff for just one holiday.

As long as radio stations stuck to music, the coasting was comparatively clear. All that was necessary was to bear in mind the day of the week and the hour of the day and outline the schedule accordingly. But some time ago someone put an ear to the ground and heard a disgruntled murmur coming through the corn stalks. The radio, it seems, is not just a means of acquainting Main Street with the latest songs along Broadway; it is the rural theatre and Chautauqua rolled into one. Entertainment was found to bulk much larger in provincial esteem than either Beethoven or Irving Berlin. Through the static came a distinct appeal for something different, something real and, best of all, something funny. The radio, always willing to please, has undertaken to supply this demand.

The first step was to engage stars whose brilliance had already been seen on the vaudeville and musical comedy stage. They have come in great numbers to the microphone and there are yet many more in the offing who have signified their willingness to serve in the noble cause. But they have brought along with them the same embarrassment that Governor Smith discovered on his speech-making tour. An act, or a speech, is good for one broadcast—and only one. The next week's programme must be something entirely new. There can be no repeaters on a national hook-up. Ordinarily, a good vaudeville act may run for a year or more with only slight changes in lines, to fit them to the locale of the towns played, and occasional renovations in music. True, a team such as Gallagher and Shean eventually wears out its audience, but had this pair played for the radio instead of vaudeville, its life would have been measured, not in years, but in weeks. This swift mortality has the vaudevillians run ragged. The number of vaudeville acts which are funny in themselves, when stripped of the slap-stick that goes with them, is very few, and when these few are circumscribed to three or four broadcasts, the talent runs appallingly thin. It is small wonder that the gags grow wheezier, the descriptions longer and the music less incidental.

Add to this the chilling atmosphere of the studio, and you have some conception of the exhausting and dreary task before the radio entertainer. No warming burst of applause greets his entrance, no spot light turns on him when he issues from the wings, no giggles tell him his audience is waiting for his antics. Instead, he faces a crowd of station musicians, fidgety under the restriction of silence, to whom he is only a feature, a fifteen minute blurb on an hour's programme. And sometimes he is robbed even of this comfort, for he may have to strut his stuff in a smaller studio all by himself.

In addition, there is the frigidity that awaits him at the other end. The radio audience is not assembled in one theatre, where one gusty haw-haw will start an avalanche of laughter. It is segregated into small, inhospitable units, as inimicable to spontaneous merriment as a stage hand. This shortcoming the managers have tried in some measure to rectify. In order that no potential laugh may escape for lack of companionship, the stations have furnished ready-made studio audiences, and every wheeze, whether good or bad, has an accompaniment of laughter and applause, supplied by wooden-faced claques. But in spite of these aids, there is still a gap between performer and audience which gives such programmes an air of artificiality.

Out of necessity the radio stations have originated a type of programme which is a sort of serial-short-story, less peppy, perhaps, than the vaudeville act, but more durable. Interest is focused on two or three main characters, with enough thread of story running from week to week for the feeble intelligence of the radio audience to follow. There is no strain on the memory, for the announcer explains everything copiously. This type of programme is also a

great boon to the boys who sell the advertising, which in turn pays for the electricity. Does the advertiser's product come from the South? Then a plantation scene will be just the thing, with a mammy, a colonel and all the retainers popularly supposed to have been a part of the old plantations. Does it come from the West? On come the cowboys, with Western drawls, spurs aclank, and pistols loaded with blank cartridges. And, of course, the music can be fitted to the scenery.

On these programmes the talking that fills up the chinks between the musical selections is called, in studio parlance, continuity. Roughly speaking, anything that is spoken during a programme which is not a straight advertising announcement comes under the head of continuity. But this must not be confused with the stunts of the vaudeville stars, for they are paid to do one act, which need not have any connection with what precedes or follows it. On the continuity programme, however, the whole period of the broadcast is devoted to creating a make-believe atmosphere, and music and dialogue are conditioned to this environment.

The deficiencies of the radio in casting a spell upon its audience which will be credible even for a moment are apparent. The movies, when they used to be silent, suffered under the same one-dimensional disadvantage, but at least they had their audience in a dark theatre. The radio's handicap is heavier. Voices over the radio are not easily distinguishable, scenes cannot be visualized, and their listeners are subject to innumerable distractions. Nevertheless, the number of such programmes is on the increase, and it has got so that one cannot tune in any station without having an announcer engage one's attention something like this: "Tonight the So-and-So boys, who entertain you every Tuesday night, will present their programme from a gondola as it plies its stealthy way along the canals of Venice [Fade in "Venetian Love Song"]. . . . Night has fallen on the Grand canal. . . . And as our gondola glides noiselessly over the rippling water, we see the beautiful square of St. Mark's bathed in moonlight. . . . On our right rises the majestic outline of the campanile. . . . The boys are serenading us with their banjos. . . . Let us join them."

These descriptive bonbons might be endured if, after joining the boys, we were refreshed with something novel which would warrant such an introduction. But more often than not, the reward for our patience is simply a lot of jabbering between studio actors under the impression that they are creating verisimilitude. The sound effects which are used to support this fiction can be managed quite nicely, even to the splash of the rippling water and the scuffle of feet, but the actual text, the talking lines, remains pretty bleary. What is obviously needed is bright, amusing dialogue; what is generally heard is windy chatter, with jokes whose joke-book origin is plainly traceable sprinkled through it, like raisins in a pudding.

All this struggling and straining after effects seems rather silly. It is like watching a pitcher tie himself into knots to throw a spitball over the plate. It seems doubly silly when it is contrasted with the radio's capacity to achieve its own effects when there is something afoot worthy of its steam. In certain fields it has the jump on the newspapers in that it gets to its audience while the actual event is going on. To read a political speech the next day, for instance, is pretty tough sledding, but to hear the same speech via the radio, along with the boos and cheers of the mob, is exciting. Baseball and football games, prize fights, and even an occasional inauguration, furnish the radio with something vivid and real to broadcast. But these events, except for prize fights, do not commonly take place between the hours of seven and eleven at night, when the radio audience is numerically greatest. It is therefore up to the radio stations to find some sort of substitute for the real article. That their efforts are frequently ridiculous may not be entirely their own fault.

Surgery

SKIN-GRAFTING

By Harold E. Hullsiek

It is a curious fact that while the practice of skin-grafting is centuries old it was until comparatively recently confined almost exclusively to the rebuilding of noses. There must have been some subtle influence at work among the ancients which awoke in their surgeons a restless striving toward bigger and better noses, for the older works on chirurgery were never considered complete unless they contained descriptions of one or more operations for rhinoplasty. The question as to why there was so much interest in the cosmetics of the olfactory organ leads to speculation. Obviously a disease must exist before its cure is devised, and not only that, but it must also be fairly common and more or less of a nuisance. So there must have been a dearth of noses in the past to stimulate the development of the really excellent procedures that were perfected for replacing them, and which have been scarcely improved upon since. The only plausible explanation is that, in addition to the destruction of the nose bones by certain diseases which we know were more virulent then than now, there existed a widespread custom of slicing off the noses of captives, enemies, and even friendly rivals.

An expert knowledge of the art of transplanting skin existed among the early Hindus, and their procedure has come down to us as the Indian operation. By this method a triangular flap of skin, with the base upward, is raised from the forehead, with the apex of the triangle, immediately above the nose, remaining attached to supply the circulation necessary to keep it in good condition. The flap is then revolved on its pedicle in such a manner that the base, which originally was high up the forehead, comes down to form the new nostrils, and the sides of the flap to form the sides of the new nose, which is then fastened securely in place. The ancients used a cement upon which the success of the operation was deemed to depend, and dressed the wound with ghee, or melted butter. The wound on the forehead occasioned by removing the flap was allowed to heal by itself, which it usually did with but little disfiguration. Here were all the principles involved in the modern pedicle graft, and centuries before anyone dreamed of aseptic surgery.

The early Italian method illustrates another of the modern principles, that of the delayed flap. Named for the Italian, Tagiocozzi, and first reported in 1597, this operation utilizes a flap of skin from the arm. An area of the correct size and shape to form the new nose is marked out on the inside surface of the arm and incised along its two longitudinal margins. It is then undercut and raised from its bed, and a piece of oiled linen is inserted beneath it to prevent its healing back in place. It is allowed to remain thus for several days to become habituated to its limited blood supply. After a sufficient lapse of time one end of the strip is cut free, the arm is raised to position with the hand at the back of the head and the forearm in front of the face, and the recently freed end of the flap is sewed into place above the bridge of the nose. The hand and arm are bound firmly in place, to remain stationary until the flap has united firmly to the forehead, when the end still attached to the arm is freed and sutured into position to form the tip of the new nose and the nostrils. In the delayed flap there is little danger of the new skin sloughing away because of a too sudden and complete withdrawal of its blood supply, as may occur in the other types of graft.

The Indian method became known in Europe about 1800 and lent an impetus to the study of skin-grafting which continued throughout the Nineteenth Century and resulted in many advancements in the art. Reverdin, in 1869, hastened the healing of wounds denuded of skin by an en-

tirely new method, and one which created at the time a vast amount of discussion. With the point of a needle he raised tiny tents of healthy skin on sound surfaces, and with a very sharp knife sliced off the apex of each tent, and transplanted it to the surface he wished to cover. Here the tiny islands of skin were held in their new position by means of a pressure bandage until they had firmly attached themselves, after which, as Reverdin noted, they usually showed evidences of growth and extension along their margins. After a certain time, depending on the amount of space left bare between the fragments, they coalesced and the wound was covered. Skin covers a wound only by growth at its margin, so the Reverdin operation hastened the healing by tremendously increasing the total proliferating margin. This type of graft is still known as the Reverdin. It is one of the few types that may flourish in the presence of an infection, and this is one of the reasons for its popularity.

A few years later Thiersch made still another departure, when he showed wounds healed by shaving large strips of very thin skin from the thigh and placing them immediately on the area he wished to close. At almost the same time Wolfe of Glasgow used whole thickness skin in the repair of a defect of the cheek and lower eyelid, marking another step forward. Soon after this came the era of antiseptic and then aseptic surgery, with its accompanying refinements.

Plastic surgery today requires not only a comprehensive knowledge of general surgical principles, but in addition a tremendous fund of specialized knowledge, and considerable mechanical and artistic ingenuity. Often a problem means months of painstaking labor, with discouraging setbacks and failures, a long series of operative attacks, and ultimately a result of which even a grateful patient is but indifferently appreciative. Plastic surgery probably will never reach the stage where it can be regularly and successfully utilized to beautify the human body to any great degree. The best that can be hoped for is that it may make life livable for those unfortunates who by accident or disease are hideously maimed, either cosmetically or functionally. A burned child whose chin is drawn down and pinioned to its chest by horrible scars; an explosion victim whose mouth has lost all semblance to that of a human being's, and whose eyelids turn outward and remain always open; a baby with a deep cleft in its upper jaw and nose, condemning it to a life of misery; a skull entirely devoid of its scalp, torn away by whirling machines—these are the horrors which justify the existence of such an art.

Often, when the newspapers report a child badly burned by accident, with a great loss of skin, they add a tale of heroism among the victim's family and friends, with the names of playmates who have offered to sacrifice skin for the sufferer, estimates of the number of square inches needed, and other harrowing details. Usually several playmates are selected (by the paper). Soon afterward the patient gives promise of complete recovery, the whole thing ceases to be news, and we hear no more of it. Unfortunately, such thrilling tales of self-sacrifice are almost invariably untrue.

An autograft, using skin from some other part of the individual to be grafted, is, under ordinarily favorable conditions, almost universally successful. An isograft, using skin from an indiscriminately selected other person, is almost as equally certain of failure. A graft removed from another person may heal and appear to thrive for a time, but just at the time when one thinks all danger of breaking down is past, it suddenly and for no accountable reason begins to melt. Eventually the entire grafted area dissolves and comes away, leaving the original wound as bare as before grafting. An autograft, once it has healed, or taken, as it is called, becomes a part of the area on which it is planted, and usually adapts itself very well to the activities peculiar to its new location.

To give the greatest possible chance for success, a graft should be obtained from a healthy area on the person to be grafted. Usually the thigh is chosen, since in this region the skin is pliable and easily removed, there are large areas available, and up until the last few years at least, the scars remained concealed. If a pedicle or delayed graft is to be used, a part is chosen that is conveniently situated with regard to the part requiring the skin. The so-called small deep grafts of today are a modification of the Reverdin graft in that they include the full thickness of the skin, whereas the former took only the surface layers. They may be used to cover large or small areas, and are used where a flexible, mobile surface is not absolutely essential. These small grafts are about a quarter of an inch in diameter and are laid on the granulating surface in rows a quarter of an inch apart. They may be used by the dozens or even hundreds, and are perhaps the most uniformly successful of all grafts in the ease with which they take. After being placed on the wound surface they are either sprayed with melted paraffin, or covered with silver foil, adhesive tape, moss or some other form of dressing to hold them firmly in place. In a remarkably short time they begin to produce epithelial cells at their edges and presently widen out to cover the spaces originally left between them.

The Thiersch or Ollier-Thiersch graft is a thin ribbon or sheet of skin of varying size, sometimes several inches long and one to two inches wide. This is shaved or sliced with a razor-sharp blade, usually from the thigh, and placed carefully on the wound. In this type of graft the entire area is covered; no open spaces remain, as in the Reverdin or small deep grafts. These Thiersch grafts do not furnish the best type of new skin for parts exposed to injury or motion, since the resulting healed surface is less pliable and hence more easily broken down than normal skin.

The full-thickness, or Krause-Wolfe graft includes, as its name implies, all the layers of the skin down to the subcutaneous tissue, and necessitates some means of closure of the defect from which the graft itself was lifted. (The site of removal of a small deep, or Thiersch graft heals spontaneously in a very short time and occasions little discomfort, either at the time of removal or afterward.) A full-thickness graft may be transferred in its entirety from its original to its new position in one operation, or in two or three stages. If a wound is to be covered in a single operation, its size is carefully measured and marked out on the site from which the skin is to be had. Allowance must be made for shrinkage, for healthy skin contracts about two-thirds of its original size immediately after being freed from its underlying tissue, and since it must not be under tension in its new bed, it must be cut larger than the grafted wound. The most scrupulous care must be taken in the avoidance of infection, which, if it occurs, is fatal to the graft. The graft, having been freed, is fitted into its new. location, where it is carefully sutured in place, and maintained in perfect apposition with its bed by means of pressure dressings.

When a graft is first laid in place it receives its nourishment for some time only through the exchange of lymph between the wound surface and the under surface of the graft. Somewhat later new blood vessels form and establish the permanent circulation. If the area to be grafted is large and there is a possibility of the graft not receiving sufficient nourishment to keep it alive, a pedicle flap, already described, is used. A pedicle flap may be raised from the chest to cover a defect on the back of a hand, or it may be transplanted from one leg to another. The possibilities are many, and depend on the requirements of each particular case and the ingenuity of the operator. In covering defects on the back of the hand a flap may be raised up from the chest or abdomen and the hand inserted beneath it, to remain until healing has taken place, when it is freed.

An ingenious sort of pedicle graft is used to remedy large defects in the neck and face, using skin from the back and entailing several separate operations. First, two parallel incisions are made, running up and down one side of the back near the shoulder. These may be two inches apart and nine inches long. The skin between the incisions is undercut, the ribbon of skin is raised, and the resulting defect underneath is closed by drawing together and suturing the edges. The under edges of the strip itself are now joined together with sutures, and after healing has taken place we have a tube of skin fastened at either end, in appearance much like the handle of a satchel. After healing is firm and the blood supply is reëstablished in accordance with the new conditions, the lower end is freed, bringing with it an area of suitable size cut from around the point of attachment. Because of the length and flexibility of the tubular pedicle, which permits its being rotated around to any position, the flap of skin on the now detached end may be transplanted at a distance of several inches, always sustained by a rich blood supply through the stalk. After it has been in position sufficient time to permit it to heal firmly, the other end of the pedicle is detached and brought around to where it may also be utilized to cover a part of the denuded area.

Such a whole thickness graft furnishes durable, healthy, and pliable skin, with sufficient wearing qualities to make grafts practical even on the sole of the foot or the palm of the hand.

Law

THE CONFLICT OF DIVORCE LAWS

By Anthony M. Turano

When one glances at the divorce laws of the United States, the Federal Union appears like a grotesque Tower of Babel of forty-eight dissimilar stories, with sternly robed magistrates jutting their wigged heads out of the judicial windows, and attempting to address each other in strange and mutually unintelligible tongues.

It is true, to be sure, that a certain amount of resemblance exists between the statutes of the Western and mid-Western States, and that in most of those States an absolute divorce may be obtained upon grounds more or less liberal, generally including adultery, desertion, and mental cruelty. But even among them there is nothing approaching real uniformity, for, although the enumerated grounds for divorce may be somewhat alike, there is often a wide variance in the character of proof or corroboration required to establish a case. Some of them, furthermore, impose limitations in the matter of divorce; however, others prescribe an interlocutory decree which becomes absolute only after the lapse of a certain period.

The most frequent inter-State complications in the matter of divorce, however, are caused by the archaic statutory provisions of seven or eight of the Southern and Eastern States. The State of Maryland, for instance, does not recognize cruelty, physical or mental, as a cause for absolute divorce. North Carolina considers failure to provide, cruelty and drunkenness, even if joined together, insufficient reasons to sever the bonds. Georgia requires the verdict of two successive juries, at different terms of court, before it will grant an absolute divorce, even for adultery. Virginia recognizes cruelty, but a divorce is granted only after three years of previously ordered legal separation. New York recognizes only an unmistakable violation of the Seventh Commandment, and insists that even that, in order to entitle the innocent spouse to absolute freedom, must be committed in the presence of two credible and respectable spectators! That the decrees obtained in New York are largely the result of connivance and collusion, involving even the fabrication of evidence, is gen-

erally known. Adultery is also the only ground for total divorce in the District of Columbia, where the guilty spouse is not accorded the privilege of remarrying anyone except the former mate. But such offenders, of course, usually remarry in other States. In South Carolina no absolute divorce may be obtained, even for adultery.

The natural consequence of these antiquated and antagonistic laws has been to cause many of the matrimonially unfortunate inhabitants of the States mentioned to seek the benefit of the laws of the more liberal States. This can be done, as is well known, by complying with the residential requirements of the chosen State. But the prescribed period of residence is also variable, ranging from two years in some of the Eastern States, and one year in most of the Western States, to six months in Arizona and only three months in Nevada.

It is hardly necessary to devote any space to decrees obtained through actual fraud, or based upon a purely fictitious residence. The connivances practiced against the New York courts I have already mentioned. It is also well known that about four years ago many divorces were obtained by residents of Washington, D. C., in Alexandria, Va., upon false or fabricated evidence of residence. Considerable publicity was also given, about the same time, to similar frauds perpetrated upon the courts of Connecticut. Such fraudulent judgments, of course, may be dismissed as absolutely void everywhere.

The real question is, What is the legal value of a decree of divorce based upon an actual but insincere residence, established in another State for the sole purpose of securing relief? As a matter of abstract law, such decrees are voidable, if not void, in every State. That they are often declared invalid by the courts of the home State of the parties is well known. If, elsewhere, they are often accepted, that is only because the legal machinery of the States will seldom move except at the instance of persons interested. This is true despite the fiction whereby the State is considered a third party in the matrimonial affairs of all its citizens. The policy of non-intervention is to be ascribed, at least to some extent, to a salutary attitude of *laissez faire*, which causes the courts to refrain from stirring up any legal or moral hornet's nest if they can escape it. But it is also due to a clause in the Federal Constitution (Art. IV, Section 1.), under which all the States, for the sake of comity, are required to give "full faith and credit" to the judgments and decrees of the courts of other States.

But this constitutional provision has no application whatever to cases involving either insincere residence or any other form of fraud or collusion, and much less to cases in which both parties were not legally in court. The tribunal hearing a case must have jurisdiction, and no legal jurisdiction can be based upon any temporary sojourn, established for the sole purpose of securing a divorce, and without a *bona fide* intention to abandon the former home permanently. Every State has the exclusive right to fix the civil status of its own citizens; and no outside court can assume such a function, unless there is a true and *bona fide* residence in the outside State. That such decrees usually endure, therefore, cannot be attributed to any intrinsic legal validity, but rather to the failure of the defendants, or other interested parties, to bring them into question. The possessors of such divorces carry a very ambiguous civil status and occupy a precarious legal position, not only as to the legality of their subsequent remarriages, but also as to the legitimacy of the children born of such later marriages.

Such judgments, particularly if obtained upon a default of the defendant after being summoned into the outside court, or after service by publication, may not only be attacked by the defendant himself, but may become a subject of dispute on the question of inheritance between the children of the first marriage and the issue of the second. This is particularly true when

the parent has left no will. For it is easy to perceive that it is to the interest of the first heirs, when property is involved, to have the divorce declared void, and the second marriage bigamous. The children of the second marriage, being illegitimate, will then not inherit from the parents to the fullest extent, if at all.

The success of litigation to set aside a divorce, either by a defendant spouse or by other persons having a pecuniary interest in the outcome, depends, of course, upon the proof adduced to establish the fraud or the absence of *bona fide* residence. It can be stated generally, however, that whenever an interested person has moved to set such a decree aside, and has succeeded in proving either fraud or insincerity in the matter of jurisdiction, such decrees have been almost invariably set aside in every State in the Union.

The "full faith and credit" clause, furthermore, does not apply to all cases, even aside from the question of *bona fide* residence. The decision of the United States Supreme Court in Haddock vs. Haddock (1905) created a new legal fiction known as the "matrimonial domicile," and held that no State is bound to take as conclusive a decree of divorce granted to one of its citizens by a court of another State if the other party to the action was not represented in court, or was not personally served with notice within the State where the action was tried. Hence there is no duty on the part of any State to recognize a decree granted to one of its citizens by default, even after notice served in the home State of the parties.

Although most States have pursued a policy of comity regardless of the Haddock case, a certain number of them have strictly applied its limitations. Among them are New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Thus if a citizen of any of these States sues for divorce in California, Florida, Nevada or any other State, and the defendant fails to defend, after being served with notice in the home State, the decree obtained can be immediately attacked and set aside by the defendant spouse. If there has been a subsequent marriage of the plaintiff after his return to his home State, he is subject to a criminal charge of bigamy, and all children born of such a marriage would consequently be illegitimate. Criminal liability, of course, may be avoided by remarriage in another State. But not so the bastardy of the children of the subsequent marriage, if living in the home State. In short, the civil status of such an individual and his standing under the criminal laws will depend upon the legal attitude of the State in which he chooses to live after his divorce.

But in cases where the defendant has appeared in the action, either personally or by attorney, all States, including the five mentioned, will generally refuse to disturb such decrees. This is on the theory that the defendant cannot be heard after he has had "his day in court," and failed then to object. But according to the doctrine of collusion the parties cannot by agreement between themselves confer jurisdiction upon the court where there is no true domicile. As a matter of abstract law, therefore, such decrees cannot be deemed the less invalid, even if the courts may refuse to declare them so. The opinion in the case of the People vs. Dawell (Michigan), which is frequently followed, contains some excellent legal reasoning to the effect that, in the absence of *bona fide* residence, such decrees are void, even if both parties were in court.

What has been said concerning judgments of divorce obtained anywhere outside the home State applies with particular force to marriages dissolved in Reno. Since the State of Nevada has made a special bid for matrimonial litigation from the outside, by reducing its residential requirement from six months to three months, the fifteen hundred decrees obtained annually by outsiders will be regarded elsewhere with an unusual amount of suspicion whenever they are legally questioned.

The Yucatan divorce is so obviously col-

lusive and fraudulent that it is hardly necessary here to add a voice of disapproval to the universal judicial opinion already expressed against it. The Paris divorce stands in no better position. England refuses to pay any attention to it; and in America, the fundamental law concerning fraudulent judgments and decrees obtained through the connivance of the parties will not fail to apply. The French courts, administering the Roman or Civil Law, insist that both parties appear before a tribunal before a decree is granted. The jurisdictional doctrine of the Haddock case is thereby complied with. The "matrimonial domicile" is before the court; and neither party can attack a decree, American or Parisian, when both were represented in court. But let it not be forgotten that, according to the Common Law, the parties must not be collusively in court to take advantage of the theoretical third party, however desirable this may be for reasons of jurisdiction. Therefore such decrees, it may be presumed, will be regarded with extreme distrust by the courts of all the States, and with even more suspicion than is directed toward the Nevada decrees. For Nevada, after all, does require a residence, however short; and the decisions of its courts are reached through the same rigmarole employed in the tribunals of other States; and there is, furthermore, as we have seen, a full faith and credit clause in the Constitution. Thus an attack on a Paris decree by heirs or other persons interested is likely to prove very interesting. Under the reasoning of the Dawell case, above mentioned, as well as other important decisions, it will probably turn out to be worthless if challenged by persons interested. For, since no sister State can fix the civil status of a person domiciled in another State, it is hard to conceive how a foreign nation can legally do so.

It is to be concluded from the foregoing that many divorced persons in the United States live in glass houses, which will stand only so long as no one attempts to demolish them with legal pellets. One of the remedies proposed for this judicial imbroglio is a uniform divorce law; but no progress has been made toward it because of the difficulty in deciding whether such a law should be uniform with the amusing statute of New York, or identical with the relatively civilized laws of Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, and the other Western States. Meanwhile, if the Eastern and Southern States were to humanize their divorce statutes a very perceptible improvement would result.

TIME OFF

BY JOHN B. HAWES, 2ND

SHORTLY before the end of the last Christmas vacation, a young man, a freshman at one of the New England colleges, was brought in by his parents for me to examine because they or the family physician feared he had tuberculosis. Although he was a big, husky lad who weighed over 180 pounds, he certainly looked pale and tired. After I had assured them that there was nothing wrong with him except that he was tired out, I asked him if he was going out for the track team on his return. "Yes," said he, "as soon as *I get rested up from my Christmas vacation!*"

What a delightful and yet what a much abused thing is a vacation! I once asked Dr. Richard C. Cabot how much time off he took in the Summer. His reply was, "Why take any at all? There's nobody around. A splendid time for work." I imagine that since he wrote "What Men Live By" he has changed his ideas somewhat as to this. It is certainly true that I, as well as every other physician, am constantly seeing patients whose only ailment is "tired out" and for whom the only prescription is a vacation. I firmly believe that the whole subject of time off and how we spend it is one to which not nearly enough care and study is given.

The custom of taking vacations is an ancient and honorable one. That Sunday should be a day of rest in the true meaning of the word, although nowadays not so much one of prayer, is based on sound physiological principles. We all know that we can do more and better work in eleven months than we can in twelve. The higher grade the concern, the more thought it gives to the subject of vacations and the longer vacations it gives its employés. Such firms do not do this for humanitarian reasons but because they know that with proper periods of rest and vacation there will be increased efficiency and thereby increased output. I know of one large plant, for instance, which not only allows but requires its managers, foremen and other employés holding positions of responsibility to take one month's vacation every year. The head of another firm recently told me that he allowed his employés not only three weeks off in Summer but also one week in Winter. All this is done because it means increased health and happiness and therefore increased efficiency.

But the average individual and the average family do not give much study to this subject of the when, where and how of vacations. Our colleges and technical schools are preparing our children for life's work. Why not teach them something at least concerning the need of rest and the value of play instead of over-emphasizing scholastic attainments, the need of exercise, and organized athletics? We spend approximately one-third of our lives sleeping, to do which we need little or no instruction; one-third working, which we spend years of time and vast amounts of money to learn how to do; and one-third eating, resting and playing. Why should we not receive more expert advice as to rest and play? Courses on such a subject would meet a popular demand and would be well attended, I am sure. But at present, the subject is scarcely touched upon.

In every well-run public school in the large cities, there are rest periods and outdoor classes and fresh-air rooms for poorly

nourished, underweight and debilitated children. These sickly children are taught the value of rest and the need of periods of mental and physical relaxation along with those of hard work. Rest is the foundation stone upon which the entire modern treatment, not only of tuberculosis but of heart disease, nervous conditions and countless other disorders, is based. If instruction in regard to this is thought wise and necessary for sick children and sick adults, why does not the same rule apply to us normal individuals in order to keep us healthy and to promote our efficiency?

Of course, in all this, I am not referring to that very small percentage of the population who from earliest youth have been able to take as much time off as they choose and whose tendency is to work too little rather than too much, but rather to those of us who have very little spare time and whose vacations are necessarily limited. It is among this class that I see in my own practice so many who are sick and run down, chiefly because they refuse to recognize the need of rest and relaxation, but also because they so utterly waste the few free moments they have, and do not know how to spend the time profitably when they do take a vacation. The condition of such people is pitiable.

Much as I believe in the importance of family life, I feel that there are not infrequent occasions when husband and wife might well take part of their vacation at least separately. Many men have a perfectly natural longing which they often but not always hide, to get off with other men where they can dress, eat and act as they please without any women around. This is a perfectly natural feeling for the male human being to have, and the wife whose instincts are keen will note it and insist on its being carried into effect and will not be hurt or offended by it. Doubtless, years ago when life was far less complex than now, it was never necessary. The entire family could and usually did take its vacation together. But under modern conditions, short periods of separation between husband and wife and parents and children are often wise and indeed necessary.

I remember one man of thirty or so, who with his older brother and mother constituted what I always thought to be an ideal small American family. The mother was a very dear but somewhat overanxious old lady. The younger son consulted me for various vague nervous symptoms along with loss of weight and strength. I could find nothing organically wrong but on detailed questioning it became perfectly clear that what he needed was a vacation from home and mother and her overmuch care and watchfulness. It was, "Henry, have you your rubbers on?" "Henry, be sure and wear your overcoat." "Henry, don't be late for dinner," Henry this and Henry that until Henry began to wilt under the strain. I told him that he must leave home and live at a club in the city for a while. This he did, with the resulting disappearance of all his symptoms. This was the vacation that he needed.

Again, wives and mothers are entitled to a vacation from their usual job, that of ordering or preparing meals, running the house, and taking care of the children. If men need a vacation from their work, why should not the same rule apply to women? And yet how many of them do this? When in May and June the annual exodus from Marlborough and Beacon streets and Beacon Hill in Boston takes place to the North and South Shores and to Cape Cod, how many of the women at the head of these households get a vacation from their work? For eight months they have been running a household, engaging and discharging servants, getting the children off on time for the school bus, not to mention social and other activities, and yet the majority continue to carry on exactly the same tasks at their Summer homes. I am glad to note the increasing number of Summer colonies where there is a community dining-hall, so that wives and mothers are relieved of the problem of meals at least.

II

As a general rule (and there are many who will not agree with me in this) I feel that those of us whose homes are on the sea-coast or at sea level are distinctly benefitted by vacations inland among mountains and lakes, while those who live inland most of the year will do well to select a seashore resort for a vacation. But of more importance than the question of altitude or of mountains or the seashore is that as to how much of a radical change one's vacation will provide. For many years certain friends of mine had their Summer home on an island off Cape Cod where life was simple and delightful. But now the island has been "developed," whether up or down I am not so sure. A beautiful golf course and an elaborate clubhouse, paved roads and hangars, airplanes and sea sleds have replaced field and forest land, so that the simple atmosphere it once had and its worth as a place for a vacation have gone down as much as its value in dollars and cents has gone up. My own vacation in the Canadian woods does me good chiefly because of the simplicity of life and the absence of everything that is not real and genuine, and especially because of the marked contrast of life under such circumstances to that under so-called more civilized conditions.

In regard to the best time to take a vacation, most men take their time off, although personally I do not, in July or August. While this has certain manifest advantages, I am strongly of the opinion that the good done by vacations during these months is often offset by the effects of a hot spell met with afterward on returning to the city. For this reason I advise my patients whenever possible to take their allotted two or three weeks in September or as late in August as possible. However, most of us have little or no choice in the matter. Many men seem to get along very well on no extended vacations but instead take week-ends off through the Summer. I have no doubt but that one can get along in this way, but in the long run it is not a satisfactory plan. These men will argue that in the aggregate they have as long a vacation as do those who take their time off in one stretch. But there is much more to this vacation business than the mere number of days taken off and I am sure that week-ends, even if taken religiously during the Summer, do not offer any sufficiently long consecutive period to enable a tired-out body and mind to become really rested.

I note with interest and approval the custom, seemingly on the increase, of the medical profession to take off a Wednesday morning or afternoon or occasionally the whole day during July and August. Such a respite from the labors of an extremely trying profession does an immense amount of good. And if men so tied down as are most doctors can arrange their work so that this is possible, certainly those in other professions and occupations could do likewise. I have not been able to understand why this custom has been confined to a small group of the medical profession.

Then comes the question for those who can pick and choose whether it is better to take one's vacation all in one piece, as it were, or to divide it up. Although much depends on the individual, I feel sure that the man who can do so will get the maximum benefit by the divided vacation. To my way of thinking, the ideal plan would be to have three weeks off in September, one week or more, if possible, in January or February, and a week or ten days in May or June. For many this is, of course, impossible, but on the other hand there are many others who could perfectly well arrange it if they were persuaded that it would be a good thing to do.

The question as to whether to take one's vacation at some resort comparatively near at hand or at a distance is an important one. Many men, in order to be with their families every night at the shore or in the country, are travelling back and forth every day by train or motor. If by train, it is not so bad, as one can usually find a seat

and can rest, or sleep. A friend of mine, the late Dr. Arthur T. Cabot, used to complain bitterly at the advent of the motor which instead of the train took him back and forth from his out-of-town home to the city because he no longer had the chance to read the Boston *Evening Transcript* on the train! Unless one is so fortunately situated as was Dr. Cabot that a chauffeur is possible or unless one is one of those rare and fortunate individuals apparently devoid of a nervous system, commuting by motor I believe to be thoroughly bad business for the average high-strung American.

After all, what is the primary object of a vacation? I think all will agree that it is for the purposes of rest and to obtain health and vigor to enable one to carry on during the remainder of the year. But what constitutes rest? The best definition I know is that of Dr. Allen K. Krause, who says: "Rest is relief from strain." Rest does not necessarily mean sitting with hands folded, although to some this might be the best thing in the world. To many of us in the midst of Winter activities, a few days in another city, living in a hotel, sitting up late and getting up late, is a wonderful relaxation and genuine rest. To me, my annual visit to the Canadian woods, working extremely hard physically or again being very lazy, eating and sleeping enormously, often suffering much severe physical discomfort but away from the telephone, doorbells and patients, is the best kind of rest. Many, many times I have sat motionless, hour after hour, on the edge of a moose bog or on the shore of some lake with a rifle on my knee and a good book in my hand, in cold, wind and rain, physically extremely uncomfortable but with a wonderful sense of peace inside. To me this is rest. I can get more strength and vigor out of a short, concentrated vacation such as this than I possibly could get as a result of a much longer one within the confines of civilization and at the end of a telephone. And yet many of my friends can see absolutely nothing attractive or beneficial in it.

III

There are some warnings I should like to give to tired out persons who propose a vacation such as going into the woods or to some other place where some such radical change is involved. These I have learned from a fairly long experience of my own. Be prepared to feel rather poorly physically and mentally for the first two or three days. There is very apt to be a reaction of a distinctly unpleasant nature on first getting away, so that for a short period one feels irritable, lazy and generally out of sorts. Second, no matter how strong and vigorous you feel and no matter in how good physical training you believe yourself to be, go slowly at first. Do not take long paddles or hard tramps or carry heavy loads or set out to climb the nearest mountain for the first week. Spend at least that time in getting rested up and not taking much exercise and the second week in getting into good physical training and you will be surprised at your ability to carry on during the third week. But if you are in the woods, at no time try to emulate or compete with your guide either in endurance or in feats of strength. He is the professional and you the amateur and in the long run the professional will win.

I have two friends of about my age, a little the far side of fifty, who love the woods as much as I do. But they have often scoffed at what they consider the effete conditions under which I live with a comfortable cabin for my headquarters, and, when I sleep out in the open, the best of soft sleeping bags and a rubber air mattress instead of balsam boughs. They prefer what I call a cave-man existence in tents without guides, doing their own cooking and cleaning up afterwards, and all the other necessary chores. And I have often seen them just back from their vacations, brown and hard but worn and tired-looking and, like the college freshman with whom I commenced this article, having to rest up from their vacation.

My third warning is concerning food.

One meets with a very radical change of diet on trips into the woods. Fresh vegetables, fruit, white bread and eggs give place to canned goods, corn bread or soda biscuit, fish and game. Go slow in the matter of eating at first and get your stomach and digestive apparatus accustomed to the change. Do not expect that you can pile in large quantities of food to which your stomach is unaccustomed and not suffer from it afterwards, especially if you are extremely tired out. Your appetite is a poor guide under such circumstances.

I now wish to take up the question of rest, exercise and play, not in vacation time but in everyday life. Three or four weeks' vacation, no matter how well spent, will not carry one on in health during the rest of the year unless there is some daily or at least weekly let-down from the constant strain of hard work. No one knows this better than the medical profession and, as a result, you will find that we doctors are fond of sports of all kinds and are prone to hobbies of all sorts. Recently there was held in Boston an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture and other similar work done by doctors which was interesting in the extreme. And it was of interest, not only because of the quality of the work itself, which, considering the fact that it was all done on the side, was of very high grade, but because it showed that these busy men, and medicine is perhaps the busiest and most engrossing of all professions, felt the absolute necessity of taking time off for this form of rest and recreation.

One of the first lessons that a young doctor learns during his period of hospital interneship is to snatch a little sleep whenever the opportunity offers, for he never knows when the next chance will come. This is a habit of the greatest value. One morning very recently I had occasion to consult with one of our leading surgeons whose office was at a large hospital in Boston. I knocked at his door and a sleepy voice said, "Come in." There I found the aforesaid surgeon, an extremely hard-working and efficient member of his profession, taking a nap in the middle of a weekday morning! Any business man, and certainly most of our wives, would consider this a demoralizing and shocking thing to do. Another doctor, whose office is not far from mine, sometimes sees me with my golf clubs bound for the golf links some weekday morning. I am sure that he feels that I am rather a bad and demoralizing influence on the medical profession. But I am happy to say that I finally have my New England conscience well under control as far as this and many other things in my life are concerned. Nevertheless, I am glad that I now live out-of-town where I can escape to the golf course without encountering his sorrowful and reproachful gaze.

For many of us, a nap after lunch is a tremendous help, although many women seem to feel that they are yielding to some evil temptation if they take a rest during the day. At Saranac, the mecca for countless consumptives, during the two hours after the mid-day meal, the entire village, including most of the doctors, is asleep. Even if one cannot sleep at this time, a little rest or recreation is a great help. At the club to which I belong, after lunch many of us sit down to a game of dominoes before going back to work. And we do this not because we are especially fond of the game itself but because we know that the rest, mental and physical, and the laughter and chaffing which goes on, help amazingly during the remainder of the day's work. When my afternoon appointments are filled and several hours of hard, concentrated work confront me, I am very apt to tell my secretary to allow me ten minutes between each appointment during which time I lie down and often fall sound asleep until the bell rings for the next patient. I know it helps.

Now, as to exercise, I am sure that the tendency in this country, at least as far as adults are concerned, is to take too much rather than too little exercise. I *know* this is true at least as far as men over forty are

concerned. How many tragic examples of this occur to me as I write! Years ago, an older friend of mine taught me the game of hand-ball, which game, now that I am well over fifty, I gave up fifteen years ago, as I did squash not so very recently. But my friend, refusing to admit the passage of years at fifty-three or fifty-four, kept on playing hand-ball just as he kept on going in bathing at South Boston during our New England Winters until one day he dropped dead on the hand-ball court,—a perfectly unnecessary death.

Another friend took up squash after he had passed fifty until one Fall, after a Summer passed without much in the way of exercise, he played a hard game with the professional, which resulted in an acute dilatation of his heart and his death a few months later. A third man of about the same age when out of training, combined a long row with a hard game of squash afterwards, with a resultant angina pectoris which has made him a life-long invalid. And so, I might go on in and out of the medical profession.

IV

But do not forget that the reverse is likewise true. A dear friend with a brilliant career ahead of him, one day dropped dead, chiefly, I believe, because he had never learned to relax or to take the exercise *in moderation* of which he was urgently in need. Such cases are in the minority, however. Physical exercise has come to be looked upon as a fetish and as an infallible cure for mental, moral and bodily ills. The business man, worn out with the stress and strain of his affairs, goes to his club and proceeds to play five or six hard games of squash or to don two or three sweaters and run four or five miles. Then, after a shower, he says he feels fine, but after dinner he is very apt to fall asleep and to wake up the next morning still feeling tired.

There are many of us brought up to feel this way about exercise who, during the Winter months especially, would be better off with only the mildest exercise or none at all when tired out and all in after the day's rush. Recently at his home in Brookline, Mass., Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck whom we, his students, assistants and friends, always called the well-beloved physician, died at the age of eighty-two, keen of mind to the last. Up to last Fall, weather permitting, he was to be seen daily on the golf course, playing his nine or eighteen holes. Life to him was a joy and to his friends his life was an inspiration. He worked hard but always bore in mind the need of rest and relaxation, and his life full of splendid things accomplished was a wonderful example of moderation in all things and the proper combination of work, rest and play.

As years pass by, and the more I see of sickness and suffering, the more I realize how unnecessary much of such sickness and suffering really is and how precious and wonderful a thing is health. We Americans are a most efficient race but are we not running a risk of making a god out of efficiency, increased output, and reduced costs? I rather feel that both the English and French have a sounder philosophy of life than we. A year or so ago, I was walking up Beacon street with an intimate friend of mine, who in the course of his business had amassed much wealth. Apropos of nothing at all, he said: "John, what fools you doctors are! You work as hard as the dickens and make only a mere pittance." I said nothing and we went on until he spoke again: "John, I'm not so sure I was right in what I said just now. You don't make any money, but you doctors seem to have more friends and to get more of a kick out of life than any group of men I know!"

I believe he is absolutely right and that it is because we doctors or at least those of us who are wise have learned that if we are to do any good in this world we must keep fit and remember the value of play, rest and relaxation as well as that of hard work.

KEEPING THE NEGRO IN HIS PLACE

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

My country, 'tis of Thee
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of Thee I sing

For years we have been swamped with tales of the exploitation, disfranchisement and lynching of Aframericans. The record in this connection is rather depressing and arouses grave doubts concerning the nobility of man, but it is too often forgotten that the troubles of the Sons of Ham do not end there. After all, considering the size of the Negro population in the United States, there are very few illegal lynchings today, peonage is declining even in the barbarous reaches of the rural South, and while housing segregation is growing, there are fewer bombs planted under Aframerican residences than in days of yore. Elections come around but once a year, and while the Sambo *intelligentsia* rage against disfranchisement in Dixie, the black masses lose little sleep over it. Indeed, the ruck of them seem to accept it as just another evidence of cracker chivalry and fair play.

It is rather when they set out in pursuit of pleasure and recreation that the Ethiops are made to feel most keenly their lowly status. It is when work is finished and, arrayed in Sunday finery, they saunter forth to enjoy the fruits of their toil that they are most frequently wounded. Of course, if they stay in their ghettoes and are content with the meagre and unsatisfactory recreational facilities provided therein, their feelings remain uninjured. But one likes to leave one's neighborhood occasionally and go to a beach, an amusement park, a theatre or restaurant, or take an automobile ride, stopping on the way for cold drinks and sandwiches. It is on such occasions that the Negro's patriotism is sorely tried.

Booker T. Washington, the patron saint of black Babbitts, once said that while the Negro in the South can earn a dollar but not spend it, his brother in the North can spend a dollar but not earn it. The sage of Tuskegee meant that whereas the blacks in Dixie constituted the sole labor supply then willing to work, and had, as a consequence, fairly good economic opportunities, they were excluded from all public places of recreation; whereas the Senegambians living in the North, caught between waves of immigrant labor and the industrial color bars erected by their buckra liberators, could freely patronize all public places, but were hard put to get the money to do so. Of course Brother Booker exaggerated considerably, but basically his assertion was sound.

Recent reports gathered by questionnaire from correspondents in thirty-five of the principal Southern cities reveal that changes have taken place down there since the demise of Dr. Washington. Most of the cities actually report an increase in color discrimination. As one young man says:

> Segregation and discrimination in public places of amusement and recreation have increased since 1919, for since that time public places of amusement and recreation have increased.

Unless I have been sadly misinformed and unobservant, there is not a single public amusement park in the late Confederacy today to which Negroes are admitted. Here and there can be found makeshift places operated at huge profit by money-hungry whites for Negroes, or by Negroes

themselves, but invariably they are dirty, ramshackle and inadequate. Meanwhile, in a number of the Dixie cities and towns, the ofays have of late years erected theatres wherein there are no provisions whatever for colored folk, even those who might be willing to slip up back alleys and crawl to the roost in order to see a performance. From Dallas, for example, an editor writes:

> There is only one downtown theatre that Negroes can go to and then only through the week days. Sundays and holidays it is closed to Negroes.

From Jacksonville, the Florida metropolis, I have a letter saying:

> Yes, practically all places . . . have usually the extreme type of segregation where the Negro is either completely barred or offered back-door accommodations. Even some filling-stations refuse to serve Negroes.

"Loew's, the talkie house, does not cater to colored at all," a dark resident of Norfolk declares, while a friend in Tampa writes:

> There are ten modern theatres owned and operated by members of the other group. . . . Quite a number of them have installed the new Vitaphone. . . . At all of these establishments Negroes are discriminated against. The only way they are allowed to enter is in the capacity of servants.

As for stopping by an outdoor soda fountain for a cooling drink, the following incident reported from Norfolk is illuminating:

> A Negro student attempted to purchase a drink from a white soda fountain here not long ago. He was given the drink but he was not allowed to stand up to the fountain and drink it. He was told to stand aside. When he finished the drink, the soda dispenser deliberately broke the glass in his presence.

A newspaper woman from Baltimore, metropolis of the Maryland Free State, reports:

> A Negro is simply not admitted to a white picture house, cabaret, restaurant, soda fountain or amusement park. In the legitimate theatres one may buy a balcony seat in the last row or last two rows. . . . At the soda fountains in the five-and-ten-cent stores Negroes may buy soft drinks, but they are served either in paper containers—glasses for whites—or they are served in glasses marked with red or blue rings at the base. One may not sit down at the lunch counters to eat.

So much for the New South. All of this is what one expects to hear despite the laws specifying equal but separate accommodations for both races. The section swarms with Negroes disconcertingly ambitious, intelligent and thrifty. They must be kept in their place, else, as Senators Glass and George recently prophesied, the South will become an Ethiopian state and mayhap sink to the level of Roumania or Jugo-Slovakia. As William Benjamin Smith, a professional Southerner, told us in "The Color Line":

> The South is entirely right in thus keeping open at all times, at all hazards, and at all sacrifices, an impassable social chasm between black and white. This she must do in behalf of her blood, her essence, of the stock of her Caucasian race. If we sit with Negroes at our tables, if we entertain them as our guests and social equals, if we disregard the color line in all other relations, is it possible to maintain it fixedly in the sexual relation, in the marriage of our sons and daughters, in the propagation of our species? Unquestionably, no! It is certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun that, once the middle wall of social partition is broken down, the mingling of the tides of life would begin instantly and proceed steadily.

So evidently the Negro must continue to be deprived of proper recreational facilities in order to forestall this catastrophe.

Needless to say, there is much resentment amongst Negroes against the growing Southern policy of excluding them entirely from public places of amusement and recreation. Nevertheless, since they can do nothing to alter it, their energies are now being largely devoted to furnishing these facilities for themselves. This is necessarily a slow and unsatisfactory solution, because Negroes, gossip to the contrary, have very little money for investment either in business or amusement enterprises, and what they have is largely squandered in churches and fraternal societies. Moreover, the defeatist psychology, which grows daily among them, is nurtured by their jim crow education, the continued growth and spread of segregation, and the constant advice of Uncle Tom leaders not to "rock the boat." Accordingly, few efforts are being made to even get equal jim crow accommodations.

II

And how fares the Ethiopian in the free North, whither he has fled in swarms since the war and restriction of immigration opened greater industrial opportunities? Surely things must be better up there in Yankeeland! There the Negroes must be welcomed in public places without question or insult! Well, hardly. The migrating blacks also believed that. When the grand rush started, most of the Negro weeklies in the North, and all of the labor agents who went South, painted attractive pictures of social freedom above the Ohio and the Potomac. Pulled by the lure of higher wages, plenty of work and the unobstructed pursuit of happiness, and pushed by cotton crop failures due to the boll weevil visitation, the Negroes moved above the Line. Then came the Great Disillusionment.

Today, over a decade after the first black wave reached the Land of Promise, reports from over forty centers of Negro population in the North, East and West inform me that segregation of Negro patrons and often complete refusal of service are general and on the increase. Here there are no laws providing that the two races must be given equal but separate accommodations in public places. Here the pretense is kept up that these places are open to all, but service is actually refused to Negroes or they are got rid of by transparent subterfuges. Here the managers of establishments apologize for their regulations barring blacks by saying, "I have no objection to Negro patronage but my white patrons have. I'll lose money and be put out of business if I disregard their objections." Or, "I would not object if certain types could be selected from among your masses." This frequently results in a Negro not being able to enter a theatre to see a performance that in his Southern home he could have at least enjoyed from the gallery.

There was once a popular song in Aframerica, one of whose verses ran:

> If I should take a notion to jump into the ocean,
> 'Taint nobody's business if I do.

The Ethiop has learned, however, and especially since migrating to God's Country, that his jumping in the ocean *is* part of the white folks' business. Poets may sing of the sea being blue, but to the Aframerican pining for a dip it looks mighty white. Freedom of the Seas is just another joke to the descendants of Crispus Attucks. This is true of most American bathing places, whether on the seashore or inland. At almost all such places the blackamoor is *persona non grata* and the peckerwoods make no bones about "getting him told." At most of the beaches in the vicinity of New York City, Negroes are barred from going in bathing, not by ordinance but because no one will rent them bathing-suits or a bathhouse locker in which to put them on if they happen to own any. At many such places it is against the law to appear off the beach proper in a bathing-suit, hence the Negro who arrives in his automobile ready for a plunge is likely to land in the hoosegow. The beach police are unusually vigilant in enforcing the letter of the law when an Aframerican heaves into sight.

At Atlantic City, the World's Playground, the doors of every bathhouse are closed to colored folk. If they wish to dive into the Atlantic, they must come to the beach in an automobile, put on their bathing-suits behind the car's curtains, and drive back to the Negro ghetto for a shower afterwards. If a Negro has no automobile—and most of them haven't—then he is out of luck.

At Asbury Park, another Jersey resort town, the ofays have very thoughtfully allotted a small slice of the beach, accommodating not more than a hundred bathers, to their black brethren. Otherwise the beach there is only for Americans without noticeable Negro ancestry. Of course, few Negroes would want to go in swimming at Coney Island, even if they were permitted to hire bathing-suits and rent lockers in bathhouses, because of the swarms of white riff-raff that bask everywhere on the beach amidst cans, newspapers and pop bottles.

Nevertheless, if a Negro goes there without a bathing-suit he must stay on the sand. There are not more than a half dozen good beaches from New York to Mexico where Negroes can go without being thrown off, refused service or otherwise insulted. Says a friend from Tampa, where there are supposed to be equal accommodations for both races:

> Although Tampa's water front is almost unmeasured, neither a public swimming pool nor a beach is provided for the amusement and recreation of the general Negro public.

And how about such cities as Washington, D. C.? Or Los Angeles? Or Wichita? Or Denver? Alas, 'tis much the same. In Washington, run by a Congress which is predominantly Republican and thus supposedly friendly to the Negroes, the city fathers have very thoughtfully built a new jim crow bathing pool, so there'll be less excuse for complaint from the dark third of the population, barred from all the other bathing places!

One of the tearful complaints of the Ethiops in Los Angeles and environs is that they cannot get access to the Pacific Ocean. None of the beaches there admits or welcomes Negroes, no provision is made for them and no one would sell beach property to Negroes, even if they possessed the money to buy it.

A social worker in Denver explains the bathing policy there:

> Public parks, including the mountain parks in the nearby hills, are open to Negroes with a subterfuge to prevent the use of swimming beaches, of which there are two, and the public golf links. Negroes for this reason do not use the golf links nor the public swimming beaches.

While a correspondent in Wichita, Kansas, breaks the happy news that

> the authorities of the municipal bathing beach owned by the city and for which Negroes are taxed, refuse to allow Negroes to bathe in it.

The above reports are typical of a situation existing throughout the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.

But a colored gentleman may desire to go in swimming only a few times a year. Far more frequently he likes to take his wife or sweetheart to an amusement park and have a big time on the contraptions offered for the entertainment, supposedly, of the general public. Once or twice a week, perhaps, he craves to see a motion picture or to attend a performance at a legitimate theatre. When the weather is not inclement, he likes to go motoring and stop by some roadhouse to dance and dine. But what is his reception? Almost everywhere he is openly refused service or prevented from getting it by some subterfuge. For instance, a young school teacher writes in from Cincinnati:

> Cincinnati is very Southern in its attitude toward racial relations. There are things that we might term unwritten laws. . . . For instance, there are certain places that Negroes just do not go because they know they are not permitted. In one of the amusement parks here (namely, Chester), Negroes only go one day a year. The whites enforce the portion of the law that says "Undesirable persons may be barred" by prohibiting Negro patronage.

No less cheerful is the situation in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, as described by a school principal:

> The dear old City of Brotherly Love simply observes an unwritten law that Negroes shall not be with whites in dance-halls and cabarets; the hotels invariably shut their doors (they will admit Negroes to special functions arranged by whites); as for theatres, motion picture houses, etc., Negroes usually have difficulty in obtaining orchestra seats; in many cases they simply cannot and in some places there is a genteel effort to seat them in a special restricted section. Most of the restaurants are hopeless. Some theatres (motion picture) are said to bar Negroes absolutely. . . . Whenever a black-and-tan place opens up, the virtuous city discovers that a new bootlegging joint has opened which needs to be padlocked. And I'll say it's padlocked. . . . Entering a United Cigar luncheonette, he [the Negro] may be told that he cannot be served because he must have lunch checks which are not procurable at the place in question. "Any old thing" goes, from the ignoring of patrons and gentle suggestions to go elsewhere, to "We don't serve colored" and signs saying, "Colored patronage not desired." . . . The whole scene is too depressing to add any details.

The reference to black-and-tan cabarets reminds me that mostly Negroes are jim crowed by the management unaided. Seldom do the police aid in putting them in their place, unless they become too vocifer-

ous in demanding their rights—which is very rare. The only time the guardians of the law themselves take a hand in maintaining white supremacy in places of recreation is when a cabaret or dance-hall in the Black Belt is reported to be black-and-tan: *i.e.*, frequented by both blacks and whites. This must never be, of course, if the purity of the polyglot Anglo-Saxons is to be preserved. Hence on some pretext or other such a place is always raided sooner or later, while joints nearby, busily engaged in vending liquor, are unmolested. As a consequence, proprietors of Black Belt dance-halls and cabarets grow perturbed when dusky boys begin to stroll in with their ofay girls. Of course, if a white man enters with a colored girl, as not infrequently happens, there is no reason for worry because the police never do anything about *that*.

III

One of the most widely circulated charges made against Al Smith during the last campaign and circulated freely by the opposition in the Bible Belt, was that he permitted the races to mingle in the cabarets and dance halls of Harlem's Black Belt. The Governor had nothing whatever to do with it, but the charge was none the less convincing to the Nordic voters of Dixie and points North and West. In connection with this canard, it is interesting to note that several cabarets in Van Vechten Land are averse to catering to Negroes and invariably seat them far from the center of things. One Harlem cabaret, run by a white gangster and frequented largely by Southern whites (who seemingly love the proximity of Negroes), will not permit mixed couples to enter its doors, in accordance with an agreement made with a former police commissioner much lauded for his efficiency. Most of the girls employed in this place as performers are as white as the patrons (sociological Negroes) and thus offer striking evidence of the natural aversion between the races. Not long ago a white-Negro girl and her coal-scuttle blond escort were refused admittance to this cabaret because they were thought to be a mixed couple, which, anthropologically, they were. And this in their own ghetto!

But returning to our moving picture of the emancipated Negro in search of recreation, let us turn to Kansas City, from which community a young Negro journalist writes:

> All moving picture houses downtown and in districts catering to white people bar Negroes, that is, will not sell them tickets. The one legitimate theatre sells half of the back two rows in the topmost balcony to Negroes. The burlesque house sells seats in the roost without discrimination, but seats Negroes on the right and to the rear, although not in the extreme rear, of the whites in the first balcony. What used to be the standard Orpheum vaudeville house, before it changed to stock company productions, sold Negroes seats in the upper balcony and the upper balcony loges. To reach the box-office for these seats, however, Negroes had to step around to the side and up an alley. The vaudeville has since been moved to another Orpheum-owned house here, which does not sell tickets to Negroes at all. The stock company pursues the old policy of the house.
>
> Soda fountains: Not served except in districts heavily populated by Negroes. But Negro auto parties are served in their cars by soda fountains and barbecue stands in public parks and along roadsides. . . . Impossible to go in any and be served. I have been here only since the Fall of 1923, but in that time I have noticed no decrease [in color discrimination]. Boy, this is a town—neither North nor South, but full of the meannesses of both sections. One has to live here three months in order to get the full force.
>
> Negroes are segregated at the American Association baseball games here, that is, when white teams are playing. But when the Kansas City Monarchs and the Chicago American Giants of the Negro League use the same park, whites come and sit placidly and contentedly among the Negro rooters! There's one for you.

A writer from Columbus, Ohio, supplies a touch of ironic humor:

> Negroes cannot go to any of the amusement parks in season except on a day set aside, usually Emancipation Day.

Trenton seems to have unique methods of discouraging Negro attendance at theatres, or at least to make it uncomfortable. A lawyer there writes:

> Places with no balcony seat Negroes so far front that the pictures dazzle and hurt their eyes. . . . In some theatres the ticket-seller seems to keep

> tickets for Negroes in a particular group. Sometimes one is placed behind a pillar or column and forced to stay there or get out.

In Atlantic City it seems that the superior race spurns all subterfuge and subtlety, if we are to believe one of my friends, who writes:

> If you sit on the wrong side in a theatre, an usher asks you to move or returns your ticket price. If you insist on sitting, you are arrested, charged with disorderly conduct. In the restaurants you sit and wait for service which you never get until you get disgusted and leave, much to your embarrassment.

From Indianapolis, Northern capital of the Ku Klux Klan, comes this:

> Theatres, downtown and community, do not cater to Negro people. Exceptions are movie houses in Negro districts. Two or three downtown cinema houses of the ten-cent class admit Negroes to reserved sections. The same applies to the largest downtown legitimate house. The city's largest legitimate house just outside the downtown district admits Negroes generally without reservation.
>
> The amusement companies or concessions in the largest municipal park do not cater to Negro people. Negroes have been refused permits by municipal authorities to hold outings in public parks in the last few years, particularly since the advent of the jim-crow field, Douglass Park.
>
> Theatres, soda fountains, dance-halls, moving picture houses, cabarets, road-houses, hotels, etc., except such as are owned by Negro people and operated in Negro communities, simply do not cater to or serve them.

Aframericans, being less than 20% full-blooded, range in color from the darkest brown (commonly called black) to pale pink (commonly called white), with hair and features running the whole gamut from Congo to Caucasian. It is only natural, therefore, that some "Negroes" should be inadvertently admitted to certain public places otherwise closed to descendants of the much-maligned Ham. How do the Einsteins of color relativity get around that? Well, they were puzzled at first. They knew certain white-Negroes were getting in and sitting in choice seats undiscovered by them or the patrons, but they didn't know how to cope with the situation. Finally, in desperation, Negro spotters were hired in Washington and St. Louis. Negro spotters are Ethiops supposedly qualified in the anthropological pastime of detecting who may have had grandparents possessing a trace of the tar brush. That Negroes are found who will engage in such work is merely corroboration of Mark Twain's opinion of mankind.

Unfortunately for the proprietors of most public places of amusement and recreation, to say nothing of fashionable shops, the current and growing popularity for dark complexions among the Nordic aristocracy is proving very embarrassing. In a recent issue of the Pittsburgh *Courier*, a leading Negro newspaper, there appeared a long news item from the nation's capital gloating over the fact that a party of prominent Washington whites, returning from the races at Pimlico and all heavily tanned, either artificially or by the sun, were refused entrance to the dining-room of a hotel. The headwaiter rushed up to them with hands waving in the air and brusquely declared that in spite of the numerous vacant tables, the dining-room was full, with all places reserved for the evening. An altercation followed between the Congressman host and the headwaiter. The manager interfered and was punched in the nose for his trouble. When the party was finally recognized as Nordic, profuse apologies were offered.

The smart shops in Washington that have rudely refused Negroes service or treated them scurvily are likewise flabbergasted. At least one big store has recently hung up a sign notifying its employés that

> Some of our most valued customers are returning from the Southland deeply tanned. Watch your manners.

If this tanned vogue becomes as prevalent as did the bobbed-hair mania a few years back, there is no telling what strange things may happen.

Even abroad, the Aframerican on pleasure bent is sometimes shown his place by fellow American tourists zealously spreading the idea of democracy. Several years ago the Americans become so bold in France in their efforts to establish a color line there that Premier Poincaré had to issue the following warning:

> Foreign guests, forgetting that they are our guests, and bound to respect our laws and customs, recently on several occasions have forcibly manifested their aversion to seeing colored men born in French colonies sit by their side in public places. They have even gone to the length of demanding their expulsion in insulting terms. If such incidents are repeated the offenders will be punished.

Some day, probably when crocodiles grow wings, the American government will attempt to protect its own colored citizens in some such manner. Despite this French order, however, Claude McKay, the Negro poet and novelist, was recently refused service in La Coupole, a Montparnasse café, at the instance of white American tourists. Many Negro visitors to London of late, including Marcus Garvey and the cast of "Porgy," have found difficulty in getting proper service and accommodations.

IV

So long as the Negroes were satisfied with the amusement afforded by shouting the spirituals and by the Bible-beating, bench-jumping, pulpit-prancing calisthenics of the sable ministry, or had desire for no higher form of recreation than tossing the galloping dominoes, parking in the back room of a honky-tonk or perforating each other with blades and bullets, only a handful minded the fact that they were barred from other entertainment. It is different nowadays. Illiteracy has been reduced to a point where less than 20% are unable to read headlines, the Negro press has grown by leaps and bounds, and three-fifths of the Africs, tired of praying to the white God without relief, have deserted the churches. Add to this the aforementioned migration from rural to urban centers, North and South, and it is not difficult to understand how standards, tastes and desires have been lifted to a higher plane.

One would suppose that where equal rights laws existed the Negroes would be utilizing them to beat down the rising wave of segregation and color discrimination. Such, however, is far from being the case. On the contrary there seems to be a general feeling in Aframerica that nothing can be done about it. They have grown apathetic, indifferent, calloused, with the exception of a bitter minority. Equal rights organizations get scanty support from the masses and local branches languish for lack of funds, members and interest. It would be a monumental task to collect $5,000 to fight segregation and discrimination because of color in any State in the Union, though sufficient money can always be found to erect new churches and lodge buildings.

The bulk of Senegambians just muddle along, apparently resigned to their fate, and avoid as much as possible the places where they are grossly insulted or absolutely refused service. Often they swallow their pride and accept jim crow accommodations: if they want to see a good show that is what they have to do in most places, whether they like it or not. Their dilemma is well described by a young man in the Middle-West:

> Well, what to do? To sit by on the high stool of principle while scraps of the decade's culture go by? To look blank when Katherine Cornell, the Marx Brothers, Pauline Lord, Ethel Barrymore, Richard Bennett, William Courtenay, Beatrice Lillie, Marjorie Rambeau, Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Charlotte Greenwood, Walter Hampden . . . and a dozen others are mentioned? Not only to look blank, but actually to *be* blank? To say to yourself: "I do not know them, I do not know about them, never heard of Eva Le Gallienne . . . or 'The Cradle Song,' but I'm at least a man . . ?" At first I could not stomach it—this trek to the upper balcony. The curious glances of whites toward the upper rows went straight through me. But my thirst for the good things of the theatre changed this disgust and rebellion into a sort of amused tolerance . . . tolerance of these effervescent-brained whites who fancied their seats a few rows nearer the stage made them any better than I. One always rationalizes a situation sooner or later.

Countless other Negroes are also rationalizing the situation. In a tone of bravado some of them will even say that they do not mind, but the denial isn't convincing. Every day thousands of them have their pleasure spoiled by a curt "We don't serve colored people," or "Are you looking for someone who works here?" or, "Well,

what do you want?" The average Negro just turns away when refused, curses the entire white race under his breath, and steers his wife or sweetheart to some other place where there are better prospects. After several such experiences he becomes conditioned and stays away from places where he knows he isn't wanted, or keeps within the narrow confines of his ghetto, that lone haven where he can retain his dignity. It takes time and trouble to fight a case of discrimination and then one is liable to lose, so why bother?

Staying in the Black Belt is one solution, but unfortunately the amusement and recreational facilities available there are, with very few exceptions, mediocre when not poor. Most of them are owned by whites and operated by them or by Negro help. They are poorly policed because the forces of law and order are not interested in the morals of the Negro community. With no competition compelling them to give proper service or to keep their places attractive, they offer Negroes whatever they please, corral a big profit and seldom make improvements.

Of late years Negroes themselves, sometimes with white financial support, have tried to cope with this problem by building or buying amusement and recreational facilities exclusively for colored people. Considering their poverty, lack of credit and inexperience, they have not done so badly; but they haven't begun to keep up with the recreational needs of the Negro populace. This, in a way, leaves the Negro all dressed up with nowhere to go. The more intelligent and refined he is the more bitter he grows about staying in his place. And the schools graduate thousands every year.

SALVATION AT THE BRINK

BY DEAN CLUTE

Soon after I became a guest of the people of New York as a patient in the City Hospital on Welfare Island, I learned that though the care and treatment which I received at the hands of the medical staff might cause my pathological difficulties to flourish rather than languish, there would never be any reasons for apprehension concerning my spiritual welfare so long as I remained in the institution. Indeed, from the moment of my arrival in the reception room, it seemed that the principal curiosities itching the minds of the clerks who gathered about my stretcher were not so much of a physiological as of a theological nature.

"Are you a Catholic?" one of them asked, as she bent over my litter.

"No," I replied.

"A Protestant, then, of course?"

"No."

I became aware that the inquisitive lady was scrutinizing my face very carefully. The tap of her pen indicated that she was just a bit nervous and impatient.

"Well," she said, finally, "you're not a Jew. What *is* your religion?"

"I don't happen to have any," I had to admit.

"You must be *something*," she insisted. "I'll put you down as a Protestant."

Thus, my soul was classified before my body was examined.

Moved into the ward, a red card was placed in a conspicuous spot at the foot of my bed, indicating, as I later learned, that I was a Protestant. The color, I suppose, signified that I had, at some time or another, been cleansed by the blood of the Lamb.

The beds of my Catholic neighbors were adorned with white cards, while those of my Jewish friends were decorated with tags of blue. The purpose and convenience of these colors became obvious in due time. By means of them the chaplains, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, are able to tell at a glance as they enter the ward just where the harvest lies and how the spoils are to be divided. They save the poor pastors the embarrassment of finding themselves innocently engaged in lavishing their sorceries upon some dogged disciple of a hostile creed.

The morning after my arrival a low, necromantic voice boomed at the side of my bed. "Good morning," it said, "I am the Protestant chaplain. Is there anything I can do for you?" Such a generous inquiry comes too rarely, I thought, to afford being ignored. Besides, I wanted very much to acquaint a friend of mine in the city of my sudden change of address. I suggested that the chaplain might telephone him. "Well," he replied with his death-like voice, "I'm afraid I can't do that. You see, that's the function of the Social Service." Then, with some embarrassment, he announced that there were meetings in the chapel every Wednesday night in addition to the regular Sunday services. With a "hope I'll see you there" he went on to the next red card.

But it was easy to understand, after I had been in hospital a little longer, the chaplain's reluctance to devote himself unstintingly to the service of the patients, for I learned that his life was a hard one. He can take up no collections at his meetings, and his salary is pathetically small.

There are never any marriage fees to help him line his pockets. And whenever he escorts the soul of a moribund patient over the threshold to Paradise his remuneration for the job is paid only in the currency of the spiritual realm. While his classmates in the divinity school provide themselves with the fat of the land, he is engaged in hauling bankrupt prisoners in the state's calaboose back to the path of salvation, or teaching feeble-minded children the secrets of the Holy Trinity. In brief, he misses most of the rewards which in this modern day usually fall to his sacred office.

But what the chaplain thus lacks in business opportunities his amicable assistant makes up for. A man of immense proportions and a heavy voice, he dominates the Amen corner at the chapel services, functions as the sexton, and holds down a job as librarian of the Protestant collection of dusty books and time-seasoned magazines. His versatility does not end there, however. He is also the hospital's newsboy and does a good business, managing to get a penny more for his papers—with an additional nickel on Sunday—than the regular street-merchants, who are prohibited from coming on the Island. He is a great handshaker among the patients and a jolly fellow with the nurses. But if in his service for the Lord his actions sometimes take on a worldly aspect, he makes up for it by his zeal in ringing the bell for the chapel services, for in the performance of that pious office he never fails to convince everyone within earshot of the infirmary that a fire has broken out. Thus, following his chief he helps to spread the true faith.

An odor of sanctity hangs heavy about the whole hospital, and the business of saving and preserving souls is carried on in a very efficient manner. One large room is dedicated to it exclusively. It has all the appurtenances of a *bona fide* chapel. At one end there is a Catholic altar; at the other a Protestant chancel. Separate doorways aid in keeping the illusion of exclusiveness. The benches are reversible after the manner of street-car seats. Whether or not God turns about politely to accommodate the diverse beliefs of the chapel's communicants, I have never been able to learn, but I am told that the resident priest and minister do a pretty good business.

"Now don't you go spitting around the Protestant doorway," said the priest one morning during Mass. "If you do they'll be callin' you dirty Irish."

II

Religion of a somewhat substantial quality visits the hospital every Tuesday afternoon, for on that day several ladies from the Bible and Fruit Mission come around the wards to distribute oranges and buns. Fluttering here and there among the beds which display red tags they inquire: "Which will you have, an orange or a bun?" Upon one occasion an old fellow, provoked either by greed or a humor to embarrass, answered, "Both." "Can't give you both," the angel of charity snapped very curtly. "Then I'll take a bun," the old fellow decided. "It sounds better."

Lest the beneficiaries forget the ways of salvation in an orgy of indulgence the society has provided reminders. With each orange or bun the missionaries hand out a tract which tells how a soul was saved or a miracle performed. Being members of a Protestant society, they are strictly requested by the resident priest not to give any of their gifts to the Catholics. But in the middle of the afternoon, with many of the patients up and about the ward in wheel-chairs, on crutches, or with the support of their shaky appendages, it is very difficult to distinguish the sheep from the goats. So the ladies have to ask any patient whose position makes it impossible to tell whether he belongs to one bed or another, if he is a Protestant. If he says no, then the gift has to be withheld. The results of this discrimination are adroitly overcome by those disciples of St. Peter who have been in the hospital more than a week. Every Tuesday afternoon finds these initiates conspicuously

absent from the vicinity of their tell-tale cards. And if they are asked concerning their faith they find it simple to become a Protestant for just a few seconds; while the ladies, in the frenzy of their good deeds, never think to question a Christian any further.

The sisters of the Catholic faith also are frequent visitors at the hospital. They inquire about the physical and spiritual welfare of the Romanists. One day one of them, misled no doubt by the perpetual smile of credulity that decorates my face and the absence of any revelatory card on my wheel-chair, approached me, bursting with beatific appreciation. "Your smile tells me," she exclaimed, "that you have the spirit of the blessed Jesus." Of course, I had to plead not guilty. Whereupon she became so distressed at my degradation that she had to retire from the ward.

Her brother in the service of Holy Church is not so easily undone. Downright flippancy in the face of the performance of his holy duties may ruffle him a little, but he sticks doggedly to his task despite all obstacles. One night, having been called at a late hour to administer the last rites to a patient of the Faith, he was sitting by the bedside of the dying man, mumbling the prayers in a tone which, though not very loud, could be heard all over the otherwise silent ward. A nearby patient, awakened by the sound, was finally provoked to complain. "How in hell do they expect anyone to sleep with all this noise!" he exclaimed with exasperation. The inexorable priest interrupted his prayers. Turning to the irreverent faultfinder, he said with considerable gusto: "You shut up! This is no time for any remarks of that nature. I'm trying to save this man from Purgatory."

The various duties of the reverend father seem, on many occasions, to require the most outlandish hours for their observance. At three o'clock one Christmas morning he came around the ward, ringing a bell. When he had succeeded in awakening nearly everybody, he went to the Catholic patients, administering wafers of the Holy Sacrament—to the accompaniment of more indistinguishable mumbling. One fellow, slow in awakening, presently sat up, rubbed his eyes, and tried to discern what was going on. At length he burst forth stentoriously: "This is a hell of a time to be handing out candy!" But the chaplain was not daunted. Further down the ward another tardy arrival from the arms of Morpheus observed the approach of the priest with lustful anticipation. "I'm next," he shouted as the procession reached his bed.

"Do you want the Holy Sacrament?" the father asked solemnly.

The patient stared with surprise.

"Hell, no!" he finally blurted out. "I thought you had something to eat."

Instigated by the inspired authorities, still another surprise took place one Christmas morning. This one occurred at five o'clock. The invalids were aroused from their slumbers by the sound of singing and the noise of tramping footsteps along the corridors. Suddenly a parade of nurses, resplendent in their white uniforms and carrying candles (the hospital furnished them!) entered the ward, and marched slowly past the beds, singing carols. As the procession was leaving, an Irishman near the door was moved to articulation by the wonder of it all. "Oh, see the pretty angels!" he exclaimed with reverential approval. One of the saintly choir, whose position at the end of the line gave her words somewhat the aspect of finality, turned and hurled at him, "Say, old boy, you don't know the half of it!"

In the performance of many of his tasks about the hospital the Catholic chaplain, like his Protestant brother, is aided by a versatile assistant. The present incumbent of that high office came to the hospital eight years ago as a patient. Now, by the grace of God, he is a self-respecting flunkey of the church, with powers that are almost plenary. He, also, like his Protestant equivalent, is curator of the museum of books which is maintained by philan-

thropic members of his faith. He functions also as altar boy, swings the censer, reverses the chapel seats, and hands out the prayer-books. In the sanctuary of his library which, though maintained for the use of the patients, is virtually inviolable except for his uses, he entertains the doctors, the nurses, and the Island police. There he holds forth grandly, giving his guests concerts over the radio, smoking his cigar, regaling his company with stories of his operations in the stock market, and reflecting upon the marvellous fruits of the religious life.

III

The resident ecclesiastics are assisted in their efforts to keep the Devil out of the hospital by a pious and tenacious religionist who spends his worldly hours superintending a large office building in the Wall street district. Sixty years old, this lay votary of evangelism has been coming over to the hospital on Thursday evenings to hold mission meetings for the last thirty-four years. Before the Queensborough bridge was built he used to row across the river, and he has missed only two Thursday evenings since he started his mission.

He frequently puts on a show which keeps his congregation pop-eyed. On one occasion he brought over Jack Carroll, an ex-safecracker; Mike Hickey, a former pickpocket; Pat Crowe, a quondam train robber; and a vaudeville actor who had once been a bum. With them he put on a gala performance for the thrill-hungry patients. The place was crowded and the first part of the evening was a huge success. The adventurers told their stories. The vaudevillian was the last on the programme. He related the disaster that followed the taking of his first drink of liquor—related it with all the hearts-and-flowers technique which his years on the stage had given him. He told of his shameful descent to the ranks of the Bowery bums. "One night," he cried, in a voice choking with emotion, "I was completely down and out, and had to sleep in a church grave-yard. . . . I was hungry and ragged. . . . I had not eaten all day. . . . An odor of beans came to me from the kitchen of a mission across the street. . . . A girl's voice started singing a hymn. . . . Oh, but it sounded so sweet. . . . I thought of my childhood days and the religion my mother had taught me, and I finally said to myself, 'My boy, if Jesus Christ can save you now, you're going to be saved.' . . . I got up, dragged myself over to the mission doorway and started to enter. . . . The servants of Christ came and helped me in. They gave me a plate of beans and prayed for my soul. . . . Suddenly a glorious feeling of satisfaction and comfort came over my body, and I knew that I had been saved. . . . I realized then that, after all, the road of religion is the Easiest Way."

When he had finished his story there came the inevitable mention of the blood of the Lamb, redemption, and salvation. Finally he asked for volunteers to give their hearts to Christ. The evangelist sat smugly on the platform contemplating the huge receipts in souls he was bound to bring in. A voice from the back of the hall broke the silence. "Hallelujah, give us a handout!" it sang out derisively. The irreverent heckler was asked to leave. Later I discovered that he had been a former cellmate of the vaudevillian at the penitentiary next door—in the days, of course, before the vaudevillian had discovered that religion was the Easiest Way, and when they had both appreciated the substantial merits of missions with kitchens attached.

At all of these Thursday night meetings a Puritan-looking lady is on hand to play the piano. Her favorite claim to distinction resides in the fact that she sang the hymn which brought the vaudevillian to the door of the Bowery mission and thus to his salvation.

Girls from the G. U. ward were once allowed to attend the sorceries of the evangelical workers but they were not always a tractable congregation. Indeed, one evening they started to carry on with the young

fellows who sat on the opposite side of the room. They passed notes across the aisle, and even winked and giggled at the invalid Lotharios. At length, their devotion to pursuits other than theological became so distracting to the poor evangelist that he had to ask them to leave the hall. There was a shuffling and stamping of feet as they filed out. One impious hussy hung back toward the end of the line and, just as she went out the door, shouted back over her shoulder: "Aw, go to hell!" From then on a corps of women were assigned to watch over the girls at their evangelical devotions. But the G. U. ladies continued to be unmanageable, so they were finally prohibited from attending the meetings. Whereupon, and much to the consternation of the devout leader, the attendance of the young men fell off most lamentably.

IV

Despite the heroic struggles of the clergy a disillusioned soul occasionally slips from their clutches into the hands of the Devil. In fact, they can never be sure of even their devoutest followers. The career of one soul, his temptation, indulgence, and final fall, interested me particularly.

His name was John Francis. He came to the hospital ostensibly suffering from stomach trouble, but his real difficulty was neurasthenia. He was afraid that he was going to die, afraid of living, and dreaded to think of what was going to happen to him. They treated him for nervousness. Physically capable, he was assigned to take care of me and thus we became quite chummy. He was content to wheel me out into the hospital yard, sit by my chair all day, light my pipe, and listen to me talk whenever I felt so disposed. I sensed him as a meek, sensitive, broken-spirited creature whom life had defeated—and at the age of thirty-eight.

I decided that I might use him to read to me, inasmuch as he seemed contented in my company. I started him off on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," the length of which had frightened my other readers. At first it was pretty hard and slow going: the number of words which he neither knew the meaning of nor how to pronounce was rather appalling. But as we progressed he became interested and before we were through he was weeping at many of the difficulties of the chief character.

These episodes brought me to suspect that John had some rather fine sensibilities, after all. I began to draw him out concerning his life. I learned that he had come from Portugal at the age of eight to live with an aunt in California. After two years of public school he had been put to work in a fish cannery. Whenever he was caught reading, his aunt would box his ears and say: "What do you mean, trying to play the gentleman? It is work for you, and not books." He had known nothing but work ever since. He went to Mass regularly, read the tabloid newspapers and the adventure magazines—and worried about what was going to happen to him.

In the relation of his story he revealed a very deep emotionalism and an equally pious nature. As much for the purpose of observing his reactions as to fill in some of the gaps in my own reading which had been caused by my blindness, I set him to reading some of H. G. Wells' volumes to me. The operation was decidedly painful to him but it turned out successfully. Before we had finished reading "Men Like Gods," John was seriously questioning his faith and nearly ready to forgive the obscenity of "people running around naked." My interest in him developed. His improvement was steady, but he still had a loathing to go out into the cruel world again. The upshot of this difficulty was that he took a job at the hospital and continued to spend his spare time reading to me and wheeling me around. When he got his first pay from the infirmary he went over town to buy "some of those books" about which I had been talking to him. He came back with Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," a copy of Keats, Harry Kemp's "Tramping On Life," and a pocket-

dictionary. I nearly fell out of my wheel-chair from surprise.

Before long he had developed a great weakness for reading poetry. Thinking to season this idealistic trend of his with some alluring brand of materialism, I introduced him to Upton Sinclair. I paid dearly for that inspiration. My erstwhile peace-loving protégé became a flaming firebrand. He harangued me from morning to night about plutocrats, bourgeoisie, struggling masses, scoundrels of religion, and the prostitute press. For over two years he floated among the bizarre chimeras of American Socialism and would read nothing, willingly, which did not whoop it up for the cause. At length, however, he came closer to earth and stuck his nose into the pages of Rabelais and Anatole France. Now he walks about like a normal person and is even contemplating assaulting the citadels of commerce and capturing a job as salesman. He snickers a little now and then as the priest walks by. And the doctors contemplate his cure with thumbs behind their galluses and a considerable swelling of chests.

The majority of patients, of course, have none of the potentialities of John Francis. Thinking to them is as impossible as the realization of their wildest dreams. Addicted to religion, as is the case with most ignorant people, they deny themselves many pleasures for the sake of strengthening their chances of getting into Heaven, and then spend many hours of terrifying speculation as to their possibilities of escaping Hell. Thus, in the mass, there is as much work at City Hospital for the spiritual gentlemen of the cloth as there is for their scientific colleagues with the white aprons.

THE BIG BROTHER OF THE WEST

BY ALFRED E. PROWITT

Out where the heart beats a little stronger and the horns toot a little louder, there is the Denver *Post*. Two black and gilt inscriptions are emblazoned across the front of its building. "O Justice, when expelled from other habitations, make this thy dwelling-place"—thus the first one reads. The other acclaims, "The Denver *Post*—your big brother, the paper with a heart and a soul." Many passersby appear to find humor in these swell scrolls.

It is questionable whether the *Post* is really entitled to the distinction of being "the best newspaper in the U. S. A.," as it professes elsewhere, but it is undoubtedly the largest and most prosperous journal in the great open spaces between Kansas City and Los Angeles. What the tabloids are to the Manhattan stockbroker, the Bronx waitress and the Brooklyn necktie clerk, that the *Post* is to the he-man country. Sleek Denverite and bucolic cattle-puncher alike depend on it to satisfy their curiosity as to whether or no the sewer bonds were voted, and whether or no the erring Lucy Lavalliere has been forgiven by her butter-and-egg spouse.

The *Post* is the one big propagator of print in Denver, the richest commercial center in the whole Rocky Mountain region. Eight rival papers have ventured into its pasture at various times, but seven of them have retired with heels flying and expressions pained. The Scripps-Howard syndicate is the latest to be put to rout. Badly beaten in a two-year fight that often resembled the combined performance of a Spanish bull-fight and a three-ring circus, the chain late in 1928 withdrew from the field of the *Post*, which is an afternoon publication, thus giving the latter a tighter strangle-hold than ever on its territory. With no competitor now where three years ago it had two, the *Post's* circulation stands at an average of 175,000 daily and 280,000 on Sundays, against 40,000 and 100,000 respectively for the Scripps-Howard morning paper, the city's only other organ of light and leading. In comparison with the gigantic editions of New York and Chicago papers, these numbers may not appear impressive, but it should be considered that there are approximately only 200,000 families in the whole of Colorado.

No fame-and-fortune fiction ever outglittered the rise of this journalistic prodigy. In a way of speaking, the West won it in a lottery, with Frederick G. Bonfils and Harry H. Tammen as the players. Late in the Nineteenth Century, Bonfils, a shrewd promoter of Corsican descent who boasts that he is a relative of the Little Corporal, was serving mankind in Kansas City, Kansas, by operating the Little Louisiana Lottery. By dint of a diligent application to business, he tucked away $800,000 in his storage vaults. Then, in 1893, he met Tammen. The latter also had a checkered background. A waif at the age of seven years, he started out on life's highway as porter's helper in a Philadelphia saloon. With the passage of time his Dutch affability, native cleverness, and ready tongue made him an outstanding bartender. "I was the best there was," he once boasted. Drifting westward, he landed behind the spigots in a Denver hotel barroom, and at once struck pay dirt among the steins and tumblers. In the after years, with appropriate

chuckles, he liked to tell the story of his beginnings. Each night, as he related it, he would take all the silver dollars from the cash box and flip them into the air; those that stuck to the tin ceiling he returned to his employer.

During a trip to Chicago to see the World's Fair, Tammen made the acquaintance of Bonfils and agreed to handle the Denver end of the lottery business. Legal authorities, however, soon evinced an embarrassing curiosity about it. Bonfils was indicted, though never brought to trial; a charge of subornation put Tammen in the prisoner's box, but the jury voted acquittal. The enterprising capitalists had learned a lesson; they looked about for healthier propositions. Tammen learned of his associate's $800,000, and, his mind racing with ideas, got Bonfils' support in various ventures. The first of them failed. Then the old Denver *Post*, a fly-by-night sheet, offered itself for sale at $12,500. The itch for Service came. Bonfils advanced most of the money needed and the purchase was made on a coöwnership basis.

II

Some publishers in their early days flirt with what they choose to call high and noble ideals. The main object of these new lords of the fourth estate was to make money and lots of it. "Remember the last three words of the Jewish Bible: Get the cash," was a Bonfils motto of the day. Both were particularly gifted for success. Bonfils had a flair for attracting money, and was ever ready with his gun. Tammen was an expert back-slapper of the approved Kiwanis fashion, and possessed the loquacity of a lightning-rod salesman. Their plan, as Tammen said, was to run a paper "that'd make 'em all sit up and take notice." This was a pretentious purpose in those last woolly days of the Wild West, for Denver was so busy clearing its streets of miners' bodies that it had little time to observe anything else. But the *Post* made 'em take notice.

The new rag started out with an earsplitting bang. It ripped into anybody and anything. About that time Hearst and his yellow sheets blazed across the Eastern horizon, showing the journalistic fraternity how huge circulations could be built up on mass emotions. The Messrs. Bonfils and Tammen out-Hearsted Hearst. They hired his best-advertised writers away from him and developed a new and brighter shade of yellow. The kitchens, poolrooms, boudoirs, and sewing bees of Denver were combed for gossip and scandal.

The editorial rooms had all the glamour of a Western gambling-hall. The *Post* adjoined a saloon and its ever-thirsty reporters improvised a chute that permitted an easier passage between the two establishments. Six-shooters were much in evidence, lying readily at hand for the purpose of placating outraged readers. On one occasion, however, neither Bonfils nor Tammen was quick enough on the draw. An attorney who had warned the editors against continuing their attacks on him invaded the office and sent five bullets into them. Both recovered from their wounds.

The only other paper in Denver at that time was the *Rocky Mountain News*, a morning publication owned by Senator T. M. Patterson. The lawmaker was a fearless veteran beloved by the public for his many battles against the Interests. The *Post* soon engaged him in vituperative combat. Editorial barrages thundered back and forth. At the bitterest stage of the feud Bonfils and Patterson met on Capitol Hill and dueled with their fists. Patterson, an elderly man, received a terrific beating. Police charges were entered against Bonfils and he was fined $10.

Now that their enterprise was prospering, Tammen and Bonfils began to stick their thumbs into other pies and to use editorial force in support of these new projects. They acquired the Sells-Floto Circus when it experienced financial stringencies and employed their skill as showmen to rehabilitate it. The Ringling brothers, who had a much larger organiza-

tion, came to Denver for an engagement. Naturally, Tammen and Bonfils wanted the territory exclusively for their own show. So the city officials, most of whom owed their election to *Post* support, were induced to increase the price of a permit to the Ringlings to an exorbitant figure. The visitors were unable to pay; they had to pitch their tents outside the city and play at a loss.

A horse racing course was opened at Overland Park, on the outskirts of Denver. The *Post* publishers demanded that they be given an interest in it. They were refused. Almost instantly, there came to them a revelation of the evils of racing. Thunderous homilies warned the public of the terrible temptations lying in wait at the track. There were gaudy pictures of unprotected youth, dissipating his money in betting, getting drunk to drown his remorse, and then slinking homeward to murder his grandmother. The authorities closed the course. Never since has horse racing been permitted in the State.

In "The Beast," former Judge Ben B. Lindsey writes this: "The *Post* was then as independent as a highwayman. Tammen . . . had a frank way of making his vices engaging by the honesty with which he confessed them; and he boasted to me of the amount of money the newspaper made by charging its victims for suppressing news stories of a scandalous nature in which they were involved. He admitted that he supported me [in a political campaign] merely because it was the 'popular thing to do'—it 'helped circulation.' I knew it was a very precarious support."

To such charges Tammen had a ready answer on both public and private occasions. "Sure, I'm a crook! I'm a blackmailer! What are you going to do about it?" he would say with a grin.

The partners next bought the Kansas City *Post*, but the metropolis of the Corn Belt did not take very enthusiastically to the Bonfils style of news-mongering, and the paper failed to make much progress. A fiery episode of the war days weighed against public support of it. A prominent and respected Kansan was accused editorially of acting as a secret agent of the German government. He sued for libel and won a nominal verdict, with the costs assigned to the defendants. Tammen and Bonfils sold the sheet and confined their activities thereafter to the more hospitable Denver.

The inspiring national drama of Teapot Dome cast the *Post* in one of its most glamorous rôles. Only a few months after the unfortunate Harry F. Sinclair and Secretary Fall arranged the secret lease of the oil reserves, the *Post* began a vigorous exposé of the transaction. Then, with the same amazing suddenness with which it had started, the attack stopped. The polecat, however, was out of the bag. Word of the *Post's* charges reached Congress, and Senator Robert M. LaFollette the elder offered a resolution for an investigation of the leases. When the senatorial committee of inquiry went to work it expressed curiosity over Mr. Bonfils' murky maneuvers and summoned him to testify. He had several harrying hours on the stand.

According to his testimony, John L. Stack, a Denver politician and oil man who had several contracts with oil companies operating in the Wyoming field, came to him for assistance in enforcing his rights after Sinclair had grabbed the Teapot leases. Bonfils agreed to help. The *Post* sent a reporter to Fall's residence at Three Rivers, N. M., to do a little snooping. The reporter returned, and in the words of Bonfils, gave "a shocking and astounding statement." Thereupon the paper published an inflammatory story questioning the honesty of the Sinclair lease.

Sinclair's private counsel solicited meetings with Bonfils and Stack. After several conferences between the Coloradans and the oil magnate, the latter agreed to pay the former $250,000 in cash and 250 shares in Teapot Dome stock, with the option of repurchasing the certificates later for $750,000. The $1,000,000 was to be divided among Stack, Bonfils, Tammen, and Bonfils' attorney.

The interest displayed in this deal by the inquisitive Senators is evidenced by the following examination:

SENATOR LENROOT—Is it not a fact that your contract with Mr. Sinclair was not based upon any legal rights of Mr. Stack?

BONFILS—That is not true.

LENROOT—But that this whole deal was for the purpose of purchasing your silence in your newspapers?

BONFILS—That is absolutely false.

LENROOT—Is it not true that you stopped your attack on Mr. Sinclair with the publication of that first article?

BONFILS—We printed the news every day.

LENROOT—Any editorial comments concerning these transactions?

BONFILS—I do not think there were.

LENROOT—Do you mean to testify that there was no change in the attitude of your newspaper concerning these transactions from the beginning?

BONFILS—I do.

LENROOT—You had vigorously attacked Mr. Sinclair and these oil transactions up to a certain time?

BONFILS—We printed that it was a bad lease and I still think it is.

LENROOT—You think it was a bad, corrupt deal, do you not?

BONFILS—We were not blaming Mr. Sinclair for it.

Senator Lenroot insisted that the arraignments of the oil millionaire ceased after the signing of the $1,000,000 contract. Bonfils shouted dramatically: "They did not cease! They have not ceased! They never shall cease!"

Then Lenroot read a telegram from the managing editor of the *Post* wherein it was admitted that there had been no article on the subject in that paper from September 25, 1922, to December 3, 1922, and that none printed during most of 1923 contained any reflection on Sinclair.

In the midst of these curious proceedings Bonfils saw fit to announce grandiosely and without warning that "the Denver *Post* has the greatest circulation *per capita* of its publication city of any newspaper in the history of the world."

"I suppose Mr. Sinclair knew all that," observed Lenroot, drily.

Until 1926 there had been no strong man among the *Post's* competitors. In 1913 John Shaffer, publisher of the Chicago *Evening Post*, had bought the *Rocky Mountain News* (morning) and the *Times* (afternoon). Later the Scripps outfit entered the afternoon field with a sickly *Express*. At this time the *Post* had twice the circulation of all the other Denver papers. Then in 1926 the Scripps-Howard organization bought the *Times* and the *News*, and junked the moribund *Express*. Bonfils met the challenge in typical fashion. The Associated Press' morning franchise being relinquished by the invaders for its own wire service, he quickly obtained it and began publication of the *Morning Post*. Then the fun started. Several men quit the *Post* and drifted over to the opposition, talking about fabulous increases in pay. The editorial rooms of the Scripps-Howard papers took on the appearance of a small-town hotel lobby on a Saturday night. Meanwhile Bonfils was active in acquiring some of his competitor's veterans. The editorial salary scales rose like balloons. Rumors spread along the journalistic highways that Denver had suddenly become a good newspaper town, and vagabonds of the typewriter who had been willing to go two States out of their way in order to escape it now began to flock thither. The rivals hired many of the newcomers, each fearful that the other would obtain the services of a valuable man.

For years the *Post* had swelled its classified advertising by offering premiums. For each two-line advertisement one was entitled to such gifts as a bushel of potatoes, a pound of butter, a sack of apples, or a pound of coffee. The Scripps-Howard boys now went this one better by distributing two cans of chili, a dozen bananas, a smoked ham, or four grapefruit, to each advertisement buyer. The business offices of both papers resembled well-stocked country grocery stores. The *Post* began printing a purple serial that would have brought a blush to the cheeks of Elinor Glyn. The opposition papers nipped this scheme by giving the whole book gratis to their patrons.

When Bonfils offered a gallon of gasoline for each want-advertisement, and Scripps-Howard raised it to two gallons, he made

it four. Scripps-Howard met the ante and went to five gallons. (Gasoline was then selling in Denver for twenty-five cents a gallon.) This was too much for Bonfils: he let it go at that. Police had to be called out to control the crowds that besieged the Scripps-Howard offices to get a dollar and a quarter's worth of motor fuel in exchange for one-fifth the sum. The Scripps papers took over lunch-stands to feed free sandwiches and coffee to the long caravans of waiting motorists. Twenty-five columns of classified advertising resulted from the show.

The *Post* now opened wider its bag of circus tricks. A daredevil hanging by his teeth to a sliding pulley made a sensational "dive for life" from the roof of the paper's building to the street. Dance-halls were thrown open so that the citizens could pirouette without cost. Fireworks were touched off almost every night. Bombs burst in the air morning, noon, and evening. As a sideshow *de luxe*, a score or so of old cars were hauled to a mountain outside Denver and shoved over a cliff. The Scripps-Howard gazettes were not to be outdone. They rented more dance-halls, hired more acrobats and bought more supplies of fireworks and bombs.

The combat reached the lamentable stage of the retort uncourteous. The Scripps papers publicly denounced the *Post* as a "black-mailing, blackguarding, nauseous sheet which stinks to high heaven and which is the shame of newspaper men the world over." They characterized Bonfils as a "brigand, a mountebank, and a scaly monstrosity." Bonfils replied sweetly in this fashion:

> [The *Post* is a] gladiator invincible, fearless, determined, with a giant's strength, a philosopher's mentality, . . . the champion of every good and pure and holy and righteous cause, and the faithful and unceasing defender of righteousness, justice, decency, law and order; . . . the opponent of every wrong and evil thing, of every form of crime, oppression, greed, selfishness and lawlessness.

So the battle continued. By the end of 1928, however, the Scripps-Howard people began to regard their position dubiously. They had made but little headway against Bonfils, and had tossed away many hundreds of thousands of dollars in amusing a fickle public. Roy Howard, head of the chain, made a trip to Denver and surveyed the war damage. Last December the syndicate suspended its afternoon paper, leaving that field clear for the *Post*. In return, Bonfils withdrew his morning *Post*, leaving the Scripps-Howard *Rocky Mountain News* (morning), without competition.

III

At present the *Post* has all the better of this arrangement. Denver readers and advertisers alike are afternoon-minded, and the *Post* gets the bulk of circulation and advertising. This situation is not likely to change. It is no secret in the craft that Hearst for years has looked longingly on Denver as a possible site for another of his chain-store sheets, but he has never taken the first step. Perhaps he is apprehensive of the kind of opposition he would meet.

For even in this age of jazz journalism, the *Post* stands forth on the newsstands as gorgeously as a red shirt at an opera box party. It is an oddity even to newspaper men; as in the case of the ookloopus bird that was hatched from a synthetic egg and flew into space leaving neither progeny nor trace behind, there is nothing else like it. One of its freakish features is its lavish use of red headlines. All news is handled in the real rough-and-ready Western manner. The cowboy prefers his stories in the same form as his liquor—raw and red. The *Post* aims to please.

While serving on the staff, in 1926 I happened to edit a murder story gruesome enough to make Mr. Hearst look under the bed at night. A ranch hand had wielded an ax on his boss with remarkable effect, after which he had put into practice some strange and original ideas about what to do with the body. After my stomach stopped pitching, I eliminated all the ghastliest details. When the next edition rolled from the

press there followed an indignant howl from an editor. "Who in hell," he wanted to know, "took the punch out of this murder?" My confession brought a loud rebuke: "It's stories like that that made the *Post*. Replace the details." As a loyal young man who wanted to see his paper get along, I supplied from memory and imagination all the touches he required.

Many American dailies now refuse to accept matrimonial or patent-medicine advertising, but the *Post* is not so high-falutin. If an amorous cow-puncher desires a buxom wife to ease the loneliness of his existence, or a snake-oil scientist yearns to cure humanity of mumps, torpid liver and fallen arches, one and both can find space in the *Post* at the regular rates.

Nevertheless, it can be, on occasion, both erudite and progressive. Its editors sometimes write from flamboyant heights so lofty that the populace becomes dizzy. Colorado never knows just how to take it. A murder, of course, holds precedence in almost every edition, but the *Post* struts to perfection in its choice of news values on days when the homicidal-minded are indisposed. During a discussion by a group of balmy psychologists on the question whether a child suffers pain at birth, it featured the story with this eight-column page-one banner:

DOES IT HURT TO BE BORN?

It is, of course, intensely religious. "Do You Go To Church?" was one 72-point red banner that jogged backsliding Christians back into the fold. When the naval fliers were found floating in their disabled plane off Hawaii, Bonfils himself created this inspired banner: "Bless God! They're Safe!"

The California press, as everyone knows, does not disparage its State, and even the eminent Dr. Arthur Brisbane believes that the Coast climate is conducive to health, happiness and prosperity. But it has fallen to the *Post* to discover and rhapsodize over the delights of Colorado. The Silver State, it seems, is "God's gift to the mountain regions." Its snow is whiter than snow elsewhere, and not so cold; its blizzards are delightful; its mountains are the rockiest in the world, and its rain the driest; its sugar beets are just too sweet for description. Those who persist in living in other climes do so at their own risk, but the *Post* gives them a word of warning. When it carries an account of a fatal flood or cold wave, at the end of the dispatch there appears the black-faced comment: "'Tis a Privilege to Live in Colorado."

It often says kind words of itself, as for example:

> No Sunday is Complete Without the Denver *Post*.
>
> Summer or Winter, Spring or Autumn, the Sunday Denver *Post* carries information and entertainment and diversion to its mammoth family of more than a million readers.
>
> Yesterday was the first real Spring Sunday Denver has enjoyed this year. The meadowlarks were singing in the fields. The blackbirds were chattering away. Thousands of automobiles cluttered the streets and highways. But the Denver *Post* was just as indispensable as ever.
>
> The total circulation of the *Sunday Post* yesterday was 257,928. Here in Denver and its suburbs, 89,655 *Sunday Posts* were bought and paid for and read.

The Big Brother is always ready to lend a helping hand to the needy. Every Winter the residents of Silvertown, a small mining town in the mountains near Denver, are snowbound. So inevitable is the event that the town would doff its red flannels prematurely if the snow blockade failed to arrive on time. Every year the *Post* leaps on to the stage to play the hero's rôle. A relief airplane takes off from Denver, wings across the peaks, and hovers over the marooned town. The villagers gather in the public square and gaze skyward anxiously. From the air tumble several mail-bags full of Denver *Posts*. The next banner is "*Post* Plane Takes Aid to Blockaded Town."

Since the heavenward pilgrimage of Tammen in 1926, Bonfils has been left alone to fight the earthly battles of the *Post*. And he has had his trials. Shadows of the Teapot scandal again fell across his brow in 1927 when the American Society of Newspaper Editors, imbued with sawdust-trail

righteousness, decided to investigate the ways of their Denver brother. A committee on ethics reported, after a thorough inquiry, that his conduct was somewhat short of Christ-like, but declared that it would not recommend his expulsion.

The diversion of hurling red-hot adjectives at job-holders has also brought him trouble. Although Colorado is normally a Republican State, its voters often stray into the error of electing Democratic Governors, despite the exhortations of the *Post*. During the last days of Governor Clarence Morley's tenure the paper became particularly displeased with the policies of that Democratic executive. On the eve of quitting office Morley followed the gubernatorial practice of pardoning several convicts who were serving time for such aberrations as robbery, rape, and murder. The spirit of holy indignation possessed the *Post*. Verbal attacks bannered as " old Trail Hunted in Morley Pardons" and the like screamed from the first page. Morley thereupon sued for damages.

The trial was long, bitter and electrical. In the first stages the presiding judge reprimanded the *Post* for attempting to try the case in its columns and threatened a contempt citation unless public reflections on the court were stopped. The jury awarded $15,000 to the plaintiff, but on appeal the verdict was overruled on a technicality.

The long-continued efforts of Bonfils to warm the shivering Coloradans in Winter appear to be unappreciated. For long the *Post* Coal Company operated in opposition to the blizzards. Long reading notices extolled the alleged superior qualities of its fuel and encouraged readers to benefit by its stupendous bargains. "There's always full measure, with an extra lump thrown in for good measure," the advertisements said. But, the extra lump and several others as well seem to have had the habit of rolling from the wagons, for early in 1927 Bonfils's company was fined $50 on each of a half dozen charges of short weighting deliveries.

However, there are happier vistas as he observes an omnipotent hand moving constantly to make the world bigger and better and to increase his circulation. Unlike his departed partner, who, behind the bar, beamed at seeing the glasses tipped heartily and often, he exults in the operation of drastic State Prohibition laws that he helped to pass. About the time when homely young ladies in the cow country were first joining the W. C. T. U., he became convinced that the beautiful Colorado sunshine should serve a loftier purpose than that of ripening grain for distillation. With the zealous persuasions of a masculine Carry Nation, he exhorted his little brethren of the West to forego the evils of their wet ways. Subsequently, Colorado enacted virtually every kind of a law that ever enraptured a white-ribboned virgin in her sleep. The cowboys still drink, of course, but the concoctions they use outkick and outsmell a mustang.

Now that the *Post* dominates the whole mountain region, Bonfils has turned his thoughts to other planets. His great contribution to science is an offer of $25,000 to the first person who converses with another globe before 1934. It is a conservative wager that if any citizen of the stellar spaces answers the call, the first news to assail his ear-drums will concern the Denver *Post*.

The most notable gesture of Bonfils in recent days was the offer of the editorship of the *Post* to Dr. Calvin Coolidge, a former President of the United States. The job was to pay $75,000 a year, contingent on the doctor's residing in Colorado. Here was a grand chance for an ambitious young writer to burst forth, not only in print, but in red print. But Calvin refused the offer. Perhaps he considered his style more suitable to Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*. Whatever the cause, the West thereby lost the opportunity of acquiring a wise uncle. But it need not grieve, for it still has its big brother, and that big brother, in its own words, is "dedicated in perpetuity to the Service of the people, that no good cause shall like a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed."

WALT WHITMAN IN ENGLAND

BY HAROLD BLODGETT

On the occasion of Whitman's death Harold Frederic, then correspondent of the New York *Times* in London, cabled to his paper:

> Casual Americans happening to be in England during the week must be greatly surprised to see the amount of space the English papers devoted to Walt Whitman. It is no exaggeration to say his death created twice the amount of comment that Lowell's evoked. . . . The English discovered the virile characteristic note in Whitman when we ourselves seemed deaf to it. It is not improbable that his future place in American estimation will be largely based upon the reflection of British admiration back to our own shores.

It is certain that outside the Camden circle this dispatch gave the American literary arbiters of the time little pleasure. Frederic had prodded a sore spot. For twenty years, and in scores of articles, they had read the same observation with increasing resentment. That the garrulous old egotist at 328 Mickle street should have been venerated by so eminent a scholar as Edward Dowden, that the brilliant John Addington Symonds should have put "Leaves of Grass" even above Plato and Goethe, that Tennyson should have urged Walt to accept his hospitality in England, that William Michael Rossetti should have collected a thousand dollars in subscriptions for him, that even the hostile *Saturday Review* should have acknowledged him "one of the remarkably few poets America has produced," that Lord Houghton, Gosse, Wilde, Rhys, Carpenter, Sir Henry Irving and a host of other Englishmen should have paid their respects to him in person,—all this was an affront to the native Taines and Saint-Beuves. The great Lowell himself, appalled by such scandalous lack of discrimination, and, according to the tale, slightly flushed by a couple of glasses of wine, exclaimed to a visiting English nobleman who came to Cambridge armed with a letter of introduction to Walt: "What! a letter for Walt Whitman! For God Almighty's sake, don't deliver it! Whitman is a rowdy, a New York tough, a loafer, a frequenter of low places, a friend of cab drivers!"

And so the American literary gentlemen tried to laugh it off. Colonel T. W. Higginson, for example, grew very sarcastic about Whitman's English following in his unfriendly death notice in the *Nation* of April 7, 1892:

> The same recognition is still given in England to any American who misspells or makes fritters of English, or who enters literature . . . by throwing a back somersault in at the door.

Four years before, William Winter, then America's leading dramatic critic (he to whom Walt jovially referred as "little Willie Winter—miserable cuss"), had administered a more polite rebuke to the English when he spoke before the Green Room Club in London:

> Many persons in England have accepted and have extolled, even to the verge of extravagance, one of our authors—a very worthy man—for little or no better reason than because he has discarded all versification and furnished in their place an unmelodious catalogue of miscellaneous images, generally commonplace and sometimes unfragrant.

The witty John Jay Chapman had his fun by observing that "the English chronically discover Walt because the English mind is incapable of criticism. . . . It may safely be said," he continued, "that the discovery of Whitman as a poet caused many a hard thinking Oxford man to sleep quietly at night. America was solved."

Most of the professors also had their fling. Professor Willis Boughton wrote loftily: "Those English reviewers! They are ever expecting something strange, uncouth, exotic from our country. Buffalo Bill is the type of American they would have us all. Should any manifest indications of polish, they are decried as imitators." And from Harvard came two ingenious theories from two celebrated savants: Barrett Wendell suggested that Walt as an exotic would naturally appeal to the decadent brotherhood abroad, and George Santayana declared that "he is regarded as representative chiefly by foreigners who look for some grotesque expression of the genius of so young and prodigious a people." Similarly, in a *Tribune* editorial, Bayard Taylor had taken the measure of English criticism: "An American poem, to be enjoyable to them, must be well peppered with bloody and burning adjectives."

In the minds of professional moralists, then even more numerous and influential in America than now, the English appreciation of Whitman became not a mere occasion for ridicule but a grave scandal, to be seriously repudiated by all public-spirited Americans. In November, 1897, the *Methodist Review*, stung to action by the circumstance that at a London banquet in the preceding July the American ambassador had referred to the "quite extraordinary appreciation given to Whitman in England," delivered a broadside on "The Whitman Craze in England." After reviewing the evidence of this "pestilent delusion," the *Review* concluded magisterially: "We think it high time word should be sent to our kin beyond the sea that Whitman appointed himself minister plenipotentiary without any credentials from the American people; and that there are grave reasons why we do not wish it supposed that he represents us, some of which may be intimated." The intimations which follow are to the effect that Boccaccio and Rabelais are almost gentlemen compared with Walt.

The attitude of the *Methodist Review* was, as the world knows, shared by most respectable Americans who had heard of the poet at all. So late as 1909 an American reviewer of George Rice Carpenter's biography of Whitman complained that the author gave "no idea of the mingled abhorrence and contempt in which Whitman was held by the mass of unaffected American lovers of poetry, and the wrath with which they met the condescending patronage of foreigners asserting, 'This is your true representative.' "

II

Everybody who has read Traubel's immensely valuable record knows that Whitman himself frequently contrasted the warmth of his British reception with the frigidity he met at home. He had never set out to be a lonely prophet; he had had, on the contrary, roseate dreams of great national popularity. In 1856 he had written with pathetic boastfulness to Emerson, "A few years, and the average annual call for my poems is ten or twenty thousand copies—more, quite likely." But thirty-four years later, his career about ended, he had to tell his friend, Sloane Kennedy: "I have now been shut off by *all* the magazines here . . . and feel like closing house as poem writer. (You know a fellow doesn't make brooms or shoes if nobody will have 'em.)" And to Edward Carpenter he said: "I had hardly realized that there was so much interest in me in England. I confess I am surprised that America, to whom I have especially addressed myself, is so utterly silent. . . ."

With the contrast ever present in his mind Walt would say to Traubel, "I have made no gains this side to equal my victories across the sea," and he warned, "You must be careful to do those English fellows justice." When he replied to the early letters of his trans-Atlantic admirers, to William Michael Rossetti in 1868 to Dowden and to Rudolph Schmidt in 1872, he made a particular point of the "scurrilous jeers" with which he was greeted

at home. He was eager that the situation be known in London, Dublin, and Copenhagen, and thereafter we find Rossetti and Dowden anxiously referring in their letters to the painful fact of Whitman's "insulting" experiences in America.

We know now that Walt himself wrote the famous *West Jersey Press* article of January 26, 1876, which, copied in the London *Athenæum* of March 11, 1876, moved the redoubtable Buchanan to write his shrill call to battle in the London *Daily News*. When Moncure Conway, then in London, wrote anxious letters to Rossetti and Whitman, fearing that Buchanan would make the American friends of the poet appear ridiculous, Walt hastened to inform Rossetti that he didn't care for Conway's interference. He also sent Buchanan a letter of unaffected thanks, and in a second letter declared that the Scotch crusader had been substantially true in his facts. He told Traubel, in reviewing the story years later, that he did not think "Conway ever quite understood the full vehemence of the opposition on this side of the water."

But on blue days the glamour of the British rescue would fade in his mind, and he would grow somewhat doubtful of the strength of his British holdings. Toward the fate of "Leaves of Grass," he never actually attained the proud serenity of the "Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads"; he felt himself in the midst of a mêlée, estimating his losses and gains and sizing up his champions. Once he complained to Traubel:

> With all the fussing and fretting, I never got a complete edition of "Leaves of Grass" done in England . . . I only appeared there in pieces, extracts, bits, expurgations. . . . The fact is, I am probably not any more popular there than here: it may even be that counting the sales of the "Leaves" complete many more books have been sold in America than in England.

On a later occasion, when Traubel suggested that the early American neglect had been put too strong, that had he lived in England, the poet would have had as bad a time there as in America, Walt did not demur. "You've given me quite a meal to chew over," he said. It is probably true, indeed, that if Whitman had been an English poet, the editors of the *Saturday Review* and such hostile critics as Alfred Austin, Peter Bayne, and Theodore Watts-Dunton would have exulted to have their prey within easier leaping distance. In a waspish obituary of Walt appearing in the *Athenæum*, Watts-Dunton, whose formidable philistinism had destroyed the last remnants of Whitmanism in the defeated Swinburne, exclaimed:

> Had a writer so affected in attitude, so indecent in expression, and so nebulous in thought, been an Englishman, he would have received as scant recognition here as he got from his own countrymen.

So far as average British sentiment was concerned, Watts-Dunton here rang the bell. In general, the English reading public took to Whitman no more warmly than did his own countrymen, and had "Leaves of Grass" been published in England in 1855, it would have had as troubled a career as it enjoyed in America, and with no Emerson to wish it godspeed. No doubt Thomas Cholmondeley described the common English reaction accurately enough when in May, 1857, he wrote to his friend Thoreau:

> Walt Whitman's poems have only been heard of in England to be laughed at and voted offensive. . . . The man appears to me not to know how to behave himself. I find the *gentleman* altogether left out of the book. Altogether these "Leaves" completely puzzle me. Is there actually such a man as Whitman? Has anyone seen or handled him? His is a tongue "not understanded of the English."

When Cholmondeley began to read the book aloud, his father-in-law, the Rev. Zachary Macaulay, cried, "I'll not listen to that stuff—if you go on with it, I'll throw it into the fire!" Another hostile vote was Charles Kingsley's, who called the poems "the production of a coarse, sensual mind." The majority of English gentlemen, could they have been persuaded to look into "Leaves of Grass," would have been affronted by Whitman's

violation of the social code, his lack of reticence. They are well represented by Soames Forsyte, who "was secretive in matters of sex; no Forsyte talked sex, or liked to hear others talk it," or by Meredith's Sir Willoughby, who wished to have his bride "come to him out of an egg-shell, somewhat more astonished at things than a chicken, but as completely enclosed before he tapped the shell, and seeing him with her sex's eye first of all men." The family man in England was as much Walt's enemy as in America.

The early English reviews of Whitman's poems—a good index of the general reaction since most of the magazines of that day followed rather than led popular appraisal—were, in fact, so similar to the early American reviews that, shuffling them together, one cannot tell the difference. They all run the same gamut from shocked indignation to jocularity and puzzled friendliness. They pair off together, the London *Weekly Dispatch* with the American *Putnam's Monthly*, the London *Critic* with the New York *Criterion*. If there is a difference, it is that the American reception is slightly more friendly. No early English reviewer gave Whitman a better hand than Edward Everett Hale, the Unitarian clergyman, in the January, 1856, *North American Review*.

After the publication in 1868 of Rossetti's discreetly pruned Selection the run of English reviews grew a little more favorable. The fact is significant when we remember how largely the hostility of Whitman's own countrymen to "Leaves of Grass" was generated by his use of half a dozen blunt phrases which had no social standing. Many Englishmen met Whitman only after he had been gone over by Rossetti, his shirt buttoned and his hat set at a decent angle.

Nevertheless, Whitman was quite accurate in claiming that most of his victories were won across the sea. The reason is obvious. He is, and always has been, the favorite of a minority, among whom luckily the doctrinaires and the faddists have been outnumbered by men of education and intelligence. In the last half of the Nineteenth Century such men were far more numerous in Dublin or London than in Boston, Philadelphia or New York. The fact is sufficient to explain the superiority of the Whitman following in England. Other factors contributed. Seen from the still feudal shores of England, Whitman's Americanism took on a romantic glow, and democracy appeared to sanguine minds not merely as an experiment in suffrage but as an ideal for an inspired brotherhood. In transatlantic perspective the bard became colossal and fascinating, an Adamic figure with a thrilling message from a young country. To some eyes he competed equally with Niagara Falls as a symbol of New World glory. Other literary giants had likewise known the grace of distance: Byron in Italy, Heine in France, Carlyle in America. But these factors, while affording an agreeable opportunity for rhetoric, have been over-stressed in the explanations of Walt's English following. The basic fact to remember is that in England "Leaves of Grass" found more chance to interest exceptional and original minds, as a comparison of the literary activity in the two countries will show.

III

At the end of the Civil War the literary scene in America, save for Whitman, was depressing. Longfellow, Bryant, and Taylor began to spend their energy in translations; Lowell, with the "Biglow Papers" behind him, was grooming for a diplomatic post; Holmes was writing romantic novels; Thoreau had died. Only Emerson and Whittier remained interesting, and they also were retiring from the dust and heat. Lesser writers, such as Richard Henry Stoddard, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Thomas Buchanan Read, were winning praise with verse very correct and very negligible. In the '60's and '70's Whitman stood alone, with the exception of the new poets, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller,

both of whom had escaped abroad. As late as 1902, Miller complained, "American literature still lumbers along in the old-fashioned English stage coach at ten miles an hour."

England, too, had her scores of Victorian versifiers who were printing flabby stuff in thin little volumes, but such "literature" did not, as in America, dominate her writing. Her real poetry was being produced by Tennyson, Browning, Dante Rossetti, Meredith, Swinburne, Morris, and Arnold—all, with the exception of Tennyson, conscious insurgents, armed with credos and bent, as the hopeful Anne Gilchrist put it, on "going somewhere." Camps were formed and manifestoes published. Criticism was lively and sometimes savage. In the middle of the century the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood printed the *Germ*, their manifesto of literary revolt against Victorian respectability, and in 1866 Swinburne embraced the knees of the goddesses in "Poems and Ballads." With the end of the Franco-Prussian War, the feeling became current throughout Europe that political democracy had developed from the dream of radicals to an accomplished fact, and young men were graduating from the universities with the determination to go a step further and have a hand in the making of a literature that should deal realistically with the problem of social improvement. The same social consciousness did not find a clear voice in America, save for Whitman, before the appearance of William Vaughn Moody and Edward Markham. Still another turn was given to the English literary unrest by the æsthetic revolt of the '90's, the leaders of which regarded Walt as a fellow rebel. In short, the intellectual stir and the reforming passion of the last half of the century in England and Europe furnished a fertile ground for the "germ ideas" of "Leaves of Grass."

In the main, then, Whitman challenged English attention as a crusader, a rebel against the *status quo*, who furnished to a few ardent minds a means for both social and personal improvement. It was as a moralist and a prophet rather than as an artist that he threw the gauntlet to the English, and English recruits marched to his banner because they found in "Leaves of Grass" disturbing intimations of a new social dispensation, a renovated humanity deriving its vitality from the transcendent personal magnetism that the poet was said to exemplify in his own life. The preponderant share of English criticism of Whitman during his lifetime was fairly oblivious of the poet's glorious music. It took in good earnest his own warning that "no one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance . . . or as aiming mainly toward art or æstheticism." To be sure, Rossetti, taking his cue from the 1855 Preface that Whitman afterward condemned as being too æsthetic in attitude, wrote quite at length on Whitman's art, and so likewise did Swinburne, Symonds, Saintsbury, and others. There was also some slight attempt among English poets, notably O'Shaughnessy, to experiment with Whitman's technique. But most of the critics, stopping by the way to praise or condemn Walt's virtuosity as an artist, reserved the bulk of their space for pronunciamentos upon his message.

In fact, the men who contributed most fully to English criticism of Whitman were themselves *révoltés* against the civilization into which they had been born, although they did not often clarify their rebellious thoughts into a programme, and often disagreed violently among themselves. Some of them were of little force or significance in the current of English life, but all of them were very conscious of their minority position. Consider the roll-call: William Michael Rossetti, of the notorious P.R.B.; the early Swinburne, devotee of Mazzini; Robert Buchanan, free-thinking son of Owenites; James Thomson, friend of Bradlaugh and embittered satirist; Roden Noel, socialistic slum-worker; Standish O'Grady and T. W. Rolleston, Irish Nationalists; Buxton For-

man and John Todhunter, enthusiastic Shelleyites; Lionel Johnson, impassioned young athlete of God; Edward Carpenter, prophet to the workingman; the Bolton "college," self-improvement club; and Ernest Rhys, dedicated in his younger days to improving the culture of the lower classes.

Among the professors, those few who were interested in advancing Whitman's cause—Dowden, G. C. Macaulay, Clifford, Powell, Nettleship, Saintsbury, Tyrrill—were distinguished among their colleagues for their independence and nonconformist spirit. The list is not inclusive, but it is plainly sufficient to show that Walt received his English support from so-called forward-looking minds. Most of these men were young—the majority actually in their twenties—when they first read "Leaves of Grass" and wrote of the American with generous emotion. The Whitman following in England was, to use a phrase of our day, a genuine youth movement, and the poet himself noted without bitterness how some of its members would, as they grew older and acquired position, talk of him with an increase of urbanity and a loss of power.

It is significant that the older writers in England, and the major prophets—Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Ruskin, Carlyle, Morris—were not very excited about Whitman, and especially were they unimpressed by his ethical value. Consider the list of those who contributed to the widely-distributed "Books Which Have Influenced Me" symposium of 1887. The contributors included Gladstone, Walter Besant, Ruskin, John Stuart Blackie, Archdeacon Farrar, as well as three or four eminent clergymen, all of whom spoke as moralists, but not one of these men, except Ruskin—in another connection—was sufficiently aware of the moral significance of "Leaves of Grass" to comment upon it. Stevenson's celebrated testimony was strangely out of place in this weighty group. He spoke magniloquently for Whitman, but he didn't belong.

In its social aspect "Leaves of Grass" appealed to English radicals—and others who might deny the title—not so much as a panegyric of political democracy as a powerfully suggestive plea for "brotherhood." By 1870 democracy as a public issue was felt to be settled. Furthermore, Whitman's gospel of democracy lost some of its force in England from the suspicion that the poet was too naïvely confident in presenting America as a model for other nations to follow. The Yankees, to the English mind, were not trustworthy prototypes for cosmic regeneration. Yorke Powell could enjoy Walt's poetry without in the least revising his attitude of profound contempt for American democracy, and even such sympathetic minds as Robertson and Symonds were fearful that Whitman's glorification of the American system was a defect in his message.

But Whitman's championing of the common man and his celebration of the mystic doctrine of inspired comradeship were profoundly exciting to those whom William James called the tender-minded, to Dowden, Carpenter, O'Grady, Rhys, Noel, the Bolton Group, Symonds, and other less articulate followers. The factor of personal temperament entered in strongly here, and the "Calamus" part of Whitman's message was, to be sure, too spectacular and demonstrative, too esoteric, ever to be popular in either England or America. But his general attitude of trust toward common people, infusing not alone the "Calamus" poems but all that he ever wrote, aroused a sincere response in England among idealists of active social conscience who were affected by the general movement of protest against exploitation.

It is this aspect of his poetry that made Whitman welcome in the Socialist camp, although he steadfastly refused, even under Traubel's insistent prodding, to commit himself on the issue of Socialism and gives no suggestion anywhere in his writings that he put any stock in the Marxian doctrine of the economic principle actuating all social evolution. But he agreeably

hurrahed for the red flag and let it be known that he sympathized—in general if not in particular—with all embattled radicals. And so many Socialists felt that "Leaves of Grass" belonged to their literature. In 1896 J. W. Wallace sent the following sanguine announcement to the Whitman Fellowship Club in America:

> Even in the space of a single year very noticeable progress has been made here in England in the permeation of all classes by Socialistic opinions. Attending this is an increasing absorption of Walt Whitman's influence and a widening curiosity about and in him.

IV

But it was in the amazing personal challenge of "Leaves of Grass" more than its social import that Whitman appealed most strongly to his little group of English disciples. The history of the book in England is a history full of testimonies. As we read the letters that poured, unsolicited, into Whitman's hands from such diverse writers as Powell, Carpenter, Johnson, Rhys, Gosse, and Dowden, and the unrestrained confessions of such men as Symonds and Stevenson, we know that the bard spoke to them in the voice of an evangelist. Each speaks quite unaffectedly of a transformation wrought within himself. To the amused uninitiated, the influence could be explained cynically as the natural appetite of the "over-ripe and over-educated" for an abandonment to the call of the primitive, but the explanation does not invalidate the genuineness of the experience. "Speaking for myself," said Frederick Rockell, "there is no poet that 'builds me up' like Whitman does. When Tennyson tires and Browning bores, Whitman comes like the salt air off the ocean, bracing the mind as the ozone braces the body." Rockell spoke for many. It is an astonishing story—this ministration of the Whitman tonic to weary and aspiring men!

Allied with the personal influence exercised by his poetry was the sharp curiosity of the English over his personality, a curiosity shared not only by his followers but by the whole body of readers who had heard of him. Profoundly exciting was the plain, yet awesome fact that a prophet, magnetic and benign, existed in flesh and blood across the Atlantic. Walt's extraordinary celebration in verse and prose of his own unique qualities took effect. O'Connor's pamphlet and Burrough's "Notes" (mainly written by Whitman himself) were quoted extensively by English writers who dwelt eloquently upon the many stories of his comradeship with men, his ministrations to the wounded, and the serenity with which he met neglect. Writers like Lord Houghton, John Morley, and Tennyson, who said little about his poetry, expressed themselves admiringly upon his character and career. The conservative *Quarterly Review* noted in October, 1886, that his true power lay in "the impressive personality of the writer, the force and vitality of his broad living sympathy with his fellows, whatever their degree or condition: the strength of the dear love of comradeship, which is as feminine in its tenderness as it is masculine in its passion."

And so there gradually arose in England so broad an interest in Whitman the person that even before his death he became almost legendary. Had he ever crossed the ocean to lecture—he was asked more than once—he would have unquestionably packed the halls and enjoyed a triumph greater than that of any other visiting American author. People who could not read him would have fought to see him.

But since he cannily refused to visit the English, they came to visit him, and as he grew older in his homely Camden retreat, talking picturesquely of books and events, a constant stream of English travellers came to his door,—not literary figures alone, but artists like Sir Henry Irving and Bram Stoker, and reformers like Emily Faithfull and the Rev. Hugh Reginald Haweis, as in the early days John Morley and Justin McCarthy had visited him in his Washington garret. They would return to England with glowing stories, and so the legend grew.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Beliefs of Children.—It is the habit of adults, arriving at the theoretical age of wisdom, to reflect with a mixture of sentiment and drollery upon the beliefs of their youngsterhood, upon the faiths, in retrospect so innocently imaginative, of the world of little children. There was, for instance, the belief in Santa Claus and the reindeers that carried him over the rooftops and the chimney he descended and the stocking his kindly bounty filled. There was the belief that babies were brought by the stork or found under cabbage leaves, and the belief that the lot of a fireman was the happiest on earth. There was the belief that all princesses were very beautiful and that the President of the United States was the wisest man in the United States, and that one's school-teacher represented the sum and substance of human knowledge, and that a hundred dollars was a great fortune. There was the belief, further, in witches and the bogey man and fairies; the belief in the heroic stature of baseball players and policemen; the belief that the blonde bareback rider in the circus was an angel; and the belief that one's father knew everything in the world that was worth knowing.

Meditating, with a pleasurable sadness, upon these fond convictions of the child age, the adult permits that pleasurable sadness gradually to transmute itself into a smile of superior and condescending sagacity. For all the tenderness of his rememoration, he cannot resist a certain self-congratulatory sense of his increased enlightenment and of his closer perception of the realistic truths. And so, no longer believing in Santa Claus, or in the stork that brings babies, or in fairies, he is brought by the higher adult philosophy to believe that no one is ever really supposed to use the guest towels; that persons whose initials spell a word will be millionaires before they die; that it is bad luck for two people to look into a mirror at the same time; that nine-tenths of the murders committed today are the result of bad booze; that it is disastrous to kill a bee; that cross-eyed folk and hunchbacks are lucky people to have around; that a junta of small bubbles in one's *café au lait* is a sign of approaching wealth; that clothes inadvertently put on inside out indicate that a big surprise is coming to one; that a savage, because he knows nothing, is happier than a civilized man and that, as a consequence, Sitting Bull had it all over Socrates; that spaghetti loses much of its flavor if you cut it, instead of winding it around your fork and taking chances; that a dog knows when people are talking about him; that if you let the moon shine on your pillow, you will walk in your sleep; that drinking milk while standing up promotes a tendency to fat legs; that all painting and sculpture over two hundred years old is good art; that it is a sign of bad weather if smoke comes out of the chimney obliquely instead of straight up; that all the better Europeans always travel second-class, and that the only difference between first and second class is the plush upholstery in the first; that new shoes should be shined immediately after they are bought in order to preserve the leather; that street-car conductors are always short of nickels; that Indian girls are completely passionless; that miscegenation of the white and colored races produces a half-breed possessed of none of the virtues of either race and all the vices of both; that county loan associations are easier to

borrow from than banks; that the souls of the soldiers who got into the late brawl in France were seared by the horrors they encountered, that they are trying to forget the whole business, and that they can be got to talk about it only when in their cups; that women in the colleges are always better English students than the men; that every time the speeches of Hoover were broadcast during the late Presidential campaign, the Irish cops in New York went about disconnecting people's radio sets; that mixing drinks causes one to get spiffed very quickly on half the actual amount of alcohol it ordinarily takes to set one on one's ear; that Mexicans are very poor shots, and that one American division could conquer Mexico in a month; that Dutchmen always wear patches on the seats of their breeches; that if a rifle is fired into the air, the bullet always lands in the next county and kills a cow; that if it weren't for the annual American influx, Europe would be bankrupt; that it is considered advisable to make a wish after tasting the first fruit or first vegetable of the season; that it is the chief aim of caricaturists to make their sitters as hideous as possible; that if a girl falls going up stairs she will be married before the year is out; that if four people shake hands simultaneously with their arms crossing, it is a sign of approaching marriage; that the art of lithography consists of subway cards, advertising posters and art calendars; that a stolen kiss is always much better than the one got free; that it is bad luck to sleep with one's head at the foot of the bed; that a lady bug, on the other hand, is very lucky; that the chili consumed by Mexicans is a very effective germicide and that if they didn't eat great quantities of it, the race would be decimated by disease in a year; that it is a sign of extreme affection on the part of the sender to place a stamp upside down on the envelope; that killing a snake and turning it belly-up on a rail fence is sure to cause rain; that Spanish-American movie audiences always weep when an American comedian gets crowned with a custard pie; that Negro blood is extraordinarily potent and that one drop of it in the veins of a family will sooner or later show itself by the production of a genuine blackamoor as inky as the ace of spades; that swimming is good for the female figure; that Pullman porters are great lovers, and that they promptly lose their good-nature if they are called George; that every other building in Paris and Rome was once an old palace; that it is lucky to have a bird fly in at one's window; that an understudy always sits in the wings from the beginning of a performance to the final curtain, waiting impatiently for the star to drop dead; that when a railroad brakeman comes home from a run he always knocks at the front door and then runs to the back of the house with a pistol in his hand; that high-powered Spanish girls are all kept away from men until marriage, but that if they could be got at they would be very ump-ah; that all elderly unmarried women who were alive during the Civil War had soldier-lovers who were slaughtered on the field of battle; that fat people are generally light on their feet and consequently are good dancers; that syndicated news stories are less to be trusted than the articles written for home consumption by members of the local newspaper staffs; that an Englishman will never speak to one in a railway compartment or on a steamer unless one speaks to him first and that he will then reply in monosyllables; that, in war, enemy soldiers are more prurient than the soldiers in the home army; that external applications to the chest will cure pneumonia; that you can tell a college man by looking at him; and that small colored girls begin to contribute toward the rent before they have even learned their A. B. C.'s.

Gros Mots.—The cussing vocabulary of the American, brought face to face with the necessity of discharging itself against a person distasteful to the latter, almost invariably finds its most satisfying expres-

sion in words or phrases of a sexual cast. While it is obviously impossible for me to note these words and phrases in this place, it will take the reader only a moment's reflection to dredge up a comprehensive list of them, and he will recognize at once the truth of the contention. Beginning with the word *bastard*, the catalogue runs up and down the scale of canine genealogy, degeneracy, exotic biological practises and anatomical stock market quotations. And when it abandons terms of a precise sexual nature it will be found to augment itself with words and phrases of an indirect but none the less sufficient association, such as consist in allusions to certain neighborly portions of the anatomy of humans and animals and to certain of their achieved functions.

The Frenchman, on the other hand, finding it necessary to relieve his feelings in a similar situation, seldom finds in his own catalogue of objurgation words and phrases of a kind. A Frenchman and an American, passing fighting words to a third man at one and the same moment, will be observed to cast reflections on that man in terms that are essentially as different as black and white. The American's vituperation will be based upon a sexual allusion of one kind or another; the Frenchman's upon some such thing as the resemblance of the enemy to a blue pig. To call a man a blue pig in France, indeed, is akin to calling an American an exponent of one of the diversions of Encolpius.

Speculating on this dissimilarity in the respective arts of linguistic *casus belli*, it occurs to one that the sexual nature of the American's Eumenidean expression has doubtless developed out of his inborn belief in the evil and wickedness of all sex and his consequent conviction that there is something disgusting and shameful about it. From this inherent belief and conviction there naturally has proceeded the vocabulary of detraction noted, far-fetched and exaggerated, true enough, in some of its departments, but nevertheless grounded patently upon the principle of sexual insult. The Frenchman, on the contrary, being at the opposite pole in his view of sex, has difficulty in thinking of the American's verbal pugnacities as other than funny, just as the American, in turn, has difficulty in seeing anything in the Frenchman's over which to get worked up about. If a Frenchman were to be called a ——— ———, he would merely raise an eyebrow in idle curiosity and silently speculate as to why the American seemed so angry about the whole matter, just as the American, called a *cochon bleu*, would merely smile derisorily at the Frenchman and order up two more rounds of corned beef and cabbage.

Pedestal-Pullers.—One of the things one never fails to notice in American criticism is the apparent glee with which the bulk of that criticism hops upon defective work on the part of an established American artist. It seems that the average American critic lies eagerly in wait for an artist not to do as good work as he has previously done or better, but for him to produce something inferior. And when he does, the critic betrays clearly his air of rejoicing. Dreiser, Cabell, Anderson, Hergesheimer, Lewis, O'Neill and a dozen other such men, falling now and then for the moment below the standards they have imposed upon themselves, have thus found themselves treated like knaves and impostors. Where the European critic always wishes for the best in his artists, the American critic gives one the feeling that he is always hoping for the worst. We have no clearer symptom than this of the fundamental self-uncertainty and shabbiness of American criticism and of its vain desire to raise itself to eminence by increasing the number of corpses to stand upon.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The American Dramatist

LET this chapter be devoted to a consideration of American dramatists and to an effort to ascertain what place, if any, they presently occupy in the theatrical sun.

That O'Neill is the outstanding figure in the catalogue under discussion is now denied only by such critics as employ the denial, against their honest and better judgment, to lend to their writings that share of fillip which always attaches to a marching out of step. Their insincerity is easily penetrable, for while they eloquently argue that O'Neill is not the outstanding force, they do not tell us who is. With the production this last season of "Dynamo," a very poor piece of work, the hostility toward its author and the skepticism over his hitherto loudly proclaimed talents took on full sail, and we were entertained by an over-night shifting of the critical course. Because he had written a bad play, O'Neill, his antecedent work forgotten, was denounced as an overestimated and even ridiculous dramatist, and it was argued that, since this one play was so bad, doubtless his previous good plays were not really so good as they had previously been thought to be. In this we engaged no novelty, for the tactic is a commonplace one in American criticism, whether literary or dramatic, and familiar to everyone who follows the critical art as it is manœuvred in God's country.

If O'Neill is not the leader among American playwrights, "Dynamo" or no "Dynamo," it is pretty difficult to make out who the leader is. While it is perfectly true that in one or two of his other plays as well as in "Dynamo" he has exposed at times a juvenile indignation, a specious profundity and a method of exaggeration that has verged perilously on travesty, he has nevertheless written a number of plays of a very definite quality, a number of plays that outdistance any others thus far written by Americans and, whether in his better work or poorer, shown an attitude and an integrity—to say nothing of a body of technical resource—far beyond those of any of his American rivals. The truth about O'Neill is that he is the only American playwright who has what may be called "size." There is something relatively distinguished about even his failures; they sink not trivially but with a certain air of majesty, like a great ship, its flags flying, full of holes. He has no cheapness, even in his worst plays. "The First Man," "Welded" and "Dynamo," for example, are mediocre affairs as drama goes, but in them just the same there is that peculiar thing that marks off even the dismal efforts of a first-rate man from those of a second-rate.

II

With O'Neill in a category apart, we come to the others. Among these, we find actual achievement much less frequently than mere promise. Some of the writers have shown brilliant streaks and have even produced a single play here and there of authentic quality, but they are found to be flash dramatists rather than sustained and have further demonstrated so uneven a purpose that it is hard to deduce their basic dramatic motives. Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings started out, in "What Price Glory?", in fine color but their subsequent collaborations, while not without traces of merit, came nowhere near their first work. Stallings has apparently given up dramatic composition and Anderson,

going it on his own, has since the dissolution of the partnership written only one play, "Saturday's Children," that calls for even passing comment. Both these men, singly and in collaborative endeavor, have ability, but neither has held the position hinted at by their first joint effort. Sidney Howard I am able to discern little in. He impresses me as a superior box-office playwright and little else: a less operatic Edward Sheldon who looks at life with a campus brand of realism and whose work suggests a footman's paraphrase of available O'Neill themes. Howard can write smoothly and he is by no means a cheapjack, but there is about him the air of a dilettante trying to mingle familiarly with roughneck ideas. He has written some good single scenes, but his plays in their entirety have an amateurish mental ring and an aspect of strained youthful bravado, like little boys trying manfully to smoke their fathers' cigars.

Paul Green has an unmistakable ambition to write reputable drama but, though he works in materials with which he is undoubtedly familiar, he constitutionally looks at them more as a literary man than as a dramatist. He feels his materials but his materials do not feel him. And since the materials he deals with are purely emotional the plays he writes are chilly with moods beheld but not echoed. Vincent Lawrence, perhaps the most gifted of our comedy writers, now and then contrives to go two-thirds of the regulation play distance but thus far has not succeeded in writing a full-length play that hasn't expired with its second curtain. For two acts he has at times indicated a talent for comedy of high flavor, but with the dawn of the third acts his wind has given out and his plays have collapsed, like brave kites with insufficient tails. Yet he has a point of view and a writing skill that one day may bring something fully meritorious from him. George Kelly came nearest to authentic notice with "Craig's Wife," a drama of some quality, but beyond this single work has shown little save his humorous character of the show-off imbedded in a trashy play. His limitations were strikingly suggested in "Behold, the Bridegroom," his most serious effort, wherein a theme of relative profundity found him wading pathetically in waters too deep for him.

Philip Barry displays occasionally a light and agreeable facility for superficial comedy, but his gleam is that of a goldfish swimming around in a whale's tank. He touches only the surfaces of comedy; his characters are skin-deep; and he employs a tricky verbal adroitness to conceal his lack of any real penetration of them. Now and then he gets fairly close to one of his personages but soon thereafter sidles away timorously and takes refuge in badinage to hide his own philosophical nervousness and boyish uncertainty. When he tries drama of a more sober nature he is completely lost. What talent he has is for theatrical May-pole dancing. Zoë Akins, who started out some years ago with genuine brilliance and who in "Papa" and "A Texas Nightingale" gave promise of a career of high achievement, seems to have blown up. Her later work, as has been observed often enough, is of affectation and posturing all compact, and has turned upon itself as burlesque. She periodically still shows momentary flashes of merit but they are seen to be only Summer lightning; her more recent plays have been simply an ingenuous whistling against thematic hurricanes, full of a modish trilling signifying nothing. Jesse Lynch Williams has written one or two comedies considerably above the American average; he can juggle the English language with dexterity; but he seems to be a lazy fellow and writes for the theatre only at long intervals. His indolence is the theatre's loss.

George S. Kaufman's top mark has been reached not singly but in conjunction with Edna Ferber, their joint effort, "The Royal Family," being one of the best of American-made comedies. Kaufman is one of the more skilful of the younger group of playwrights, though he seems to be able

to do little without the aid of a collaborator. His "The Butter and Egg Man," written without a helper, is an amusing topical farce-comedy but quite unimportant. The plays he has written with Marc Connelly have contained isolated scenes of some humorous distinction but the plays as a whole belong in a minor category. The best of them, "Beggar on Horseback," owes its origin to Paul Apel's "Hans Sonnenstösser's Trip to Hell," upon which, despite the fact that the idea of an adaptation was kept carefully in the background, it leans heavily. Connelly, on his own, has turned out only a weak little fantasy, "The Wisdom Tooth," and, in collaboration with Herman Mankiewicz, a dull comedy, "The Wild Man of Borneo."

III

Rachel Crothers, hailed fifteen years ago as one of the hopes of American drama, has written one or two pleasant little popular theatre pieces but, beyond that, has never given evidence that she is anything save a fairly adroit concocter of box-office stuffs. She is a hangover from the era of Augustus Thomas, George Broadhurst, Charles Klein and other such hollow pets of a hollow critical past. William Hurlbut has assiduously tried to tickle himself into a position of eminence with a Freudian feather but all that he has been able to achieve is a sensational squirming. He is a sophomoric Brieux, intent upon startling his audiences with blushful themes but without the talent to do other by them than to undress them in public. He writes too crudely and unimaginatively to dramatize his undertakings persuasively. Channing Pollock is simply a moralist turned playwright: he writes with one eye on the profitable endorsements of the clergy and with the other on the lucrative boobery. His work is full of special pleading and is heavy with sentimentality.

Hatcher Hughes has written only one play that is worth even passing notice, "Hell-bent fer Heaven," and it is, for all its effort in an O'Neill direction, pretty feeble drama. His "Ruint" is cheap stuff and his "Wake Up, Jonathan," in collaboration with Elmer Rice, an exceptionally trivial comedy. Rice, who came to notice with "The Adding Machine," a pale copy of German expressionism, begins with "Street Scene" to promise something. That play has moments of observation that are above the ordinary, though the substructure of the play itself is decidedly commonplace and though there is a disturbing injection of obvious hokum into what is otherwise often electric drama. Zona Gale has turned to the theatre from the novel, or rather with the novel, on two occasions. She remains a novelist; her acquaintance with dramaturgy is defective and her plays have the air of novels become talkies. Theatrical life is missing from them; they seem to call for reading lamps more than for actors. Bartlett Cormack has indicated more than merely melodramatic skill in his single play, "The Racket;" there are evidences in it of authentic character and of a sharp eye to life. What he will do in the future remains to be seen.

Booth Tarkington is no longer active as a playwright and, during the period of his activity, showed little more than a flair for lightly diverting comedy, notably in the piece called "Clarence." George Ade has left the theatre altogether after several comedies of very considerable merit. In Ade the American stage promised to discover its enormously superior Charley Hoyt but, after a brilliant start, Ade decamped and left the theatre flat. Frank Craven has written two comedies, "Too Many Cooks" and "The First Year," that rank well in the native comedy catalogue, but his more recent work shows a sad decline and amounts to nothing. His wind, too, seems to have given out. Gilbert Emery, in "The Hero," presented tokens of genuine talent, though since that play he has disclosed nothing to bring one seriously to consider his claims to potential celebrity.

George Abbott and Philip Dunning

seem to have shot their bolt with the journalistic melodrama, "Broadway." Dunning has turned out only a rubbishy melodrama since and Abbott has constituted himself a proficient tinkerer with other playwrights' box-office wares. Ben Hecht, who has an honest gift for the theatre, is, unless all signs fail, destined to position in the American playwrighting circle. Even his earliest efforts, such as "The Egotist," showed a point of view and a humor rare in the local circle. In Charles MacArthur he has found a valuable collaborator, a writer with an engagingly sardonic mind and a sense of broad humor that matches his own. These men form the most promising collaborative team presently in evidence. Their "The Front Page" shows the way their talents blow.

In "A Man's Man," Patrick Kearney managed a very fair job, but up to the moment he seems destined to be listed as a one-play playwright. In "Chicago," similarly, Maurine Watkins contrived the best farcical satire we have had, but nothing has come from her since. The one play that she has written since "Chicago," which I have been privileged to read, contains few indications of sustained skill. Yet, even so, there is a peculiar quality hovering about it that, in some future manuscript, may come to flower.

Owen Davis calls for little comment. Essaying late in his long career to turn his hand to the more reputable drama he has found that his protracted immersion in cheap box-office stuff has botched him, and all that he has been able to negotiate are vainglorious zeros. In "The Detour" and "Icebound" he tried to write O'Neill plays, but the ghosts of Bertha, Nellie and other such sweethearts of his playwriting past insinuated themselves into them and the results were grotesque. Rita Wellman did one estimable job some years ago in "The Gentile Wife," but has done nothing since that time. There were also moments of worth in Frederick Ballard's "Young America," produced years ago, but Ballard, like Miss Wellman, has shown nothing in the meantime. In Lula Vollmer, for all my colleagues' admiration, I can discover little. "Sun-Up" was fair in spots, but only fair. And none of her other attempts has amounted to anything.

Arthur Richman, in "Ambush," exhibited some dramatic talent and has since exhibited an even more substantial talent for light comedy. His work, however, even in the instance of a single manuscript, is disturbingly uneven; there are moments when he is excellent and moments, suddenly thereafter, when he descends to banality and doldrums. But there is wit to the fellow and he writes smoothly. Next to Vincent Lawrence, he is our neatest hand at what goes by the name of polite comedy. But both have some distance to go before they achieve really sound work. Clare Kummer, after a couple of droll and original contributions, has retired from the theatre. While never an important playwright, she possessed a curious skill in the confection of comic oddities and a mind piquantly alive to absurdity. George M. Cohan's later plays miss all the originality of his early ones; he impresses one as either laboriously retracing old ground or patterning his work after certain other popular plays of the day. The racy Cohan touch of fifteen years ago has disappeared. His work is tired. Willard Mack has devoted himself to hoped-for money-makers, none of them worth a hoot. Samuel Shipman need not be mentioned. Bayard Veiller is highly expert at popular melodrama, but there his talent rests.

IV

Robert Emmet Sherwood, in "The Road to Rome," proved himself merely still another cuckooer of Shaw, and a weak one. And his "The Queen's Husband" was little more than college-boy satire. James Forbes has got steadily worse and worse; nothing he has delivered himself of in recent years has been worth discussion. What fertility he exhibited in some of his early work has completely deserted him. Harry Wagstaff

Gribble wrote "March Hares," a very funny curio, but has done nothing since, although one or two passages in his "Revolt," produced this last season, gave hints of his old originality and derisory humor. Don Marquis contrived a good character in the Old Soak and then incorporated it into a tenth-rate play. His more serious attempts at drama have not been too happy.

Lewis Beach occasionally touches the surfaces of authentic character but his aptitude for playwriting is so meagre that his labors come to naught. A. E. Thomas, though he writes well, has never come off as a playwright: his plays die of inanition before they have run half their course. The Nugents are simply elaborators of what should remain vaudeville sketches. The best of their efforts, "The Poor Nut," is feeble George Ade crossed with Tarkington. Kenyon Nicholson has done little so far to argue for his future. Edward Childs Carpenter has written one amusing farce-comedy, "The Bachelor Father," but none of his other plays has been deserving of notice. Percy Mackaye began and ended with "The Scarecrow." And George Middleton, who has been writing plays, it seems, since before the time of man, has yet to produce anything worthy of critical attention.

Montague Glass, a first-rate delineator of character and a fine humorist, has collaborated upon several amusing dramatizations of his stories and characters, but his theatrical vein appears to have run out. Louis Kaufman Anspacher is nowhere; his plays are worthless. Fannie Hurst has given the stage only claptrap, and Mary Roberts Rinehart has offered nothing. Winchell Smith began and ended a box-office playwright, and Jules Eckert Goodman, save when he collaborated with Glass, showed himself a sorry figure in the business of playwriting. Earl Derr Biggers need not be discussed. Lee Wilson Dodd has amounted to little. Tom Barry, who years ago seemed to have something in him, has never realized his hintful promise. Thompson Buchanan appears to have exhausted himself long ago; the plays he has written in late years are gimcracks. James Gleason has written some amusing wisecracking dialogue, but his plays, whether his own or written in collaboration with others, are fundamentally trashy. Austin Strong is a fabricator of cheap theatrical valentines. John Emerson and Anita Loos have devoted themselves to negligible farces, the most adroit of which was their dramatization of Miss Loos's very comical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Edward Sheldon, laid low by illness, has done little in later years and did little in the way of actual worth, hallelujas to the contrary notwithstanding, in his heyday. Eugene Walter is heard of today only as a dallier with adaptations. Hubert Osborne need not be counted; his plays have been wholly unimportant. S. N. Behrman, however, takes rank as one of the country's most promising writers of comedy. His "The Second Man" was an excellent job. If he duplicates its merit in his next play, he will far outdistance Arthur Richman's score in the same field of playwriting and will make Vincent Lawrence perspire to keep up with him. Martin Flavin, whose "Children of the Moon" evoked an idiotic critical hymning, I can see nothing in. Edwin Justus Mayer has written a diverting minor comedy in "The Firebrand," but thus far nothing else. After "Goat Alley," an interesting study of the Negro, Ernest Howard Culbertson sank.

Jim Tully, in "Black Boy," showed a very real talent for drama but his virtues were corrupted by a hack collaborator. It will be interesting to see what he does when he undertakes playwriting on his own. The New Playwrights group, John Howard Lawson, Em Jo Basshe, John Dos Passos & company, disclose nothing; they may be dismissed. Guy Bolton has devoted himself to commonplace box-office writing. Martin Brown has exuded only flapdoodle, and Porter Emerson Browne, save for an amusing but negligible comedy, "The Bad Man," has given the stage noth-

ing worth discussion. David Carb has so far produced nothing save a commendable attempt at biographical drama, "Queen Victoria," in collaboration with Walter Prichard Eaton. Wilson Collison has delivered himself only of pornographic tripe. Barry Connors is a merchant of mush, and Milton Herbert Gropper of out-and-out balderdash. Catherine Chisholm Cushing isn't worth mentioning, nor is Harry Delf, a former vaudeville performer who has invaded the theatre with plays about cheap flat life. Gladys Unger, a relic of past decades, has never written anything calling for notice, and Dan Totheroh has tried to shoot at the stars with a bean-blower. Lawrence Eyre has so far turned out only dramatic zeros. William J. Rapp and Wallace Thurman may bear watching on the score of their work in "Harlem."

Susan Glaspell has a talent far above that of the majority but her mastery of the dramatic form is weak and her plays, for all their fine intent, do not come off. They have a library smell that debilitates them. What she may do in the way of authentic drama is still problematical. Her mind, viewpoint and literary skill are considerably above the average, however. Edward Salisbury Field has a modest talent for trivial comedy but without Margaret Mayo's collaboration has succeeded in doing nothing. Miss Mayo herself collapsed long ago. Arthur Goodrich, Robert Housum and Edward Locke have disclosed no signs of anything; Max Marcin is nil; and J. P. McEvoy, while not without mild traces of ironic humor, revealed in "God Loves Us," concerns himself chiefly with music shows. William Anthony McGuire is one of the box-office crowd; Anne Morrison shows nothing; and Don Mullally shows less. Roland Oliver is a tripe-seller, Fulton Oursler has a good sense of plot and sometimes a point of view removed from the commonplace, but his plays are veined through with immaturity. Samson Raphaelson has thus far done nothing. Willard Robertson's plays are greasepaint. Lynn Starling has some humor but his comedies are strained and feeble. Anne Crawford Flexner has disappeared from the scene. The Hattons are completely trashy.

There are certain other girls and boys whose names I have omitted who may some day do something to surprise us, but of that happy surprise they have not as yet given us any vividly perceptible omens.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Modern Gomorrah

CHICAGO: *A More Intimate View of Urban Politics*, by Charles Edward Merriam. $3.50. 8¾ x 5¾; 305 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

News comes, as I write, that Chicago has gone broke. Years of communal extravagance and private looting have so depleted the municipal treasury that there are no wages for the jobholders, and they must either live on their pickings or retire from Service altogether. The story is interesting, but probably not true. It has been heard, indeed, before, and following it at a short interval there has always come the announcement of fresh expenditures on an imperial scale—for a new lake front, for a better water supply, for another great chain of parks, or for a second World's Fair. Chicago is full of optimists because its history is a long series of lessons in optimism. It has been bankrupt four or five times, its city government has broken down a dozen times, and once it was wiped out altogether, but every time it has revived and gone on, bigger, bawdier and better.

Dr. Merriam, though he has a sad, sad tale to tell, is an optimist like the rest. A man of learning, a veteran of the wars, and a *commendatore* of the Crown of Italy, he is yet authentically a Chicagoan, and hence full of hope. Soon or late, he believes, the great *kraal* by the lake will surmount its troubles, and go on to a lofty and highly respectable destiny. The gunman and racketeers will disappear, and with them the crooked judges, the crooked district attorneys, the crooked police, the crooked bankers and the crooked shopkeepers, and out of the smoke, blood and beer-foam will arise a new and noble city-state, squatting four-square upon the imperishable principles of Rotary. Chicago, he says, already becomes beautiful, at least in spots; some day it will also be virtuous. Meanwhile, though it stinketh, it is at least not dull. Life within its moats of slag and sewage is full of alarms, surprises, thrills, narrow escapes, picaresque adventures. The lowliest citizen, dodging machine-guns and grabbing his share, is conscious all day long that what he helps to people is no mean city. As for Dr. Merriam himself, professing at the town university, sitting in the City Council, running for Mayor, and writing books, I think I offer him no offense when I suggest that he has had a royal hell of a time. What other American pedagogue could match it? Where, indeed, could it be matched save in Chicago?

Two things, says this fortunate professor, conspire to make the town more wicked than it ought to be. One is the fact that it lives under a complicated and discordant congeries of laws, many of them dishonest and large numbers of them unenforceable. The yokels down at Springfield have always refused to give Chicago self-government; in late years, indeed, they have shown a tendency to take away what little it formerly had. The result is that the statutes in force have little logical relation to the needs or to the natural habits of its people. They represent, in great part, only the hot desire of the dunghill to make the city uncomfortable. Worse, their execution is put into the hands of half a dozen different agencies, each with its swarms of officers and its huge machinery of graft. Add the general State laws, many of them insane, and the Federal laws, nearly all of them insane, and the difficulties before a Chicago cop begin to be manifest. Some of the laws he is sworn to enforce are so oppressive that if he actually tried to execute them he would be lynched. So he has

to use discretion, and pretty soon he gets so used to using it that he begins to stretch it. There ensues what reformers call lawlessness. At bottom it is no more than elemental self-defense. The Chicagoans, sweating under laws made by morons in the Mississippi river towns and worse morons on the black land of the Illinois steppes, simply put down all law as a sort of malaria, and try to dodge it as best they may.

The second factor making for a loose life in the town is the attitude of its men of money. For the most part upstarts risen from the back-alleys or the adjacent farms, they have attained to all the privileges of an aristocracy without so much as suspecting that obligations go therewith. They are surely not stingy with their money, but in the business of getting more and more of it the only law they recognize is the *lex talionis*. Anybody who can further their projects is free of their society and their confidence, whether he be demagogue or gunman, corruptionist or common thief. All sorts of racketeers flourish in the town because it is the habit of respectable business men to countenance them and make use of them. If all the local bankers would put down their joint foot, half the forays and uproars which now keep the Chicago agents of the Associated Press on the jump would cease overnight. But there are too many bankers in the lot who like to be on the good side of political big shots, as the Hon. Charles G. Dawes was on the good side of the odorous Lorimer, and so it is hard to make any progress against disorder and corruption. "In certain regions of the Upperworld of business," says Dr. Merriam, "affairs are placed upon the hard and realistic basis of engineering. [Where have I heard that word before?!] . . . The alliance between the Underworld and the Upperworld is a part of the total situation, and perhaps one could not exist without the other. At any rate, one cannot be explained without the other, and in terms of the other." Thus, in the very Holy City of Rotary, Service has two hands, and one is engaged busily in washing the other.

But, as I have said, Dr. Merriam is optimistic. Sitting for six years in the City Council taught him that politicians, after all, are not much worse than other men, and that it is quite possible, given the proper bait, to hook them for creditable enterprises. He himself did a lot of hooking in that direction, and he believes that more will be done hereafter. Chicago already shows a solid and formidable public spirit. It is, in part, only the public spirit of the hog-pen, but in part it is also something better. The Chicagoans, facing the yokels from down-State, stand together as one man—on Prohibition, on public improvements, on the autonomy of the city. They are always ready to spend their money for gaudy embellishments and adornments—the gaudier the better. They have already invested endless millions in a city-plan scheme, and they are ready to invest more, if, when and as the politicians stop emptying the treasury. Chicago, in a century or two, may be one of the most splendid cities in the world. Locally, it is already believed that the new lake-front beats anything in Europe. This is overconfidence, but certainly a worthy beginning has been made. As usual, private enterprise lags behind the communal effort. Some time ago I rode from the Loop northward to Evanston, and saw but one human habitation of any genuine beauty—a charming little row of Georgian houses, setting back a block or so from the lake. There were countless castles of hog barons, steel barons, wheat barons and other varieties of barons, including a cardinal of Holy Church, but all of them were hideous, and many of them were appalling. The money spent for them was as badly spent as if it had gone for tanneries. In Evanston itself I found myself in the very Bœotia of architecture. Such horrors began to vanish from the East almost a generation ago, but in the Chicago suburbs they are still esteemed. Only Los Angeles can beat them.

They will pass when civilization at last becomes domiciled by the lake. It has made several attempts to settle down in the past

but always it has departed again. There was a time when the Chicago social pushers set out to found a genuine American *noblesse:* it ended in the usual series of grand drunks, barn-yard marriages, and circus divorces. There was a time when young literati flocked to the town from all the cow-States, and ideas flashed and coruscated: they flash and coruscate no more. There was a time when the immortal Harper, with his carpet-bag full of Rockefeller money, set up a new Sorbonne within scent of the stockyards: today it is a rolling-mill like any other, taking in farmhands at one end and vomiting Ph.D.'s at the other. But what has been attempted once may be attempted again, and maybe with better success next time. Chicago is rough, vulgar, rowdy, frowsy, dirty, ignoble and obscene, but it has possibilities. Most other American cities of any pretensions look sadly toward the past—not only Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore in the East, but New Orleans in the South, St. Louis in the Middle West, and even San Francisco in the Far West. But the eyes of Chicago are fixed ahead, and behold gorgeous mirages, with all the classical banners, battlements and towers. Some day it may become civilized, and genuinely great. The one grave danger is that before that can be accomplished it will be forced to secede from Illinois, and then from the United States.

The Slave of Love

HENRY THE EIGHTH, by Francis Hackett. $3. 8¼ x 5⅝; 452 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

THIS book has been praised lavishly, but probably not too much. It is well ordered, it is intelligent, it is thorough, and it is highly amusing. In the face of such writing the notion that history is a dull subject simply goes to pieces. It is dull in the hands of dullards, but not in the hands of men of sense. Mr. Hackett has not sought to freshen it by neglecting its politics for its scandals. The story he has to tell, to be sure, takes him into the boudoir quite as often as it takes him into the chancery, but when he is in the chancery he does not shirk the gloomy business that it offers. On the contrary, he flings himself upon that business with great zest, as befits a former collaborator in the *New Republic*, and some of his most brilliant chapters have to do, not with Henry's sorry veneries, but with his oblique and complicated manœuvres against the Pope, the Emperor and the King of France.

The narrative, in fact, is fundamentally political and its chief merit lies in the skill with which the tangled intrigues of the time are reduced to order and coherence. The job was one of immense difficulty, and its execution must have cost long and painful effort. There are single pages that plainly reflect tedious hours of reading, and in books obscure, dishonest and contradictory. No mere literary man could have got through such mole-like delving; he would have been driven into the arms of the scandal-mongers after two chapters. But Hackett sticks to his muttons and his book remains the history, not only of the most luckless lover ever heard of, but also of one of the most bold and ambitious kings. To compare him to Lytton Strachey is facile, but misleading. He has all of Strachey's waggish charm, but he has something more. That something more, I suspect, was developed by hard and prayerful study of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." "Henry the Eighth" suggests it more than once. The scale is smaller, but there is the same astute understanding of the cruel conflict between the monarch and the man, and there is, too, the same striking capacity for making politics a melodramatic and fascinating matter.

The defects of the book are plain enough. It is, like "Frederick the Great," though in less measure, too long, and in more than one place it is a shade too clever. The rattle of epigrams starts out by being bewildering in the charming sense, but sometimes it becomes bewildering in the sense that is not charming at all. Again, some of the characterizations of secondary figures show

over-simplification. The chances are that Thomas Cromwell was by no means the unmitigated scoundrel that Hackett makes him, and that the Blessed Thomas More was far from the innocent he is represented to be. But these blemishes may be forgiven, for the merits of the book easily survive them. It is, in every important respect, a capital piece of work. It presents its facts clearly, it shows a humane and civilized point of view, and it is very well written.

The Pastors and Their Dogmas

THE BELIEFS OF 700 MINISTERS, by George Herbert Betts. $1. 7¾ x 5⅛. New York: *The Abingdon Press.*

Dr. Betts, who is professor of religious education at Northwestern University, amassed the materials for this curious study by sending questionnaires to 1309 Protestant clergymen and to an unnamed number of students in five schools of divinity. The questions were fifty-six in number, and ranged from "Do you believe that God exists?" and "Is God omnipotent?" to "Will there be a visible bodily Second Coming of Christ?" and "Can prayer change conditions in nature, such as drought?" Of the pastors, 500 responded, and of the students of divinity, 200. To only one question did all of the 700 answer yes, and that was the first: "Do you believe that God exists?" On all other points they differed and on not a few points the majority of them turned out to be radically at odds with what have been regarded as cardinal articles of Christian belief. Only 46% of the preachers and 3% of the divinity students, for example, reported that they believed in the Virgin Birth. Only 44% of the former and 16% of the latter believed that it was "necessary and essential" for a Christian to belong to the church. And only 53% of the former and 11% of the latter believed in Hell.

From end to end of the list the practising clergy showed themselves to be vastly more orthodox than the aspirants to the sacred shroud. Of the former, for example, 80% professed to believe in the Trinity, but only 44% of the latter. Of the former 47% said that they believed in the cosmogony of Genesis, and of the latter only 5%. Of the former 60% professed to believe in the Devil as "an actual being," but only 9% of the latter. Of the former 55% were for the literal authenticity and authority of the Bible, and of the latter only 8%. Less than half of the students said that they believed in the Resurrection or in Original Sin, or in the Divine Intercession, or in the Atonement, or in Heaven as an actual place, or in the necessity of the sacraments. Of the pastors 97% believed in the immortality of the soul, but of the students only 89%. And so on. The moral is dreadfully plain. By some hook or crook Satan has got into the seminaries of theology, and the clergy of tomorrow are being debauched. When they are turned out to adorn the sacred desk they will not preach the old Hell of the Bible, but some revolting mishmash of metaphysics and atheism, by Freud out of the harlot of Babylon. Evolution has them all by the snout: only 8% of them reject it formally. And practically every one of them has thrown up the Bible as sober history.

Dr. Betts, whose specialty is the religious education of the young, tries to deduce from his 700 sets of answers a scheme of dogma that it is safe to teach. He finds that, drawn up within the strict limits of the material before him, it may contain but one unequivocal article: that God exists. On nothing else do all of the rev. gentlemen agree. Even if resort be had to the agreements of three-fourths, the creed extends to but eleven articles, at least one of which stands in contempt of the traditional Christian doctrine, to wit, that Jesus, while on earth, met His problems and difficulties using only those powers and resources that are available to all men. The other articles, in the main, might be subscribed to by a Moslem, a Jew, or even a Unitarian, *e.g.*, that life continues after death, that forgiveness of sin is essential to a right relationship with God, and that

God is omnipotent. Thus the very agents of God begin to wobble and compromise, and the True Faith departs from the tabernacles. Curiously enough, the Lutherans turned out to be the most orthodox of all the clergymen tackled. Every one of them said he believed in the Resurrection, but only 74% of the Methodists would go so far. The Lutherans were also unanimously for the continued operation of the Holy Spirit, even in such places as Chicago, Hoboken, N. J. and Memphis, Tenn., whereas 10% of the Methodists doubted it. Eighty percent. of the Lutherans swallowed Hell, but among the Methodists 59% had some doubt, and among the Episcopalians 73%.

Dr. Betts did not put Prohibition on his list—a lamentable oversight, for it is now a cardinal article of faith in some of the most numerous Protestant sects, and public disbelief in it is a far more serious matter to the communicant than disbelief in the Fall of Man, the Atonement, or even the Resurrection. Nor did he address any of his questionnaires to the pastors of Holy Church. Nor to Jewish rabbis. It is to be hoped that he will remedy these deficiencies in a further inquiry. His little book, even as it stands, is immensely interesting and instructive.

Im Westen Nichts Neues

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, by Erich Maria Remarque. $2.50. 7⅝ x 5; 291 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

THIS brilliantly vivid and poignant story of man in war—unquestionably the best story of the World War so far published—has swept the world, and everywhere it is accepted as a powerful tract for peace. As I write there is already a movement in Sweden to give the author the Nobel Peace Prize, even at the cost of the eminent Kellogg, whose recent anti-war treaties, as everyone knows, made war illegal and hence impossible. But there is more to "All Quiet on the Western Front" than that. It is by no means a mere tract against war: it is rather a gorgeous and epical pæan to the indomitable spirit of youth—an overwhelmingly eloquent celebration of the high courage and resolution that make war possible, and are evoked to the same extent by no other demand upon *Homo sapiens*. The German boy of this story wonders what it is all about, but he is no less heroic for wondering. There is in him and his comrades a fortitude that shows in the end an almost majestic character; they cease to be youngsters wallowing in the mud and become personages out of a tragedy in the grand manner. It is surely no discredit to the human race that it can produce such men, and it is surely no argument against war that they die in vain. All heroes, at bottom, die in vain, whether in war or in peace. The rewards of life go to those prudent enough to live on.

I trust that "All Quiet on the Western Front" will be given diligent study by MM. of the American Legion. It may perhaps serve to subdue their more blatant bellowings. If they have, under their badges, the normal human sagacity, it will teach them the difference between falling safely upon a starved and exhausted foe and fighting against great odds for four long years. "For one hungry, wretched soldier," says the chronicler Paul of the last days, "come five of the enemy, fresh and fit. For one German army loaf there are fifty tins of canned beef over there. We are not beaten, for as soldiers we are better and more experienced; we are simply crushed and driven back by overwhelmingly superior forces."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

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INDEX TO VOLUME XVII

Adams, Grace: Measuring the American Mind . 194
The Kindergarten Soars 346
Americana 43, 163, 298, 439
Arts and Sciences, The:
Entomology 329
Hygiene 326
Law 198, 459
Pedagogy 61
Psychology 194
Public Hygiene 67
Radio 452
Surgery 191, 456
Theology 64
Authors, The American Mercury 128, 256, 384, 511
Blake, Robert: The Law Takes Its Toll 263
Blodgett, Harold: Walt Whitman in England . 490
Cabell, James Branch: Kindly Omit Flowers . . 144
Cain, Genevieve: Flogging the Ether 452
Cain, James M.: The Taking of Montfaucon . . 136
Carter, John: A Moral Crisis in Banking 412
Cash, W. J.: Jehovah of the Tar Heels 310
Check List of New Books . . . . . No. 65, x; No. 66, iv; No. 67, vi; No. 68, vi
Clements, Traverse: Mooney 26
Clendening, Logan: Meat 54
Clute, Dean: Salvation at the Brink 477
Conant, Louise: The Borax House 169
Cramp, Arthur J.: Testimonials—Mainly Medical 444
Crawford, Nelson Antrim: The New Book of Common Prayer 64
We Elect a Bishop 420
Davis, Loyal: Neurological Surgery 191
De Casseres, Benjamin: Ingalls of Kansas . . . 339
DeVoto, Bernard: Brave Days in Washoe . . . 228
Editorial 150, 287, 417
Editorial Notes . . . . . No. 65, xxxiv; No. 66, xxvi; No. 67, xliv; No. 68, xl
Finger, Charles J.: The Easeful Executive . . . 202
Goldberg, Isaac: A Boston Boyhood 354
Gómez, Juan: The Gallant Dominicans 89
Greenwood, H. J.: The Parliament of Labor . . 209
Haardt, Sara: The Etiquette of Slavery 34
Hartswick, F. Gregory: The Padrone 238
Hawes, John B. 2nd: Time Off 463
Hullsiek, Harold E.: Skin-Grafting 456
Hutter, Edward: The Kindergarten Soars . . . 346
Investor, The . . . . . No. 65, xl; No. 66, xxx; No. 67, xxxiv; No. 68, xxxiv
Johnson, Gerald W.: Why Men Work for Newspapers 83
Chase of North Carolina 183
Jones, Idwal: The Phrygian Cap 303
Kennell, Ruth Epperson: The New Innocents Abroad 10
Lunt, Dudley Cammett: The Law of the Air . . 198
Maynard, Lawrance M.: Murder in the Making 129
Mencken, H. L.: The Library . 123, 251, 379, 506
Editorial 150, 287, 417
MacNeill, Ben Dixon: Duke 430
McBain, Howard Lee: The Elephant and the Donkey 153
Nathan, George Jean: The Theatre 117, 245, 374, 500
Clinical Notes 114, 242, 370, 497
Norwin, W. P.: Citadel of Christian Culture . . 362
Nugent, William Henry: Cock Fighting Today . 75
Odum, Howard W.: Black Ulysses Goes to War 385
O'Malley, Frank Ward: His Rev'rince—Rest His Soul! 19
Oneal, James: The Umpire of Fairness 175
Owens, Hamilton: The County Boss 70
Parshley, H. M.: The Loss of Flight in Insects . 329
Peters, Paul: Cotton Mill 1
Pringle, Henry F.: Grover the Magnificent . . . 278
Prowitt, Alfred E.: The Big Brother of the West 483
Purdy, Nina: Mandrake 104
Ratti, Arturo F.: Breeding a Race of Gods . . . 216
Schuyler, George S.: Keeping the Negro in His Place 469
Tobey, James A.: Diet and the Duration of Life 326
Tompkins, Raymond S.: Goliath and His Davids 290
Tully, Jim: The Graveyard that Moved 319
Turano, Anthony M.: The Conflict of Divorce Laws 459
Untermeyer, Louis: Pegasus in High-school . . 61
Food and Drink 160
Washington Correspondent, A: Portia in Wonderland 332
Heap Big Chief 401
Weart, Edith L.: The Prevention of Goiter . . . 67
Weisberg, Goldie: Panorama: Phoenix, Arizona 96
Weissman, Rudolph L.: The Industrial Debenture with Stock Participation Privileges . . . . . No. 65, xl
Preferred Stocks . . . . . No. 66, xxx
Privileged Subscriptions . . . . . No. 67, xxxiv
The Investment Trust Again . . . No. 68, xxxiv
Wembridge, Eleanor Rowland: Emotion in the Court-Room 48
Wertenbaker, G. Peyton: A White Man in the South 257
White, Owen P.: The Art of Drink on the Border 271
Wilson, Charles Morrow: Better Folks 223

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THE INVESTOR

THE INVESTMENT TRUST AGAIN

By Rudolph L. Weissman

The announcement by the Committee on Stock Listings of the New York Stock Exchange of its readiness to receive applications to list the securities of investment trusts is important, since it marks a departure from the previous policy of the Exchange.

The listing of a security has a number of readily understood advantages, among which are a ready market and greater collateral value; to the investment trust, it will give a certain prestige and advertising value.

The New York Stock Exchange and other exchanges have been careful to avoid giving the impression that listing carries with it a warranty as to the value of a security, or of assurance of financial success. The general requirements of the New York Stock Exchange merely afford protection against the grosser forms of fraud, and the illegal issuance of securities. The supervision over a corporation's activities has never been one of the functions of stock exchanges.

The special requirements for investment trust issues are a recognition of their magnitude and of the distinctive problems arising out of their nature. They may well serve as a guide to the investor's scrutiny of the general management type.

The application must state the affiliations of the officers and directors with other enterprises, if the investment trust is managed by its own officers and directors; if it is managed by others, a copy of the management contract is required. Full details must be presented regarding the basis on which compensation for management is computed, including direct payments, options, warrants, and any other form of compensation, either present or future. All costs of organization and all selling expenses of each class of securities, and the net proceeds to the corporation must be shown in detail. Excessive costs, unless absorbed prior to the date of application, may be considered as a bar to listing. It may be assumed that even when absorbed, excessive expenses will have weight in determining the attitude of the Listing Committee. Unfunded debt that exceeds prudent limits is frowned upon.

An agreement is required that managers will charge only the regular commissions on dealings in securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange or other recognized exchanges, and only reasonable commissions on unlisted securities. No non-voting stocks will be listed unless substantially preferred as to both dividends and assets. As a safeguard against the use of preferred stocks which are totally barred from a voice in the management, or control under all circumstances by those whose investment may be relatively small, stocks with preferential dividend rights, but which do not carry voting power, must be accorded the right to vote when one year's preferential dividends are in arrears. The right to vote continues until the arrears have been liquidated. The Exchange could, with propriety, have gone further and demanded exclusive voting power in these cases.

The provisions that will meet with greatest opposition are those relating to the statement of earnings and balance sheets. The income account must show separately gross earnings under at least these classifications: interest, dividends, profit on sale of securities, profit on syndi-

Continued on page xxxvi

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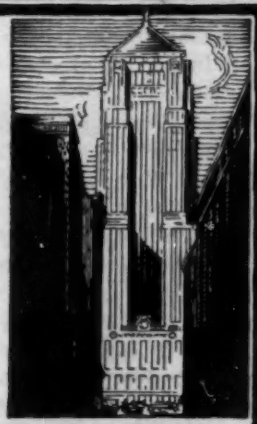

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THE INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxiv

cate operations, transfers from reserves previously created, if any, and miscellaneous. Expenses and deductions must show separately, at least: interest paid and accrued, taxes paid and accrued, and transfers to reserves, if any.

As pointed out in a previous article, the majority of American investment trusts do not itemize the sources of income. Examination of the statements submitted for 1928 shows that it is customary to lump together the two principal sources of income, interest and dividend receipts, and profits on sales of securities. If it is conceded that the stockholders are entitled to an income statement, they should receive one that can be properly analyzed. The importance of knowing how the gross income is derived is forcibly brought to light by the statements of trusts that have separated the items.

In 1928 a number of trusts received as much as 75% to 90% of their gross income through the profits on sales of securities. One does not need to be an expert to understand that abnormal market conditions must have accounted, in part, for such results. Diversification is the very foundation of the investment trust, and during a market in which declining prices are the rule, their effects cannot be entirely nullified. If earnings are to count in fixing a reasonable price for investment trust stocks, shall the purchaser pay as much for a dollar's income from relatively stable sources as from income due in various degrees to good fortune? A management that can earn an exceptionally high rate on its investment through market operations in a difficult period will not ordinarily hide under a bushel. The income account, when prepared in the light of the requirements mentioned, will also show the management's general policies. One management frankly adopts a trading programme. Another makes comparatively few sales of the securities held, in the belief that the shareholders will receive a greater profit over a period of years through increased appreciation and income. I am not choosing between these policies. But certainly, those who have supplied the funds are not unreasonable in asking for information on fundamental matters. To my mind, the trading profits of 1927 and 1928 have raised the expectations of investors to heights where disappointment is inevitable.

From the time that the question of listing investment trust securities arose, it was known that complete information would be required as to the portfolio. The annual report must include a list of all of the holdings, showing both names and quantities. In answer to the plea that when a corporation has not completed its purchases of individual securities, publication is equivalent to the divulging of a trade secret, an amount of 10% of the aggregate capital and surplus or 10% of the cost of securities held, whichever is less, may be covered under the heading of Miscellaneous Securities. It is wisely provided that an auditor's certificate must be filed containing a statement that no one of the items carried under the term Miscellaneous has been held for more than one year. The valuation of securities held must be shown in the balance sheet at cost, summarized in reasonable detail. To each balance sheet shall be appended a footnote showing the aggregate costs of all securities owned, their aggregate current value, and the difference.

Some reputable investment trust managers will object to the requirements. Not all the trusts that pass the searching tests will be successful, but the New York Stock Exchange has gone far toward getting information sufficiently broad to help the investor make an intelligent choice.

Continued on page xxxviii

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxvi

New Financial Books

THE ANALYSIS OF FINANCIAL STATEMENTS. *By Harry G. Guthmann.* *Prentice-Hall*
$5 9 x 6; 466 pp. *New York*

This volume will help the investor understand the significance of the income account and balance sheet. It has the merit of extreme clarity. The arrangement will add to the book's usefulness. The same tests cannot be applied to the statements of enterprises having different economic and financial characteristics. Railroad, gas manufacturing, hydro-electric power, mercantile and manufacturing, mining, bank, insurance, and holding company statements are discussed in separate chapters. There is a good bibliography and an index.

FOREIGN INVESTMENTS. *By Gustav Cassel, Theodor E. Gregory, Robert E. Kuczynski and Henry Kittredge Norton* *The University of Chicago Press*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 232 pp. *Chicago*

Herein are the lectures given at the fifth institute on the Harris Foundation, in June, 1928. Dr. Cassel deals with international trade, the utility of foreign investments, and with the war debts. Professor Gregory writes on "Great Britain and Foreign Investments," Dr. Kuczynski on "American Loans to Germany," and Mr. Norton on "Backward Countries as a Field for Investment." The book deserves extensive reading. High lights are Dr. Cassel's restatement of his well-known views that Germany can meet the obligations of the Dawes payments only by continued borrowing, and the figures on capital exports in 1913 and since the war. Dr. Gregory is worried over the diversion of capital into foreign loans at the expense of development at home. Dr. Kuczynski's contribution, although the shortest, is in many respects the most interesting. It is a summary and extension of his splendid volume on the same subject published in 1927. He emphasizes the "incontrovertible fact that grave and minor abuses have been committed in the past in connection with the issue of German loans." Like Dr. Cassel, he is concerned with what will happen in the event that the United States stops lending, especially as there is no tendency to expand our imports or sacrifice export expansion. Mr. Norton shows that about one-third of our annual foreign investments are made in backward countries, where transactions are not on a purely credit basis, but involve "peculiar problems—problems in which political and even military, as well as financial, power are involved." Mr. Norton states as an established fact that in backward countries, financial control redounds to the benefit of the people of the country concerned. The book is provided with an index.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Dr. Howard W. Odum's "Black Ulysses Goes to War" is to be part of a book to be published this Autumn—the second volume of his saga of Black Ulysses. The first volume, "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," was reviewed in The American Mercury for September last (The Library, p. 126). "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" was received with enthusiasm in both the South and the North. All competent judges instantly recognized the truth and understanding in its vivid and sympathetic portrait of a Negro casual laborer. In the new book the author takes the same hero to the wars. Another extract from it, dealing with Black Ulysses' life in a training camp at home, will be printed in The American Mercury very shortly.

Dr. Odum is one of the group of remarkable men brought to the University of North Carolina by President Harry W. Chase, whose extraordinary achievement there was described by Mr. Gerald W. Johnson in The American Mercury for June. He was born in Georgia and took his doctor's degree at Columbia. His doctoral thesis, "Social and Mental Traits of the Negro," published in 1910, is unquestionably the best treatise on the subject ever written. For a number of years he taught in Georgia and Mississippi. Since 1920 he has been professor of sociology at North Carolina, and director of the School of Public Welfare and of the Institute for Research in Social Science. He is also the editor of the well-known journal, *Social Forces*, and the author of many books. His work at North Carolina has made the university one of the chief centers of sociological research in the United States, and his pupils have carried his influence to all parts of the country. But, as "Black Ulysses" shows, there is more than a scientist in him; he is also an artist of great sensitiveness, and some of his most important work has been done in the fields of folk-song and folk-lore.

Dr. Odum makes no attempt to reproduce the dialect of the Southern Negro with phonological exactness. But his transcription, for all this, is curiously accurate. It not only comes very close to the low-down black man's ways of speech; it also achieves a really brilliant presentation of his ways of thought.

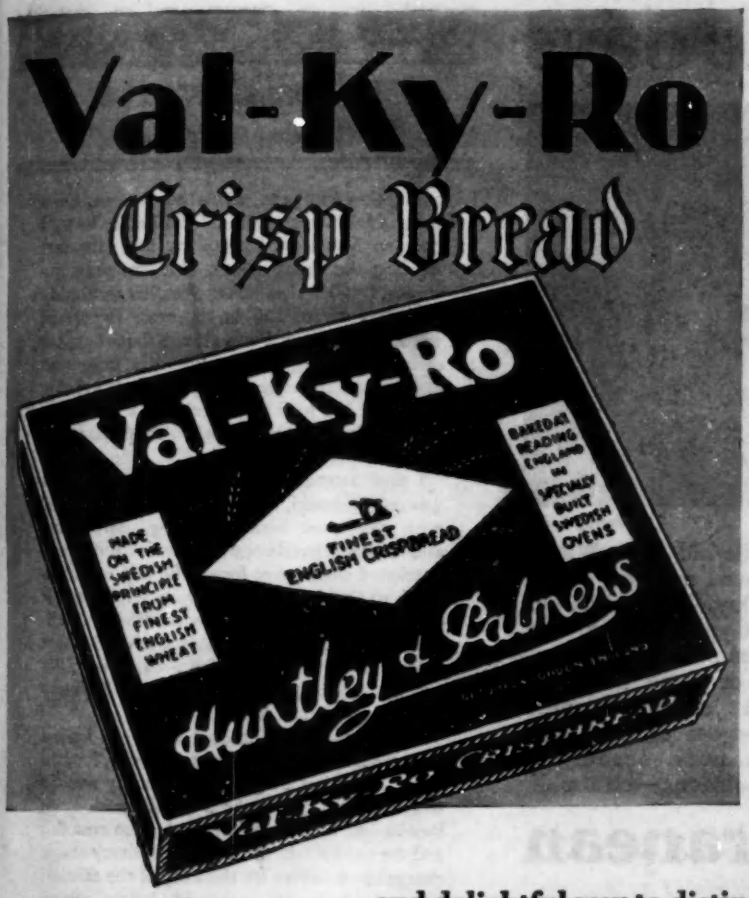
Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, author of "Testimonials—Mainly Medical," in this issue, is the director of the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association. It is a clearing-house for information on the nostrum evil, quackery and allied subjects, and has been of invaluable service in the war against medical frauds.

Dr. Arthur J. Cramp

Dr. Cramp was born in London, England, in 1872, the oldest of a good-sized family, and the only one, he adds,

> in the family who was baptized as an infant. The others were kept as controls. After the usual vicissitudes of childhood, I received the major part of my secondary education at Sir Walter St. John's (pronounced Sinjin's) and had a brief experience in a London steamship office as an office boy, although I was called a junior clerk (pronounced clark).
>
> At the age of nineteen, I left London to experiment with farm life in the Middle-West. The change proved most satisfactory from a physical standpoint, but the year and a half of milking cows, feeding hogs, trimming hedge,

Continued on page xlii



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xl

cultivating corn, etc., ruined my accent. Even before I was twenty-one, I could hardly be told from an American. One of my first jobs was weeding the onion patch. Not knowing my onions, I pulled them all up, but left creditably straight rows of one of the most important weeds in the patch. I was always neat. Another early incident of bucolic life that lingers in memory was the attempt to release from a spring trap, that had been set for rabbits, a handsome little black animal with a white stripe down its back—*Mephitis mephitica*.

I then attended a small academy in Northwestern Missouri, by which I was graduated with the usual honors, having, during my attendance, been editor of the institutional publication. I shall never forget the ride in a day-coach to Omaha and back, made without cost on the mileage-book given by the Wabash Railroad in payment for the standing advertisement carried in the paper of which I was editor. If I remember rightly, no one who was anybody paid railway fare in the 90's.

After graduation I hunted a job and landed the post of teacher in a country school, located about five miles out from the county seat in which I lived. I bought a small, moth-eaten bronco and a new saddle; the bronco cost $10 and the saddle $22, while the local livery stable charged $9 a month for the keep of the animal. Fortunately for all concerned, before school opened I was offered the job of teacher of physical sciences in the town high-school and was able to persuade the school board to release me from the little red schoolhouse contract. I sold the saddle and turned over the bronco to a young chap who was going to Oklahoma. He said that he would send me whatever he got for the animal. Some months later, I received a very old and decrepit watch in a nickeled case. While the watch would not go, its upkeep was negligible.

After teaching for a few years, having during part of the time furnished a weekly column in the local newspaper, I took up the study of medicine and was duly graduated and licensed. It took but a few months' practice to convince me that the vicissitudes of a g. p. were not for me. I applied for and obtained a position on the editorial staff of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. I have been with the American Medical Association now more than twenty-two years, and have had the privilege of developing what is now known as the Bureau of Investigation.

Continued on page xliv

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

Dr. Cramp contributes occasionally to the reviews. His previous articles for THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been the following: "Therapeutic Thaumaturgy," December, 1924; "Patent Office Magic—Medical," June 1926; "Food Fads and Nutrition Nonsense," July, 1927; and "Debunking Drugs," March, 1928.

DEAN CLUTE, the author of "Salvation at the Brink" is a patient at the New York City Hospital on Welfare Island, and the article is his first published work. He says of himself:

> The fourth child of a family of seven, I was born May 29, 1894, in the town of Morristown, St. Lawrence county, New York. My mother, with five sons to choose from and several generations of Methodist preachers preceding them, devoutly hoped for at least a bishop amongst the lot. I, however, soon showed more inclination for the dinginess of the black sheep than the sombreness of the robe. Indeed, the last vestige of my connection with the church, at the age of twelve, consisted of my important position as pitcher on the Sunday-school base-ball nine.
>
> At fourteen I had attained the height and proportions of a six-foot man with none of the adult's alleged common sense to furnish ballast for my awkward and indecent sail-spread. True, I got along very well with the girls, but at school there were many storms and frequent disasters.
>
> And so at fifteen I departed from the childish restraints of academic enterprises and took a job on the S. S. *Crocus*, a light-house tender sailing the Great Lakes. The glamour of that adventure wore off before I had completed half the voyage, so I jumped the ship at Buffalo. Having only about two dollars, I had to get another job. Laboring jobs were plentiful and my physique lured the first prospective employer into hiring me. Though I exulted in physical activity, I found labor for the most part rather distasteful, and thus I wandered into the field of professional baseball.
>
> There I progressed until at twenty I was attacked by arthritis. For the past fifteen years I have been waging a battle with its tenacious microbe. So far the victories have all gone to my opponent. It has ankylosed every joint in

Continued on page xlvi

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xliv

my body and blinded me, kept me on my back for thirteen years, and placed me at the mercy of the hospitals. I have been in six of the latter. So far they have in my case succeeded only in keeping my relatives and friends bordering upon a state of insolvency.

After the first three years of physical inertness which my condition caused, I suddenly became aware that there was such a thing as mental activity and that I could engage in it. Though I had heard of the process prior to that time, I had never quite understood what it meant and had classified it with Latin declensions, the binomial theorem and learning verses from the Bible. For four years I read incessantly. And as blindness began to threaten I continued at it more greedily than ever. Finally, —to use the expression of the novelist—darkness settled down upon me. Since then my reading has been done with the eyes of soft-hearted friends.

I have been at the City Hospital for the past five years. The *cursus hospitalis* which brought me here included Dr. Lee's private hospital at Rochester, the Buffalo General, the Ogdensburg Hospital, the Ruptured and Crippled, and Bellevue. Though I have sometimes felt that Dante didn't tell the half of it and that Schopenhauer was as frivolous as Elbert Hubbard when it came to writing about suicide, I still find enough to amuse me and keep old manic-depressive from annoying me too successfully.

AMONG the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September will be the following:

"One American's Story," by M. L. Batey.
"Statistics and Intelligence," by Louis Le Fevre.
"Black Ulysses in Camp," by Howard W. Odum.
"Lay Popes," by Herbert Parrish.
"Deliverance," by Arthur Hanko.
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